

A close-up portrait of Lise Davidsen, a woman with long, dark, wavy hair and light-colored eyes. She is wearing a black top with a studded collar. The background is dark and out of focus.

Lise Davidsen in recital with James Baillieu

Mon 10 Feb 7.30pm
Barbican Hall

Part of Barbican Presents 2019–20

barbican

Important information



When does the concert start and finish?

The concert begins at 7.30pm and finishes at about 9.15pm, with a 20-minute interval.



I'm running late!

Latecomers will be admitted if there is a suitable break in the performance.



Please...

Switch any watch alarms and mobile phones to silent during the performance.



Please don't...

Take photos or recordings during the performance – save it for the curtain call.



Use a hearing aid?

Please use our induction loop – just switch your hearing aid to T setting on entering the hall.



Need a break?

You can leave at any time and be readmitted if there is a suitable break in the performance, or during the interval.



Looking for refreshment?

Bars are located on Levels -1, G and 1. Pre-order interval drinks to beat the queues. Drinks are not allowed in the hall.



Looking for the toilets?

The nearest toilets, including accessible toilets, are located on Levels -1 and 1. There is a further accessible toilet on Level G.



Carrying bags and coats?

Drop them off at our free cloak room on Level -1.

Welcome to tonight's performance

Mon 10 Feb, Hall

Tonight we're thrilled to introduce Lise Davidsen in this, her Barbican recital debut.

The young Norwegian soprano has been making waves over the past few years with wins at prestigious vocal competitions and an exclusive recording contract. She has proved herself a natural in the opera house in repertoire ranging from Weber via Wagner to Richard Strauss.

Her recital, for which she is joined at the piano by James Baillieu, is strikingly wide-ranging. She begins with a selection of Brahms songs that span most of his career, and ranges from youthful optimism to a sense of tender resignation. Schumann's

Maria Stuart is a late cycle, and has a spareness to it that sets its dramatic subject matter in sharp relief.

We then take a trip to the Nordic countries, with songs by Grieg, inspired by his wife Nina, and Sibelius. Among them there's a real treat: the tone-poem *Luonnotar* in its rarely heard guise for voice and piano.

Lise Davidsen closes with a sequence of songs by Richard Strauss (who, like Grieg, was inspired by his wife), which range from the well-known to rarities, not least 'Malven', his very last song, written the year before he died.

It promises to be a wonderful concert: I hope you enjoy it.

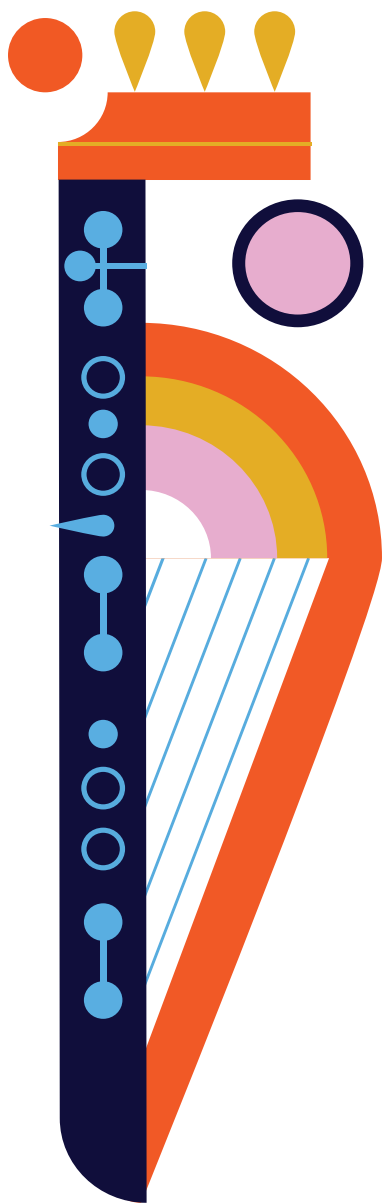
Huw Humphreys

Head of Music

Programme produced by Harriet Smith
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Lise Davidsen in recital with James Baillieu

Mon 10 Feb 7.30pm
Barbican Hall

Brahms 'Auf dem Kirchhofe', Op 105 No 4
'Da unten im Tale', WoO33 No 6
'Mädchenlied', Op 107 No 5
'Liebestreu', Op 3 No 1
'Von ewiger Liebe', Op 43 No 1

Schumann *Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart*,
Op 135

Sibelius *Luonnotar*, Op 70

interval 20 minutes

Sibelius *Five Songs*, Op 37

Grieg 'Dereinst, Gedanke Mein', Op 48 No 2
'Zur Rosenzeit', Op 48 No 5
'Ein Traum', Op 48 No 6

R Strauss 'Zueignung', Op 10 No 1
'Allerseelen', Op 10 No 8
'Die Georgine', Op 10 No 4
'Wiegenlied', Op 41 No 1
'Malven', TrV297
'Befreit', Op 39 No 4
'Cäcilie', Op 27 No 2

Lise Davidsen soprano

James Baillieu piano

Part of Barbican Presents 2019–20

What is lieder?

Quite simply lied (plural lieder) is the German word for 'song'. Usually it involves just one singer and a pianist, though figures such as Mahler and Wagner used it to refer to song with orchestral accompaniment.

It's a genre that was at its most popular in the 19th century and, in the hands of the finest composers, it can have an intensity that rivals the greatest string quartets. That intensity can be found in a single lied or, even more so, in song-cycles.

Great German-language song-cycles

Winterreise by Schubert tells the tale of a traveller who, thwarted in love, undertakes a harrowing winter's journey from which there can be no return.

Frauenliebe und -leben by Schumann is a sequence of eight songs which begins with a young woman falling in love and ends with her widowhood. In between comes engagement, marriage and childbirth. The sentiments expressed may be old-fashioned but the music is eternally captivating.

An die ferne Geliebte Beethoven is not primarily known for his songs but with this cycle (which translates as 'To the distant beloved') he invented the concept of the song-cycle.

Hugo Wolf took the song-cycle to new levels of psychodrama by swapping narrative for settings dedicated to great poets – notably Goethe, Mörike and Eichendorff.

For texts see page 10

Johannes Brahms (1833–93)

'I have never before experienced such pleasure from hearing lieder sung as I did yesterday evening.' So confided a young Brahms just into his twenties to Clara Schumann after listening to Schubert's song-cycle *Die schöne Müllerin*. 'How one immerses oneself in these lieder.' Throughout his career Brahms wrote songs that consciously followed the tradition set by Schubert.

In all, Brahms published some 380 songs for one, two and four voices; of these, about 300 are for solo voice and piano.

'Auf dem Kirchhofe' (In the churchyard) was composed in the summer of 1886 while the composer was staying in Switzerland. It's a sombre setting of a poem by Detlev von Liliencron, a poet whom other composers passed by – wisely, some would say – but for Brahms a walk through the churchyard matches the mood of resignation (or perhaps acceptance) that seems to colour his later life. The final line 'Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen' (Silent dew on each grave proclaimed: Released) suggests that all who lie asleep in their coffins now are somehow released from life. And the venerable German chorale known in English as *O sacred head now wounded* is subtly woven into the piano part, hinting at sacrifice and redemption.

'Da unten im Tale' (Down there in the valley), which was published posthumously, is a part of what might be described as Brahms's last song-cycle, 49 settings of traditional songs, in this case, four simple verses in Bavarian German. In his lifelong concern with folk song Brahms shows himself a child of his age, a time when traditional songs and stories were collected and published by the Brothers Grimm, Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano – all of them searching for a particularly German identity. In each of Brahms's settings there is a tension between remaining

true to the melodic shapes and traditions of the original and making something personal of it. 'Da unten im Tale' is undoubtedly 're-created' musically, but its roots are unmistakably German.

'Mädchenlied' (A young girl's song) is one of five songs (Op 107) completed in 1886 and so belongs to the composer's maturity. The piano part is deceptively simple, with clear echoes of a spinning wheel as the young woman prepares her wedding outfit while her voice struggles to find its own identity, for the thread she weaves is also the thread of Fate. As so often in Brahms's later work, less is more, yet the sudden rush of feeling in the line 'Wofür soll ich spinnen?' (What am I spinning for?) would melt the iciest heart.

By way of contrast **'Liebestreu'** (True love), composed in the early 1850s, is one of the most accomplished of Brahms's early songs. An apparent simplicity conceals the composer's art in this dialogue between a mother and daughter with the voice sometimes imitating and sometimes duetting directly with the bass piano part. Hints of opera, elegant counterpoint and rhythmic variety are all packed into a short lyric that the great song authority Eric Sams regarded as close to a masterpiece: 'For sheer musical gift and intellectual force in a young composer nothing had been heard like it since Schubert ...'

'Von ewiger Liebe' (Eternal love) has its roots in traditional music, but this time Slav rather than German folk song, perhaps reflecting Brahms's move from North Germany to Vienna in 1863, though he had already spent time in the capital of the polyglot Austrian empire. If the mood is dark at the outset that's perhaps because Brahms gives the melody to the pianist's left hand playing in the lower register. Love struggles for light but is beset by shadows, though all is resolved when the lover's girlfriend appears. There's a lighthearted tenderness in the slightly rocking rhythm that the composer gives her and she pilots the song to an optimistic destination in the final word of the poem: 'bestehn' – 'endure'.

Robert Schumann (1810–56)

Britain threads its way through the music of many 19th-century German composers, from Beethoven's Scottish songs to Mendelssohn's orchestral forays into the Highlands.

It began with James MacPherson's *Ossian* poems, which were invented rather than traditional as the poet maintained, but nevertheless seduced leading European Romantics, including Herder and Goethe. Then there was Walter Scott, whose writings, like Byron's, were read from one end of Europe to the other and translated into music for the opera house and the concert hall. But for many German artists it was perhaps Schlegel's remarkable translations of Shakespeare and Schiller's drama *Maria Stuart* that sealed a cultural bond with Britain. From Schumann to Richard Strauss via Brahms two heroines in particular regularly take to the concert platform, Ophelia and Mary, Queen of Scots.

Schumann's **Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart** – settings of five poems, supposedly written by Mary Stuart herself and translated from French into German by Gisbert von Vinke – is among the composer's very last compositions. They were completed in 1852, not long before his attempt to drown himself in the Rhine and his admission to the asylum at Endenich where he died in 1856.

These songs follow the Scottish queen's biography from her return to Scotland in 1561 and the birth of her son who would succeed to the English throne, to her appeal to Elizabeth I for help and a final prayer before her execution in 1587. But should we also hear Schumann himself here and recognise a mind almost at the end of its tether? As Eric Sams notes, the opening phrase of the first of the five songs is 'I am going away!' and the last, quite simply, 'Rescue me'.

This late song-cycle is very different stylistically from the songs Schumann composed a decade or so earlier. The vocal line is declamatory rather than lyrical, the colour of the voice dark and

gaunt. The piano parts are equally sparse, with sombre chords and few hints of decoration. But if Schumann has moved away from the inventive lyricism of his 1840s songs, if love appears to be banished, this composer's understanding of the human condition – *in extremis* in these five short songs – has not abandoned him.

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Much of Sibelius's early music has its roots in the great Finnish epic poem *The Kalevala*, first published in 1835. Republished 14 years later, this epic, which became a key text in the Finnish fight for cultural independence from its neighbours (notably Russia), helped to establish Finnish as an autonomous literary language.

Luonnotar was one of Sibelius's first settings of a Finnish text – he was himself a Swedish speaker but that didn't stop him from identifying deeply with his Finnish inheritance and so *The Kalevala*. When he first encountered Luonnotar – a goddess of nature and the mother of the oceans who existed before the Creation, floating alone in the universe – she seemed a character for an opera, but instead she became the inspiration for a tone-poem for soloist and full orchestra. *Luonnotar* was premiered at the Three Choirs Festival in Gloucester in September 1913. The composer's wife reported back her reaction: 'I was so exultant that I could hardly stand ... Two old ladies in front of me were horrified at the whole composition. They followed it from the very beginning with very disapproving expressions and almost got into a rage.' *Plus ça change!*

Two years later Sibelius reworked the piece for voice and piano. It's the sheer challenges it presents to the singer that have kept this 10-minute work off the platform. The vocal part lies high, covers a large range and demands great agility – real high-wire singing.

Sibelius composed his **Five Songs, Op 37**, at the turn of the century, just before works such as the Violin Concerto and the Third Symphony. He chose five Swedish texts, all of which are love songs, albeit unconventional in subject matter. The style is freer than in his earlier song settings and nature takes a back seat for once, with human feelings and relationships to the fore.

As befits its title '**The first kiss**', which sets a poem by Johan Ludvig Runeberg – a favourite of the composer's – is lushly romantic. Heaven sees its own bliss while death weeps at a first kiss, a star tells a young girl. This was the song that Ida Ekman, a gifted interpreter of Sibelius's lyrics, sang for Brahms in 1895, accompanied at the piano by the critic Eduard Hanslick no less.

'**Little Lasse**' hints at a lullaby with its repetitions of the line 'Lasse, Lasse liten', but the piano part suggests that there are shadows at the nursery door.

'**Sunrise**', which the composer described as a 'slight but powerfully atmospheric poem', gives us a knight standing at his window at dawn blowing his horn – hopefully it is a suitably isolated castle! The piano part rises to the climax of the horn, offering a more than passable imitation of the instrument at full volume.

In '**Was it a dream?**' Sibelius weaves a silky melody properly suffused with longing around memories of a romantic encounter that may or may not have happened. In the final number of the set – '**The girl returned from meeting her lover**', or, more simply 'The Tryst' – and one the best-known of all of Sibelius's songs, we're told the tale of a young woman who three times returns home after meeting her lover. Twice her cheeks are flushed and her hands and lips red from her lover's attentions. The third time she returns pale. He has deceived her. Her mother must tell the sad story on her gravestone. The lush piano part vividly conveys the drama of betrayal.

interval 20 minutes

Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)

For a musician who had completed his education at the Leipzig Conservatory, Grieg might have been expected to take to writing lieder like any German composer of his generation. But, as he freely admitted, he was not a natural songwriter. The ones that he *did* compose were born out of his marriage to his first cousin Nina Hagerup. By all accounts hers was not a conventional singer's voice and certainly she eschewed anything that smacked of vocal virtuosity. But it appears that she brought a remarkable expressivity to her art which, as her husband told his American biographer, was what he wanted. 'When I write songs, my principal goal is not to compose music but to do justice to the poet's most intimate intentions. My task is to allow the text to speak – indeed to allow it to speak in a heightened manner.'

'Dereinst, Gedanke Mein' (One day, my thoughts) is one of a set of six songs written in the 1880s after a rupture in his relationship with Nina. One can only speculate on the autobiographical impulse behind Grieg's choice of text by Emanuel von Geibel. It's a dark thought that guides the German text – that only death can release us from the pain of thwarted passion. In this song Grieg speaks in the musical voice that he has made his own, with the lyric impulse of German Romanticism recoloured with distinctly Scandinavian harmonies and folk-song idioms.

It is Goethe who supplies the poem for **'Zur Rosenzeit'** (Time of Roses), the fifth song in this group of six; and there's not a hint of traditional Scandinavian music here. Syncopated chords in the right hand of the piano part immediately suggest that all is not well in this particular rose garden. Then there are languid dissonances and a vocal part that rises and falls as it maps the anguish of fading love – as transient as the roses that the poet laid at his beloved's feet.

Grieg wrote **'Ein Traum'** (A dream), the final song in this group of six, just one day before

'Zur Rosenzeit' and the mood couldn't be more different. For once it's a dream that happily comes true, so the rolling arpeggios in the piano part signal a soul possessed not by despair but by the excitement of love. The voice no longer flutters with anxiety – these are the quickly drawn breaths of romantic anticipation, while the harmonic world of this much-loved song is altogether more settled than that of its predecessor.

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Throughout his long life Richard Strauss wrote songs with enviable ease. By the time he left school in 1882 at the age of 18 he had already composed some 49 lieder and his last significant work, written in 1948 in the aftermath of the Second World War, was the *Four Last Songs*. Some two dozen of Strauss's songs have earned themselves a regular place on the concert platform, particularly loved by sopranos who were always this composer's favourite type of singer. However, it's only in the past decade that we have come to discover how good many of Strauss's lesser-known lieder can be. Even in a setting of a distinctly third-rate poem, there is always something to catch the ear and his voice is always unmistakable.

'Zueignung' (Dedication), composed in 1885, was one of Strauss's first published songs. And we can only marvel at its complete assurance. Already the arching melodies that became his trademark are present, as well as the rich, almost orchestral textures of the piano part. The crescendo on the final phrase **'Habe Dank'** (Be thanked) is pure theatre.

'Allerseelen' (All Souls' Day) is another early song and a youthful masterpiece. After a brief piano prelude the voice slips into the song as if it had already begun a conversation, a Straussian trait that would recur in one of the composer's best-loved lieder, **'Morgen'**. And here too a meeting between two lovers is suffused with that yearning quality that is ever-present in Strauss.

‘Die Georgine’ (The dahlia) is a young man’s song too, dating from 1882–3. After an orchestral-like blaze of colour in the prelude, the soloist begins in an almost conversational style with tripping piano accompaniment. Why does this bright yellow dahlia flower so late in a summer garden? Horticulture turns to something more human when the poet reveals that love stole into his heart late in life. Then, with consummate skill as the poet reflects on the pain and joy of love, Strauss reprises the heady theme we heard in the piano prelude.

‘Wiegenlied’ (Cradle Song) is a setting of Richard Dehmel, a poet who always seemed to bring out the best in Richard Strauss. It’s deceptively simple, with conventional harmonies in the piano part, as the soloist gently lulls the small child at a slower pace. If there’s a hint of human pain in the second verse, all is well by the third. The child is surely asleep as the piano creeps quietly into the uppermost registers in the closing bars of the song.

‘Malven’ (Hollyhocks) was Richard Strauss’s last song and indeed his final composition. It was written in November 1948, just eight weeks after he had completed the *Four Last Songs*, as a gift for the soprano Maria Jeritza, who had created the title-role in his opera *Ariadne auf Naxos* and for whom he wrote the part of the Empress in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*. Jeritza kept the song to herself and its first performance was not until January 1985. There is a clear relationship between ‘Malven’ and the *Four Last Songs* – the extended piano interlude mirrors the violin solo in the third song ‘Beim Schlafengehen’. But pianist and soloist create a musical world that is entirely its own and one can only stand in awe of an 85-year-old still composing with such assurance.

‘Befreit’ (Released) is another setting of a Dehmel poem. Infused with the ideas that flavoured Late Romanticism, Dehmel’s text sees death as a release for his lovers. Yet if there’s serenity in the piano part mirroring their proclaimed state of mind, Strauss throws an

ironic emphasis on the phrase ‘O Glück’ which ends each of the three verses. This happiness is a bittersweet thing.

‘Cäcilie’ (Cecily) was one of four songs that Strauss wrote as a wedding present for his wife, the soprano Pauline von Ahna, in September 1894, and she would regularly sing it at recitals with her husband. This is nothing less than a miniature three-act drama in three verses. First there is the unfettered joy of love in the major key, then the more complex aspects of a marriage are explored in the minor, and finally we are treated to a rapturous celebration of marital togetherness. Strauss creates a final phrase that taxes the art of the singer to the utmost, demanding perfect breath control and immaculate enunciation on the word ‘lebtest’ (you would live) as the song rises to a crescendo.

Programme note by Christopher Cook

‘Very complex, very feminine, a little perverse, a little coquettish, never like herself, at every minute different from how she had been a moment before.’

Richard Strauss attempting to sum up his wife, the great soprano Pauline de Ahna

Songs: texts and translations

Johannes Brahms

5 Lieder, Op 105 – No 4, Auf dem Kirchhofe

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt,
Ich war an manch vergessenem 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.

Detlev von Liliencron (1844–1909)

49 Deutsche Volkslieder, WoO33 – No 6, 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.

Traditional

5 Lieder, Op 107 – No 5, Mädchenlied

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

In the churchyard

The day was heavy with rain and storms,
I had stood by many a forgotten grave.
Weathered stones and crosses, faded wreaths,
the names overgrown, scarcely to be read.

The day was heavy with storms and rains,
on each grave froze the word: Deceased.
How the coffins slumbered, dead to the storm –
silent dew on each grave proclaimed: Released.

Down there in the valley

Down there in the valley
the water runs so murkily,
and I cannot tell you
how much I love you.

You speak only of love,
speak only of constancy,
and a bit of falsehood
goes with it too.

And if I tell you ten times
that I love you,
and you don't understand –
I shall have to go on my way.

For the time that you loved me,
I give you thanks,
and wish that elsewhere
you might fare better.

A young girl's song

At night in the spinning-room,
the girls are singing,
the village lads are laughing,
how swiftly the wheels go round!

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!

Paul Heyse (1830–1914)

6 Lieder, Op 3 – No 1, 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 Treu', die hält ihn aus.

Robert Reinick (1805–52)

4 Gesänge, Op 43 – No 1, 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.

Each girl spins for her trousseau
to please her lover.
It won't be long
before wedding-bells sound.

No man who cares for me
will ask after me;
how anxious I feel,
to whom shall I tell my sorrow?

The tears go coursing
down my cheeks –
what am I spinning for?
I don't know!

True love

'O sink, O sink your sorrow, child,
in the sea, in the deep sea.'
A stone may stay on the bed of the sea,
my sorrow floats ever up.

'The love which you bear in your heart,
pluck it, pluck it, child.'
And though the flower die when picked
true love dies not so swift.

'True love, true love was but a word,
cast it to the winds.'
O mother, though rock be cracked by wind
my true love will endure.

Eternal love

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.

Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
and even the lark is silent now too.

Out of the village there comes a lad,
escorting his sweetheart home,

He leads her past the willow-copse,
talking so much and of so many things:

'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
shame for what others think of me,

Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
as swiftly as once we two were plighted.

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!'

*Traditional, translated by August Heinrich Hoffmann
von Fallersleben (1798–1874)*

Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
as swiftly as once we two were plighted.'

The girl speaks, the girl says:
'Our love cannot be severed!

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

Iron and steel can both be reforged,
but our love, who shall change it?

Iron and steel can be melted down,
our love must endure for ever!'

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

No 1, 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 bleibet dein,
Mein fröhlich Land, der sage dir,
Des andern eingedenk zu sein!
Ade!

No 2, 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.

No 3, 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.

Und wenn mein Herz dies Blatt zum Boten wählt,

Und kündet, Euch zu sehen, mein Verlangen,
Dann, teurer Schwester, fasst mich neues
Bangen,

Farewell to France

I am going away!
Farewell, my happy France,
where I found the loveliest homeland,
you the guardian of my childhood!
Farewell, O land, O happy time,
the ship bears me far away from joy!
Yet it takes but half of me:
one part will be for ever yours,
my happy land, recalling to you
the memory of that other self!
Farewell!

After the birth of her son

Lord Jesus Christ, whom they crowned with
thorns,
protect this new-born boy,
and, if it be Thy will, let his race
long rule in this realm.
And let all that is done in his name
be to Thy glory, praise and honour, Amen.

To Queen Elizabeth

One thought alone gladdens and grieves me
and dominates my mind,
so that the voices of fear and hope resound,

when sleepless I count the hours.

And when my heart chooses this letter as
messenger,
revealing how I long to see you,
then, dear sister, a new anguish seizes me,

Weil ihm die Macht, es zu beweisen, fehlt.
 Ich seh' den Kahn im Hafen fast geborgen,
 Vom Sturm und Kampf der Wogen festgehalten,
 Des Himmels heit'res Antlitz nachtumgraut.
 So bin auch ich bewegt von Furcht und Sorgen,
 Vor euch nicht, Schwester. Doch des Schicksals
 Walten
 Zerreißt das Segel oft, dem wir vertraut.

No 4, 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.

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.

Ihr Freunde, die ihr mein gedenkt in Liebe,
 Erwägt und glaubt, dass ohne Kraft und Glück

Kein gutes Werk mir zu vollenden bliebe.

So wünscht mir bess're Tage nicht zurück,
 Und weil ich schwer gestrafet werd' hienieden,

Erfleht mir meinen Teil am ew'gen Frieden!

No 5, 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!

*Mary Stuart (1542–87); German translation by
 Gisbert von Vincke (1813–92)*

Jean Sibelius

Luonnotar, Op 70

Olipa impi, ilman tyttö,
 Kave Luonnotar korea,
 Ouostui elämätään,
 Aina yksin ollessansa,
 Avoiroilla autioilla.

because the letter lacks the power to prove it.
 I see the boat half hidden in the harbour,
 held back by the storm and warring waves,
 and heaven's serene face blackened by night.
 So am I likewise beset by cares and fear,
 not of you, my sister. But the force of fate

often lacerates the sail in which we trust.

Farewell to the world

What use is the time still allotted me?
 My heart is dead to earthly desires,
 my spirit is severed from all but sorrow,
 the joy of death alone remains.

Cease envying me, O enemies:
 my heart abjures all honour and nobility,
 excess of anguish will devour me,
 hatred and schism will soon be buried with me.

O friends, who will remember me with love,
 consider and believe that without power or
 fortune
 there is nothing good I can achieve.

So do not wish for the return of happier days,
 and because I've been sorely punished here on
 earth,
 pray that a share of eternal peace might be
 mine!

Prayer

O Lord God,
 I put my trust in Thee!
 O beloved Jesus,
 rescue me!
 In my harsh prison,
 in dire affliction
 I long for Thee;
 lamenting I cry to Thee,
 despairing in the dust,
 hearken, I implore Thee,
 and rescue me!

Translations © Richard Stokes

Luonnotar

There was a maiden, a girl of the air,
 a slender Nature-Spirit, beautiful.
 She sensed the strangeness of her life,
 of always being alone
 in the vast voids.

Laskeusi lainehille,
Aalto impeä ajeli,
Vuotta seitsemän sataa
Vieri impi veen emona,

Uipi luotehet, etelät,
Uipi kaikki ilman rannat.

Tuli suuri tuulen puuska,
Meren kuohuille kohotti.

‘Voi, poloinen, päiviäni!
Parempi olisi ollut
Ilman impenä elää.
Oi, Ukko, ylijumala!
Käy tänne kutsuttaissa!’

Tuli sotka, suora lintu,
Lenti kaikki ilman rannat,
Lenti luotehet, etelät,
Ei löyä pesän sioa.
Ei! Ei! Ei!

‘Teenkö tuulehen tupani,
Aalloillen asuinsiani,
Tuuli kaatavi, tuuli kaatavi,
Aalto viepi asuinsiani.’

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

Impti tuntevi tulistuvaksi.
Järkytti jäsenehensä.
Pesä vierähti vetehen,
Katkieli kappaleiksi.

Muuttuivat munat kaunoiksi.
Munasen yläinen puoli
Yläiseksi taivahaksi,
Yläpuoli valkeaista,
Kuuksi kumottamahan,
Mi kirjavaista,
Tähiksi taivaalle,
Ne tähiksi taivaalle.

She descended, down to the waves,
a wave drove the maiden;
for seven hundred years
the maiden, mother of the water, turned round
and round.
She swam to the north-west, to the south,
she swam around all the airy horizons.

There came a great gust of wind,
it raised the sea to a surge.

‘Oh, miserable, my days!
It would have been better
to live as the maiden of the air.
Oh, Ukko, highest god!
Come here when I summon you!’

There came a duck, a plain bird.
It flew around all the shores of the air.
It flew to the north-west, to the south.
It did not find places for its nest.
No! No! No!

‘Shall I make my home on the wind,
my dwelling on the waves?
The wind will upset it, the wind will upset it,
a wave will ruin my dwelling!’

So then, the mother of the water
raised her knee out of the waves.
There the duck made her nest.
She began to brood.

The maiden felt the growing heat.
She jerked her limb:
the nest tumbled into the water.
It broke into pieces.

The eggs began to change, to grow beautiful.
The egg’s upper half
became the sky, up above.
The upper half of the egg-white
became the gleaming moon;
that which was in the mottled part
became the stars in heaven.
They became the stars in heaven.

*Translation © James Hepokoski; reprinted with kind
permission from DG*

interval 20 minutes

Jean Sibelius**5 Songs, Op 37****No 1 Den första kyssen**

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.

Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–77)

No 2 Lasse liten

Världen är så stor, så stor,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Större än du nånsin tror,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Det är hett och det är kallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Men Gud råder överallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Många människor leva där,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Lycklig den som Gud harkär,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

När Guds angel med dig går,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Ingen orm dig bita får,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Säg, var trives du nu mest,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Borta bra men hemma bäst,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Zachris Topelius (1818–98)

No 3 Soluppgång

Under himlens purpurbrand
Ligga tysta sjö och land,
Det är gryningsstunden.
Snöig gren och frostvit kvit
Tecka dig så segervist
Mot den röda grunden.

Riddarn står vid fönsterkärm,
Lyssnar efter stridens larm,
Trampar golvets trilja.

The first kiss

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.'

Translation © Lynn Steele

Little Lasse

The world is so big, so big,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Bigger then you can ever imagine,
Lasse, little Lasse!

It is hot and it is cold,
Lasse, little Lasse!
But God counsels us everywhere,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Many people live there,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Happy he whom God loves,
Lasse, little Lasse!

When God's angel walks with you,
Lasse, little Lasse,
no snake can bite you,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Say, where are you most happy,
Lasse, little Lasse!
It's good to travel, but home is best,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Sunrise

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.

Men en smal och snövit hand
Kyler milt hans pannas brand,
Böjer mjukt hans vilja.

Riddarn sätter horn till mun,
Bläser vilt I gryningsstund,
Over nejd som tiger.
Tonen klingar, klar och spröd,
Branden slockner, gyllenröd,
Solen sakta stiger.

Tor Hedberg (1862–1931)

No 4 Var det en dröm?

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 vårgrün 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!

Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)

No 5 Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte

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:

But a small, snow-white hand
gently cools his hot brow,
tenderly 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.

Translations © John Atkinson

Was it a dream?

Was it a dream that once, in a wonderful time,
I was your heart's true love?
I remember it as a song fallen silent,
of which the strains still echo.

I remember a rose you tossed,
a glance so shy and tender;
I remember a sparkling tear when we parted.
Was it all, all a dream?

A dream as brief as the life of a cowslip
in a green meadow in springtime,
whose beauty soon withers away
before a crowd of new flowers.

But many a night I hear a voice
through the flood of my bitter tears:
hide this memory deep in your heart,
it was your best dream!

The girl returned from meeting her lover

The girl returned from meeting her lover,
came with her hands all red. Said her mother:
'What has made your hands so red, girl?'
Said the girl: 'I was picking roses
and pricked my hands on the thorns.'

Again she came from meeting her lover,
came with her lips all red. Said her mother:
'What has made your lips so red, girl?'
Said the girl: 'I was eating raspberries
and stained my lips with the juice.'

Again she came from meeting her lover,
came with her cheeks all pale. Said her mother:
'What has made your cheeks so pale, girl?'
Said the girl: 'Oh mother, dig a grave for me!
Hide me there and set a cross above,
and on the cross write as I tell you:

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.'

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Edvard Grieg
6 Lieder, Op 48 – No 2, Dereinst,
Gedanke Mein

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

Emanuel von Geibel (1815–84)

No 5, Zur Rosenzeit

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

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

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

Once she came home with her hands all red;
they had turned red between her lover's hands.
Once she came home with her lips all red;
they had turned red beneath her lover's lips.
The last time she came home with her cheeks all
pale;
they had turned pale at her lover's faithlessness.'

Translations © Lynn Steele

One day, my thoughts

One day,
my thoughts,
You shall be at rest.

Though love's ardour
gives you no peace,
you shall sleep well
in cool earth;
there without love
and without pain
you shall be at rest.

What you did not
find in life
will be granted you
when life is ended.
Then, free from torment
and free from pain,
you shall be at rest.

Time of roses

You fade, sweet roses,
my love did not wear you;
ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
whose soul now breaks with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
when I, my angel, set my heart on you,
and waiting for the first little bud,
went early to my garden;

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
at your very feet,
with hope beating in my heart
when you looked on me.

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

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

No 6, Ein Traum

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

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut –

Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

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

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

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

Friedrich Bodenstedt (1819–92)

Richard Strauss

8 Lieder, Op 10 – No 1, Zueignung

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.

You fade, sweet roses,
my love did not wear you;
ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
whose soul now breaks with grief!

A dream

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

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,
from the distant village came the sound
of bells –
we were so full of bliss,
so lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,
it happened in reality,
it was in the green woodland glade,
it was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,
from the village came the sound of bells –
I held you fast, I held you long,
and now shall never let you go!

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

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know
that I'm in torment far from you;
love makes hearts sick,
be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom, I held
the amethyst cup aloft,
and you blessed that draught,
be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
be thanked.

No 8, Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Atern 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.

No 4, Die Georgine

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 feuergelbe Träumerin,

Wenn ich mit Maitau dich benetzte,
Begösse dich mit Junilicht,
Doch ach! dann wärest 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 Feuer gelbe,
Stahl sich die Liebe mir ins Herz;
Ob spät, ob früh, es ist dasselbe
Entzücken und derselbe Schmerz.

Hermann von Gilm (1812–64)

5 Lieder, Op 41 – No 1, 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.

All Souls' Day

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
bring in the last red asters,
and let us talk of love again
as once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
and if people see, I do not care,
give me but one of your sweet glances
as once in May.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
one day each year is devoted to the dead;
come to my heart and so be mine again,

as once in May.

The dahlia

Why, dahlia, appear so late?
The roses have told their tale
and the honey-sated bee
has chosen where to lay its head.

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,
drenched you in the light of June,
but ah! you would not be then the last,
nor proud to be unique.

What, O dreamer, do I tempt you in vain?
Then give me your sisterly hand,
I've not known May-time in this life,
just as you've not known the spring.

And as with you, fiery yellow flower,
love stole late into my heart,
late or early, it is the same
enchantment and the same pain.

Cradle song

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

Dream, dream, bud born of my anxiety,
of the day the flower unfolded;
of that morning bright with blossom,
when your soul opened to the world.

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

Richard Dehmel (1863–1920)

Malven, TrV297

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 ...

*Betty Wehrli-Knobel (1904–98); reproduced by
 permission of Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd*

5 Lieder, Op 39 – No 4, 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!

Richard Dehmel

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

Hollyhocks

From among roses, phlox,
 flowering zinnia,
 hollyhocks soar
 up in the garden,
 without scent
 or crimson fire,
 like a tear-stained,
 pallid face
 beneath the golden
 light of heaven.
 And then they drift away
 gently, gently on the wind,
 these tender blooms,
 these servants of summer ...

Released

You will not weep. Gently, gently
 you will smile; and as before a journey
 I shall return your gaze and kiss.
 You have cared for the room we love!
 I have widened these four walls for you into a
 world –
 O happiness!

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

It will be very soon, we both know it,
 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 happiness!

4 Lieder, Op 27 – No 2, Cäcilie

Wenn du es wüsstest,
Was träumen heisst von brennenden Küssen,
Von 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 Höhen,
Wenn du es wüsstest,
Du lebtest mit mir!

Heinrich Hart (1855–1906)

Cecily

If you knew
what it is to dream of burning kisses,
of walking and resting with one's love,
gazing at each other
and caressing and talking –
if you knew,
your heart would turn to me.

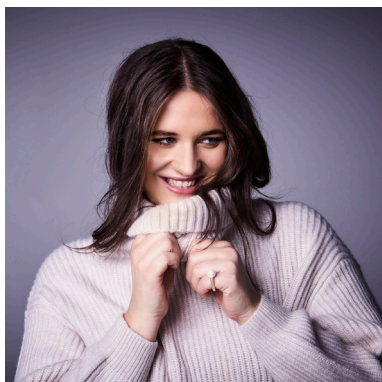
If you knew
what it is to worry on lonely nights,
in the frightening storm, with no soft voice
to comfort the struggle-weary soul –
if you knew,
you would come to me,

If you knew
what it is to live enveloped in God's
world-creating breath,
to soar upwards, borne on light
to blessed heights –
if you knew,
you would live with me.

Translations © Richard Stokes

About the performers

Roy Burmiston/Decca Classics



Lise Davidsen soprano

Since winning Plácido Domingo's Operalia and the Queen Sonja competitions in 2015, Norwegian soprano Lise Davidsen has taken the classical music world by storm, with acclaimed debuts at Bayreuth, Aix-en-Provence, Glyndebourne, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Bavarian and Vienna State operas, Wigmore Hall, BBC Proms and Zurich Opera House. Her debut album for Decca, of Richard Strauss and Wagner, was released last year to great critical plaudits.

This season she makes her company debut with the Metropolitan Opera, New York; her role debut as Leonore (*Fidelio*) with Opéra de Montréal and the Royal Opera; and returns to Bayreuth in the summer as Sieglinde (*The Ring* cycle), as well as reprising the role of Elisabeth (*Tannhäuser*), which she sang to great acclaim last season at Zurich Opera House. Further concert appearances include Ellen Orford (*Peter Grimes*) at the Enescu Festival; Strauss's *Four Last Songs* with Orchestre de Paris, Beethoven's Symphony No 9 with Gianandrea Noseda and Vasily Petrenko; Sieglinde (*Die Walküre*) with Fabio Luisi; Beethoven's *Ah, perfido!* with Vladimir Jurowski; Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with Esa-Pekka Salonen; and solo recitals here at the Barbican and in Oslo, Copenhagen and Bergen.

Last season she made her role debut as Lisa (*The Queen of Spades*) at Stuttgart Opera. She also sang the title-role in *Ariadne auf Naxos* at the Aix-en-Provence Festival, Vienna State Opera and Glyndebourne; Agathe (*Der Freischütz*) at Zurich Opera; Cherubini's *Medea* at the Wexford Festival; Santuzza (*Cavalleria rusticana*) in Oslo; and Isabella (*Das Liebesverbot*) at Teatro Colón. Other engagements include her house debuts with the Bavarian State Opera and Frankfurt Opera.

Recent highlights on the concert platform include Verdi's *Requiem* at the BBC Proms with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Andrés Orozco Estrada and Strauss songs at the Edinburgh Festival with the Oslo Philharmonic under Vasily Petrenko. She has also sung the *Four Last Songs* with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra, Stavanger Orchestra and the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra; and performed the role of Sieglinde (*Die Walküre*) with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Sir Andrew Davis and with the Antwerp Symphony Orchestra under Edo de Waart; and Wagner's *Wesendonck Lieder* and Mahler's *Rückert-Lieder* with the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra. In the 2017–18 season she was an Artist-in-Residence with the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra.

Lise Davidsen graduated from the Opera Academy in Copenhagen in 2014; she studied under Susanna Eken, previously gaining a degree from the Grieg Academy of Music in Bergen. In 2018 she won the prestigious Young Artist of the Year Award at the Gramophone Awards.

**'Not just a voice.
The voice.'**

New York Times



James Baillieu piano

Born in South Africa, James Baillieu studied in Cape Town and London. Described by *The Daily Telegraph* as 'in a class of his own' he has been the prizewinner of the Wigmore Hall Song Competition, Das Lied International Song Competition, Kathleen Ferrier and Richard Tauber Competitions. He was a Borletti-Buitoni Trust and YCAT artist and was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society's Outstanding Young Artist Award. He is an International Tutor in Piano Accompaniment at the Royal Northern College of Music and head of the Song Programme at the Atelier Lyrique of the Verbier Festival Academy.

He is an accomplished chamber musician, soloist and accompanist, enjoying partnerships with Lawrence Power, the Heath Quartet, Mark Padmore, Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Pumeza Matshikiza and Pretty Yende. He has appeared at leading venues, including the Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Berlin Konzerthaus, Vienna Musikverein, Bridgewater Hall, National Concert Hall, Dublin, and at the Bergen, Spitalfields, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Bath, St Magnus, Norfolk & Norwich, Edinburgh, Brighton, Verbier and Aix-en-Provence festivals. As a soloist, he has appeared with the Ulster

Orchestra and the English and Vienna Chamber orchestras.

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, among others. This series was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society's Chamber Music and Song Award in 2016. He appeared with Benjamin Appl and Peter Moore as part of the ECHO Rising Stars series. Recent collaborations include performances with Markus Werba, Jamie Barton, Tara Erraught, Lise Davidsen and Peter Moore.

This season's engagements include a Scandinavian recital tour with Lise Davidsen, a North American tour with Benjamin Appl, his Carnegie Hall debut with Pretty Yende, and appearances with Tara Erraught, Allan Clayton and Angel Blue at venues including the Wigmore Hall, Norwegian National Opera, Barbican and Dallas Opera.

We hope to see you again soon

If you enjoyed today's performances,
we can recommend the following concerts:

Mark Allen



BBC Symphony Orchestra/ Oramo

Fri 22 May, Hall

Sakari Oramo conducts 20th-century orchestral and choral works by Stravinsky, Sibelius and Elgar in an evening of magic, atmosphere, poignancy and purpose.

Simon Pauly



Joyce DiDonato

Fri 26 Jun 7.30pm, Hall

Joyce DiDonato brings together musicians from the worlds of opera, jazz and tango, fusing music from the Baroque era with jazz classics.

Discover the Barbican

From the sunken depths of the theatre to the soaring heights of the Barbican towers, tours are a great introduction to the history of our iconic Brutalist architecture. You can also visit Level G, a vibrant space where you can see installations, commissions and events. It's always open and always free, whatever time you choose to visit.

