

# DASSC

SYDNEY CONSERVATORIUM OF MUSIC

SATURDAY 07 OCTOBER 2023

# DEMANT DREIKURS SCHOLARSHIP SONG COMPETITION



## ORDER OF EVENTS

- 1pm** Introduction
- 1:15** Amelia Bland
- 1:30** Molly Ryan
- 1:45** Cassandra Doyle
- 2:00** Sophie Blades
- 2:15** Ariana Ricci
- 2:30** Wesley Yu
- 2:45** Judges and Audience Vote
- 3:00** Winners Announced

## PERFORMERS

**Amelia Bland**  
Ganymed  
Frühling im Sommer  
Nimmersatte Liebe

**Molly Ryan**  
Die Spinnerin  
Lied Der Mignon  
Verborgenheit

**Cassandra Doyle**  
Die Liebe  
Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich  
geladen  
Kennst du das Land

**Sophie Blades**  
Die Bekehrte  
Auf der Riesenkoppe  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

**Ariana Ricci**  
Du bist die Ruh  
Verschwiegene Liebe  
Der Gaertner

**Wesley Yu**  
Du kleine Biene, verfolg mich nicht  
Der Müller ünd der Bach  
Erlkönig

JOIN US IN CELEBRATING GERMAN COMPOSITION AND LANGUAGE

# Amelia Bland

MEZZO- SOPRANO

**GANYMED**  
**FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)**

“Ganymed” is a setting of Goethe’s poem by the same name. The poem depicts the young Ganymede of Greek mythology, who was considered the most beautiful of all mortal men. Zeus, enamoured by the Trojan mortal’s divine beauty, abducts him and transports him to Olympus to become Zeus’ eternal cupbearer. In the first two verses, Ganymede observes and is seduced by the beauty of spring and the natural Earthly world. Schubert’s setting of the final stanza depicts Ganymede’s transportation through the clouds upwards towards the gods, ending on his ecstatic union with Zeus, his all-loving father, in Olympus.



**TRANSLATION**

**Ganymed**

*Poet: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herz drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!  
Dass ich dich fassen möcht’  
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg’ ich, schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.  
Ich komm’, ich komme!  
Wohin? Ach wohin?

**'Ganymede**

*Translation: Richard Wigmore*

How your glow envelops me  
in the morning radiance,  
spring, my beloved!  
With love’s thousandfold joy  
the hallowed sensation  
of your eternal warmth  
floods my heart,  
infinite beauty!  
O that I might clasp you  
in my arms!

Ah, on your breast  
I lie languishing,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press close to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst within my breast,  
sweet morning breeze,  
as the nightingale calls  
tenderly to me from the misty valley.  
I come, I come!  
But whither? Ah, whither?

# Amelia Bland

MEZZO- SOPRANO

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.	Upwards! Strive upwards!
Es schweben die Wolken	The clouds drift
Abwärts, die Wolken	down, yielding
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.	to yearning love,
Mir! Mir!	to me, to me!
In euerm Schosse	In your lap,
Aufwärts!	upwards,
Umfangend umfängen!	embracing and embraced!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,	Upwards to your bosom,
Alliebender Vater!	all-loving Father!

## FRÜHLING IM SOMMER PETER CORNELIUS (1824-1874)

Frühling im Sommer, translating to "Spring in Summer", was composed by Peter Cornelius and set to poetry by Austrian poet Emil Kuh. Cornelius set four of Kuh's poems, with each song reflecting Kuh's tone of warm-hearted, twinkling humour. In Frühling im Sommer, the vocal line unfolds over a floated tapestry in the piano, with a different accompaniment for each of the four strophes as the singer apostrophises the natural world which surrounds them.

## TRANSLATION

### Frühling im Sommer

*Poet: Emil Kuh (1828 - 1876)*

Das ist die schönste Stunde  
Wo du mich still bewegst,  
Gleich einer Himmelskunde  
Mich rein und tief erregst;

Wo jede Frucht des Baumes  
Zur Blüte sich verkehrt,  
Und nur die Welt des Traumes  
Die Wünsche wieder nährt;

Wo meinem Liebesdrange  
Ein Blick zu reichlich lohnt!  
Wo ich den Kuß verlange,  
Doch wie das Kind den Mond;

Wo ich mit nichts mich quäle,  
Mit allem freu', was ist,  
Und selig mir erzähle,  
Daß du auf Erden bist.

### Spring in Summer

*Translation: Christina Landshamer*

It is the most beautiful of times  
When you silently move me  
And, like a message from heaven,  
Send a pure thrill through the depths of my being;

When every fruit on the tree Reverts to blossom,  
And wishes are cherished Only in the realm of  
dreams;

When a single glance  
Is too rich a reward for my yearning;  
When I ask for a kiss—  
But like a child asking for the moon;

When I don't torment myself with anything And  
rejoice with everything that exists, And blissfully  
tell myself  
That you walk this earth.

# Amelia Bland

MEZZO- SOPRANO

NIMMERSATTE LIEBE  
HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

Nimmersatte Liebe is the ninth song from Wolf's Mörike-Lieder. Translating to "Insatiable Love", this amusing piece explores the intensity and complexity of love. Wolf idolised Mörike's approach to poetry, with his poems being regarded for their humour and use of language. Mörike's humorous and ironic tone is most evident in the second stanza, which likens love to pain. Wolf's setting emphasises the poem's jest, with the composer's direction in the final stanza, "mit humour", demonstrating the playful tone which permeates much of the cycle.

## TRANSLATION

### Nimmersatte Liebe

Poet: *Eduard Mörike (1851-1875)*

So ist die Lieb! So ist die Lieb!  
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:  
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb  
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?  
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr,  
Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,  
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund  
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;  
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,  
Da wir uns heute küssten.  
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,  
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;  
Ihr Auge bat: „Nur immer zu!  
Je weher, desto besser!“

So ist die Lieb! und war auch so,  
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,  
Und anders war Herr Salomo,  
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

### Insatiable Love

Translation: *Richard Stokes*

Such is love! Such is love!  
Not to be quieted with kisses:  
What fool would wish to fill a sieve  
With nothing else but water?  
And were you to draw water for some  
thousand years,  
And were you to kiss for ever and ever,  
You'd never satisfy love.

Love, love, has every hour  
New and strange desires;  
We bit until our lips were sore,  
When we kissed today.  
The girl kept nicely quiet and still,  
Like a lamb beneath the knife;  
Her eyes pleaded: "Go on, go on!  
The more it hurts the better!"

Such is love! and has been so  
As long as love's existed,  
And wise old Solomon himself  
Was no differently in love.

# Holly Ryan

SOPRANO



**NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT KENNT  
“LIED DER MIGNON”  
FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)**

The third song of Franz Schubert’s “Gesänge aus ‘Wilhelm Meister’”, “Lied der Mignon” shares its name with the second and fourth songs of the same cycle, however it can be identified by the name of the poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe set by Schubert in the piece, “Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt”. Meaning “Only he who knows longing”, the poem was set to music by Schubert 6 times, 2 of which appear in this cycle, the other being the first song, sung as a duet. The poem is centred around intense longing and loneliness, as Goethe’s original context revolves around Mignon yearning for her home, while her father longs to find his daughter, unaware he is with her already.

## TRANSLATION

### **Lied der Mignon**

*Poet: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe  
(1749-1832)*

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh‘ ich an’s Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach! Der mich liebt und kennt  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer de Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!

### **'Mignon's Song'**

*Translation: Richard Wigmore*

Only he who knows longing  
knows what I suffer.  
Alone, cut off  
from all joy,  
I gaze at the firmament  
in that direction.  
Ah, he who loves and knows me  
is far away.  
I feel giddy,  
my vitals are aflame.  
Only he who knows longing  
knows what I suffer.

# Holly Ryan

SOPRANO

## DIE SPINNERIN HUGO WOLF ( 1860-1903)

“Die Spinnerin”, meaning “The spinning girl”, is the third song in Hugo Wolf’s song cycle “6 Lieder für eine Frauenstimme”. In it, the singer, a young girl, implores her mother to allow her to leave her spinning wheel and go and wander outside. She describes the scenery outside, and assures her mother that if she sees any boys in ‘wild gangs’, she’ll make sure to leave right away, but will not deny that if she was approached by a nice boy with flowers for her, she really should be kind to him. Notably, the song ends on an unresolved dominant chord, leaving us in a state of uncertainty, as we never get to hear her mother’s response.

## TRANSLATION

### Die Spinnerin

*Poet: Friedrich Rückert*

„O süsse Mutter,  
Ich kann nicht spinnen,  
Ich kann nicht sitzen  
Im Stübchen innen  
Im engen Haus;  
Es stockt das Rädchen,  
Es reisst das Fädchen,  
O süsse Mutter,  
Ich muss hinaus.

„Der Frühling gucket  
Hell durch die Scheiben,  
Wer kann nun sitzen,  
Wer kann nun bleiben  
Und fleissig sein?  
O lass mich gehen,  
Und lass mich sehen,  
Ob ich kann fliegen  
Wie’s Vögelein.

„O lass mich sehen,  
O lass mich lauschen,  
Wo Lüftlein wehen,  
Wo Bächlein rauschen,  
Wo Blümlein blühn.  
Lass sie mich pflücken,  
Und schön mir schmücken  
Die braunen Locken  
Mit buntem Grün.

### The Spinning Girl

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

O mother dear,  
I can spin no more,  
I can sit no longer  
In my little room  
In this poky house;  
The wheel stops,  
The thread snaps,  
O mother dear,  
I must go out.

“The spring peers  
Brightly through the panes,  
Who can sit down,  
Who can stay indoors  
And be busy?  
O let me go,  
And let me see  
If I can fly  
Like the birds.

“O let me watch,  
O let me listen,  
Where breezes blow,  
Where streams murmur,  
Where flowers bloom.  
Let me pluck them,  
And let me adorn  
My brown locks  
With bright green.

# Holly Ryan

SOPRANO

„Und kommen Knaben  
In wilden Haufen,  
So will ich traben,  
So will ich laufen,  
Nicht stille stehn;  
Will hinter Hecken  
Mich hier verstecken,  
Bis sie mit Lärmen  
Vorüber gehn.

“And if boys come by  
In wild gangs,  
I’ll make off,  
I’ll run away  
And not stand still;  
Here I’ll hide  
Behind the hedge,  
Till they and their noise  
Have gone away.

„Bringt aber Blumen  
Ein frommer Knabe,  
Die ich zum Kranze  
Just nötig habe;  
Was soll ich tun?  
Darf ich wohl nickend,  
Ihm freundlich blickend,  
O süsse Mutter,  
Zur Seit’ ihm ruhn?“

“But if a nice young man  
Should bring me flowers  
That I need just then  
For a garland;  
What shall I do?  
Might I not nod  
And smile at him,  
O mother dear,  
And lie by his side?”

## VERBORGENHEIT HUGO WOLF (1860 – 1903)

“Verborgenheit” (Seclusion) can be considered one of Hugo Wolf’s most famous Lieder, seamlessly blending the eloquent verses of Eduard Mörike with profound musical artistry. This art song acts as a portal into the heart of solitude and introspection, allowing a poignant glimpse into the innermost chambers of the human soul. Wolf’s composition artfully wields subtlety as its greatest strength. The piano, with its delicate arpeggios, conjures an atmosphere of seclusion, akin to a solitary exploration of one’s deepest thoughts. This is amplified by luscious vocal phrases that convey Mörike’s contemplative odyssey, while harmonies, rich and with emotional depth, underscore moments of serenity, yearning and self-discovery. Within “Verborgenheit” there is an intimate revelation of emotions, where the performer, employing nuanced dynamics and lyrical interpretation, invites both themselves and the audience into the very essence of the piece, creating a profound tapestry of human experience. Indeed, “Verborgenheit” beckons us to journey into the hidden realms of self-discovery and contemplation, where the soul’s whispers are distinctly heard, and emotions are unveiled with grace through tender melodies and poetic resonance.



# Holly Ryan

SOPRANO

## TRANSLATION

### **Verborgenheit**

*Poet: Eduard Mörike (1804 – 1875)*

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,  
Und die helle Freude zücket  
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

### **Seclusion**

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

Let, O world, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself  
Its rapture, its pain!

I do not know why I grieve,  
It is unknown sorrow;  
Always through a veil of tears  
I see the sun's beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,  
And bright joy flashes  
Through the oppressive gloom,  
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself  
Its rapture, its pain!



# Cassandra Doyle

MEZZO-SOPRANO

**DIE LIEBE**  
**FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)**

“Die Liebe” is one of Schubert’s earlier works, composed in 1815 when he was just 18 years old. It explores the different facets of love through a contrast between tender, lyrical passages and dramatic declamatory phrases. It chronical both the beautiful and torturous elements of love’s spell, taking the listener on a short but rousing journey. “Die Liebe” gives us a glimpse into a young Schubert’s compositional and thematic ideas which would further develop in his later more prominent works such as “Winterreise” and “Schwanengesang”.



## TRANSLATION

**Die Liebe**

*Poet: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe  
(1749-1832)*

Freudvoll  
Und leidvoll,  
Gedankenvoll sein,  
Langen  
Und bangen  
In schwebender Pein,  
Himmelhoch jauchzend,  
Zum Tode betrübt;  
Glücklich allein  
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

**'Love**

*Translation: Bard Suverkrop*

Joyful  
and sorrowful  
Thoughtful to-be  
Longing  
And fear  
in suspenseful torment;  
Skyhigh rejoicing  
to death despairing;  
happy only  
Is the soul, that love.

# Cassandra Doyle

MEZZO-SOPRANO

## MEIN LIEBSTER HAT ZU TISCHE MICH GELADEN HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

"Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen" tells the story of a woman who has been invited to dinner by her beloved (Mein Liebster) but comes to find that the material offerings at the dinner table are less than adequate. The woman comes to find that the invitation to dinner does not include a stove for boiling nor a small casket of wine. "Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen," addresses the conflicting, but often co-existing, ideas of love, inadequacy, and societal expectations. Hugo Wolf explores the conflicting emotions which arise from a subpar offering of hospitality is paired with genuinely sincere and prevailing feelings of love. "Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen," crafts a fascinating narrative which encompasses profound themes that resonate with audiences across time.

## TRANSLATION

**Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen**

Poet: Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen,  
Und hatte doch kein Haus mich  
zuempfangen,  
Nicht Holz noch Herd zum Kochen  
und zum Braten,  
Der Hafen auch war längst  
entzwei gegangen.  
An einem Fässchen Wein gebrach es auch,  
Und Gläser hat er gar nicht im Gebrauch;  
Der Tisch war schmal,  
das Tafeltuch nicht besser,  
Das Brot steinhart  
und völlig stumpf das Messer.

**My sweetheart invited me to dinner**

Translation: Richard Stokes

My sweetheart invited me to dinner,  
Yet had no house to receive me,  
No wood nor stove for boiling  
or roasting,  
And the cooking pot had long since  
broken in two.  
There was not even a small cask of wine,  
And he simply didn't use glasses;  
The table was tiny,  
the table-cloth no better,  
The bread rock hard  
and the knife quite blunt.

# Cassandra Doyle

MEZZO-SOPRANO

## KENNST DU DAS LAND HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

“Kennst du das Land” is a lied by Hugo Wolf which features a poignant exploration of longing for a distant, idealised realm. This piece is based on the character Mignon from Goethe’s novel “Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship”. Mignon is 13 year-old girl who was kidnapped from her homeland of Italy by a troupe of acrobats, and brought to Germany. A young merchant, Wilhelm, then buys her freedom and develops a complex relationship with Mignon based on care, paternal affection and a deep sense of emotional attachment. Mignon’s longing, sense of exile and desire to belong are both beautifully and tragically portrayed by Wolf in this setting as she dreams of returning to her homeland with Wilhelm. “Kennst du das Land” blends elements of romanticism, melancholy, and introspection to invite the listener to immerse themselves in Mignon’s inner world.

## TRANSLATION

### **Kennst du das Land?**

*Poet: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)*

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Möcht’ ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus?  
Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach;  
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:  
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Möcht’ ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?  
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;  
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;  
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!  
Kennst du ihn wohl?  
Dahin! dahin  
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

### **Do you know the land?**

*Translation: Richard Wigmore*

Do you know the land where the lemons blossom,  
Where oranges grow golden among dark leaves,  
A gentle wind drifts from the blue sky,  
The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall,  
Do you know it?  
It is there, it is there  
I long to go with you, my love.

Do you know the house?  
Columns support its roof;  
Its great hall gleams, its apartments shimmer,  
And marble statues stand and stare at me:  
What have they done to you, poor child?  
Do you know it?  
It is there, it is there  
I long to go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?  
The mule seeks its way through the mist,  
Caverns house the dragons’ ancient brood;  
The rock falls sheer, the torrent over it!  
Do you know it?  
It is there, it is there

Our pathway lies! O father, let us go!

# Sophie Blades

SOPRANO



## DIE BEKEHRTE HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

Die Bekehrte from the Goethe Lieder book is a follow on and response to the previous song Die Spröde. Whilst in Die Spröde the shepherdess freely and nonchalantly plays with the attention of many suitors, in Die Bekehrte, she has been ensnared by one. His flute-playing enraptured her, and she reminisces his sweet touch and kisses. However, in the last stanza of the poem, we hear melancholy. The shepherdess has come to a realisation of the reality that has occurred and perhaps ponders what her future may hold. She reminisces back on the “innocence” she had before she became entranced by the beautiful “Damon”.

## TRANSLATION

### Die Bekehrte

*Poet: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte  
Ging ich still den Wald entlang, Damon  
saß und blies die Flöte,  
Daß es von den Felsen klang,  
So la la!

Und er zog mich zu sich nieder, Küßte  
mich so hold, so süß.  
Und ich sagte: „Blase wieder!“  
Und der gute Junge blies,  
So la la!

Meine Ruh' ist nun verloren,  
Meine Freude floh davon,  
Und ich hör' vor meinen Ohren  
Immer nur den alten Ton,  
So la la, le ralla!

### Converted

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

In the red glow of sunset  
I wandered quietly through the wood,  
Damon sat and played his flute,  
Making the rocks resound,  
So la la!

And he drew me down to him,  
Kissed me so gently, so sweetly.  
And I said: 'Play once more!'  
And the good lad played,  
So la la!

Now my peace is lost,  
My joy has flown away,  
And ringing in my ears I hear  
Nothing but the old refrain,  
So la la, le ralla!

# Sophie Blades

SOPRANO

## NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT KENNT "LIED DER MIGNON"

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

"Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" is a famous lied (art song) composed by Hugo Wolf, with lyrics by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. This song is a poignant expression of longing and desire. It explores the theme of yearning and the idea that only those who have experienced deep longing can truly understand it. The music and lyrics combine to create a sense of emotional intensity and introspection, making it a beloved piece in the lieder repertoire. The song captures the essence of unfulfilled longing and the complexity of human emotions. It is a standout example of Wolf's ability to capture the essence of Goethe's text through his music, making it a significant work in the composer's oeuvre.

## TRANSLATION

### Lied der Mignon

Poet: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh' ich an's Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach! Der mich liebt und kennt  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer de Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiss, was ich leide!

### 'Mignon's Song'

Translation: Richard Wigmore

Only he who knows longing  
knows what I suffer.  
Alone, cut off  
from all joy,  
I gaze at the firmament  
in that direction.  
Ah, he who loves and knows me  
is far away.  
I feel giddy,  
my vitals are aflame.  
Only he who knows longing  
knows what I suffer.

## "AUF DER RIESENKOPPE"

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Auf Der Riesenkoppe is a song of admiration towards nature and homeland. This is the last of the Körner settings, composed three years after the others. The Riesenkoppe is one of the giant peaks making up a mountain chain (the Riesengebirge) near the poet's hometown of Dresden. These mountains are also very near Zuckmantel, the birthplace of Schubert's mother. The song places the narrator in these mountains, joyfully viewing all of nature around them and their homeland from a distance. The last stanza in particular is a hymn of blessing and greeting towards their homeland and their loved ones there.

# Sophie Blades

SOPRANO

## TRANSLATION

### **Auf der Riesenkoppe**

*Poet: Theodor Körner*

Hoch auf dem Gipfel  
Deiner Gebirge  
Steh' ich und staun' ich,  
Glühend begeistert,  
Heilige Koppe,  
Himmelsanstürmerin!

Weit in die Ferne  
Schweifen die trunkenen  
Freudigen Blicke;  
Überall Leben,  
Üppiges Streben,  
Überall Sonnenschein.

Blühende Fluren,  
Schimmernde Städte,  
Dreier Könige  
Glückliche Länder  
Schau' ich begeistert,  
Schau' ich mit hoher Inniger Lust.

Auch meines Vaterlands  
Grenze erblick' ich,  
Wo mich das Leben  
Freundlich begrüßte,  
Wo mich der Liebe  
Heilige Sehnsucht  
Glühend ergriff.

Sei mir gesegnet  
Hier in der Ferne  
Liebliche Heimat!  
Sei mir gesegnet  
Land meiner Träume!  
Kreis meiner Lieben,  
Sei mir gegrüßt!

### **"On The Giant Peak"**

*Translation: Richard Wigmore*

High on the summit  
of your mountains  
I stand and marvel  
with glowing fervour,  
sacred peak,  
you that storm the heavens.

My joyful,  
rapturous gaze  
scans the far distance.  
Everywhere there is life,  
luxuriant growth,  
everywhere sunshine.

Meadows in bloom,  
sparkling towns,  
the happy realms  
of three kings:  
there I behold with ardour,  
and sublime,  
inward joy.

I behold, too, the borders  
of my homeland,  
where life bade me  
a friendly welcome.  
Where the sacred longing  
of love  
first glowed within me.

Beloved homeland,  
I bless you  
from afar.  
I bless you,  
land of my dreams!  
I greet you,  
my loved ones!

# Ariana Ricci

SOPRANO

## DU BIST DIE RUH FRANZ SCHUBERT 1797-1828

"Du bist die Ruh" is a renowned German art song composed by Franz Schubert with lyrics by Friedrich Rückert. This piece beautifully encapsulates a sense of tranquility and inner peace, with the singer addressing their beloved as the embodiment of serenity and calmness. The lyrics express love and the idea that the beloved is the source of solace and emotional refuge for the singer. Through its flowing melodies and gentle harmonies, the music poignantly conveys the theme of finding solace and comfort in the presence of a loved one, making it a timeless and cherished piece in the world of classical music.



## TRANSLATION

### “Du bist die Ruh”

*Poet: Friedrich Rückert*

Du bist die Ruh,  
Der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du,  
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug’ und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,  
Und schließe du  
Still hinter dir  
Die Pforten zu.

### “You are Repose”

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

You are repose  
and gentle peace.  
You are longing  
and what stills it.

Full of joy and grief  
I consecrate to you  
my eyes and my heart  
as a dwelling place.

Come in to me,  
And softly close  
The gate  
Behind you.



# Ariana Ricci

SOPRANO

Und willst du dagegen  
Eine Blüte von mir,  
Nimm tausend für eine,  
Nimm alle dafür!

And if you in exchange  
Want a flower from me,  
Take a thousand for one,  
Take all in return!

## VERSCHWIEGENE LIEBE HUGO WOLF (1860 – 1903)

Hugo Wolf's "Verschwiegene Liebe" (Silent Love) captures the unspoken anguish that accompanies concealed affectation. This is amplified by soft, intimate melodies that harmonise seamlessly with the ever-shifting emotional landscape of Joseph von Eichendorff's verses. Wolf's chromatic harmonies add layers of complexity, reflecting the profound depth of the emotion within the poetry. The delicate yet deliberate piano arpeggios serve as a subtle backdrop, evoking the essence of whispered confidences, while the judicious application of dynamics infuse each phrase with a wealth of expressive depth.

This song is said to have been written in one sudden flash of inspiration, which immediately followed Wolf's first reading of the poem. Through "Verschwiegene Liebe", one can experience Hugo Wolf's mastery at uniting poetry and music, providing performances with a canvas upon which to paint the portrait of concealed yearning and profound longing. It is within these hidden realms that both the performers and audience are invited to embark upon their own journey of discovery.

## TRANSLATION

### Verschwiegene Liebe

*Poet: Joseph von Eichendorff (1788 – 1857)*

Über Wipfel und Saaten  
In den Glanz hinein -  
Wer mag sie erraten,  
Wer holte sie ein?  
Gedanken sich wiegen,  
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,  
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,  
Wer an sie gedacht  
Beim Rauschen der Haine,  
Wenn niemand mehr wacht  
Als die Wolken, die fliegen -  
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen  
Und schön wie die Nacht.

### Silent Love

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

Over treetops and cornfields  
Into the gleaming light –  
Who may guess them,  
Who catch them up?  
Thoughts go floating,  
The night is silent,  
Thoughts are free.

If only she could guess  
Who has thought of her  
In the rustling groves,  
When no one else is awake  
But the scudding clouds –  
My love is silent  
And lovely as night.

# Ariana Ricci

SOPRANO

Treib andern Schmerz  
Aus dieser Brust.  
Voll sei dies Herz  
Von deiner Lust.

Drive other pain  
From this breast!  
Let my heart be filled  
With your joy.

Dies Augenzelt  
Von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt,  
O füll es ganz!

This temple of my eyes  
Is lit  
By your radiance alone,  
O fill it utterly.

## DER GÄRTNER HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

"Der Gärtner" is a poignant German art song composed by Hugo Wolf with lyrics by Eduard Mörike. It delves into the theme of unrequited love as a gardener tends to an unattainable rose in his garden. Hugo Wolf was known for his intense emotional connection to the texts he set to music, often undergoing deep personal struggles while composing, which added a profound depth of feeling to his compositions. Wolf's ability to convey raw emotions through music is particularly evident in "Der Gärtner," making it a notable piece within his repertoire.

## TRANSLATION

### "Der Gärtner"

*Poet: Eduard Mörike*

Auf ihrem Leibrösslein,  
So weiss wie der Schnee,  
Die schönste Prinzessin  
Reit't durch die Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rösslein  
Hintanzet so hold,  
Der Sand, den ich streute,  
Er blinket wie Gold.

Du rosenfarbs Hütlein,  
Wohl auf und wohl ab,  
O wirf eine Feder  
Verstohlen herab!

### "The Gardener"

*Translation: Richard Stokes*

*On her favourite mount,  
As white as snow,  
The loveliest princess  
Rides down the avenue.*

*On the path her horse  
Prances so sweetly along,  
The sand I scattered  
Glitters like gold.*

*You rose-coloured bonnet,  
Bobbing up and down,  
O throw me a feather  
Discreetly down!*

# Wesley Yu

TENOR



## DU KLEINE BIENE, VERFOLG MICH NICHT PETER CORNELIUS (1824 - 1874)

“Du kleine Biene, verflog mich nicht”, which in English translates to “You little bee, don’t chase me”, was discovered and published after the death of its composer, Peter Cornelius. Believed to have been composed in the summer of 1859, it is intriguing to wonder what thoughts a then 35-year-old Cornelius could have penned but not shared with the world through his interpretation of Emil Kuh’s text. The bee that follows around the protagonist, is in fact the bitterness of his own which must give up the one he loves.

## TRANSLATION

**Du kleine Biene, verfolg mich nicht**  
*Poet: Emil Kuh (1828 - 1876)*

Du kleine Biene,  
Verfolg’ mich nicht,  
Es täuscht die Miene,  
Es lügt das Gesicht.

Hab nichts genossen,  
Und bin voll Pein,  
und späh’ verdrossen  
in mich hinein!

Mußt jene stechen,  
Die glücklich sind,  
Die Blumen brechen  
Fürs liebste Kind!

Ich stahl kein Fädchen  
Des Honigs dir;  
Liebt mich mein Mädchen,  
Dann, stich nach mir!

**Thou bee so tiny, O chase me not!**  
*Translation: Erin’s Kirton*

You little bee,  
Don't chase me,  
My expression deceives,  
My face lies.

I have enjoyed nothing,  
And am full of pain,  
And I spy, disheartened,  
Within myself!

You must sting those  
Who are happy,  
Break the flowers  
For your dearest child!

I stole no thread  
Of honey from you;  
If my girl loves me,  
Then, sting me!

# Wesley Yu

TENOR

## “DER MÜLLER UND DER BACH” FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Der Müller und der Bach (The Miller and the Brook) is from Schubert's song cycle entitled Die Schöne Müllerin (The Miller's Beautiful Daughter). Die Schöne Müllerin is considered the first great song cycle of the 19th century. The cycle tells a tragic story of a traveling journeyman who apprentices with a miller at a watermill next to a stream. The young man falls in love with the miller's daughter. When he realizes his feelings are not shared by the beautiful girl, he drowns himself in the river.

This song is the 19th and second to last of Die Schöne Müllerin. At this point in the story the young man is overcome with jealousy due to his beloved falling for another man (the hunter). He has decided to drown himself in the brook. At the end of the song, he goes under the water, finds rest, and asks the brook to sing on.

## TRANSLATION

### Der Müller und der Bach

*Poet: Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)*

#### Der Müller:

Wo ein treues Herze  
In Liebe vergeht,  
Da welken die Lilien  
Auf jedem Beet.

Da muss in die Wolken  
Der Vollmond gehen,  
Damit seine Tränen  
Die Menschen nicht sehn.

Da halten die Englein  
Die Augen sich zu,  
Und schluchzen und singen  
Die Seele zu Ruh'.

#### Der Bach:

Und wenn sich die Liebe  
Dem Schmerz entringt,  
Ein Sternlein, ein neues  
Am Himmel erblinkt.

### The Miller and the Brook

*Translation: Richard Wigmore*

#### The Miller:

Where a true heart  
dies of love,  
the lilies wilt  
in their beds.

There the full moon  
must disappear behind clouds  
so that mankind  
does not see its tears.

There angels  
cover their eyes  
and, sobbing, sing  
the soul to rest.

#### The Brook:

And when love  
struggles free of sorrow,  
a new star  
shines in the sky.

# Wesley Yu

TENOR

Da springen drei Rosen,  
Halb rot und halb weiss,  
Die welken nicht wieder  
Aus Dornenreis.

Three roses,  
half-red, half-white,  
spring from thorny stems  
and will never wither.

Und die Engelein schneiden  
Die Flügel sich ab,  
Und gehn alle Morgen  
Zur Erde herab.

And the angels  
cut off their wings,  
and every morning  
descend to earth.

**Der Müller:**

Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
Du meinst es so gut:  
Ach, Bächlein, aber weisst du,  
Wie Liebe tut?

**The Miller:**

Ah, brook, beloved brook,  
you mean so well:  
ah, brook, but do you know  
what love can do?

Ach, unten, da unten,  
Die kühle Ruh'!  
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
So singe nur zu.

Ah, below, down below,  
is cool rest!  
Brook, beloved brook,  
sing on.

## ERLKÖNIG FRANZ SCHUBERT

Through the dark woods, father and son are riding on horseback to reach home at night. The frightened boy hears the voice of the Erlking and is possessed by the sweet invitation that calls for him. The fear becomes greater throughout the ballad until the Erlking finally reaches the boy and takes his life away.

The singer has the challenging role of being the boy, father, the Erlking and the narrator. Schubert writes the Erlking's part in the major key for most of the time, until it reveals his fearful side and changes to the minor key at the very end which has a strong dramatic effect.

# Wesley Yu

TENOR

## TRANSLATION

### **Erlkönig**

*Translation: Johann Wolfgang Goethe*

Wer reitet so spät  
durch Nacht und Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:  
Er hält den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er hält ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

„Mein Sohn,  
was birgst du so scheu dein Gesicht?“  
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?“  
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;  
Viel' bunte Blumen sind am Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch güld'nes Gewand.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater,  
und hörst du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir heimlich verspricht?“  
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;  
Meine Töchter  
führen den nächtlichen Reihn  
Und wiegen und tanzen  
und singen dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater,  
und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“  
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“

### **The Erlking**

*English translation: Richard Wigmore*

Who rides so late  
through the night and wind?  
It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy in his arms;  
he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

‘My son,  
why do you hide your face in fear?’  
‘Father, can you not see the Erlking?  
The Erlking with his crown and tail?’  
‘My son, it is a streak of mist.’

‘Sweet child, come with me.  
I’ll play wonderful games with you.  
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;  
my mother has many a golden robe.’

‘Father, father,  
do you not hear  
what the Erlking softly promises me?’  
‘Calm, be calm, my child:  
the wind is rustling in the withered leaves.’

‘Won’t you come with me, my fine lad?  
My daughters shall wait upon you;  
my daughters  
lead the nightly dance,  
and will rock you, and dance,  
and sing you to sleep.’

‘Father, father,  
can you not see  
Erlking’s daughters there in the darkness?’  
‘My son, my son, I can see clearly:  
it is the old grey willows gleaming.’

# Wesley Yu

TENOR

„Ich liebe dich,  
mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;  
Und bist du nicht willig,  
so brauch ich Gewalt.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater,  
jetzt fasst er mich an!  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:  
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

‘I love you,  
your fair form allures me,  
and if you don’t come willingly,  
I’ll use force.’

‘Father, father,  
now he’s seizing me!  
The Erlking has hurt me!’

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,  
he holds the moaning child in his arms;  
with one last effort he reaches home;  
the child lay dead in his arms.



# SPECIAL THANKS

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