

a poet's love

ACO On The Pier
The Nielson
7 Aug 2026 - 7pm

Andrew Goodwin
Young Kwon Choi

tenor
piano



program

Robert Schumann

Dichterliebe Op. 48

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII. Ich grolle nicht
- VIII. Und wüssten's die Blumen
- IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
- X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
- XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
- XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
- XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume
- XV. Aus alten Märchen
- XVI. Die alten bösen Lieder

Gustav Mahler

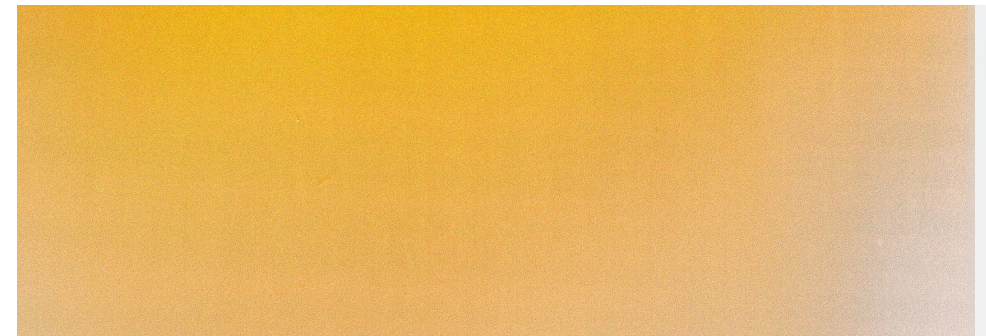
Selections from Lieder und Gesänge (aus der Jugendzeit)

- Frühlingsmorgen
- Erinnerung
- Serenade aus Don Juan
- Phantasie aus Don Juan

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

A selection of songs

- Why did I dream of you? Op. 28 No. 3
- It was in the early spring Op. 38 No. 2
- None but the lonely heart Op. 6 No. 6
- Do not believe me, my friend Op. 6 No. 1
- Among the din of the ball Op. 38 No. 3
- Not a word, o my friend Op. 6 No. 2
- Again as before, I am alone Op. 73 No. 6



program notes

Robert Schumann *Dichterliebe* Op. 48

The year 1840 is celebrated as Schumann's *Liedjahr*, or Year of Song, during which he produced over 130 songs – an astonishing about-face for someone who had only a year before remarked to fellow composer and critic Hermann Hirschbach, “All my life I have rated song compositions less important than instrumental music, and have never taken them for a great art form”.

The impetus for this sudden spate of song-writing is most frequently attributed to the fact that this was the year of his hard-won marriage to Clara Wieck, after a long and difficult courtship. The connection with Clara is apparent in the very first song of the cycle, ‘Im wunderschönen Monat Mai’, where the famous piano introduction is a direct quotation from her Piano Concerto in A minor of 1835.

Of the hundred-plus songs of this remarkable year, his song-cycle, *Dichterliebe* (A Poet's Love), stands out as one of the high points of lieder writing by any composer.

The texts for the 16 songs come from the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* by Heinrich Heine, written between 1822-23. Schumann had a great affinity for Heine's work: “he was particularly successful when setting Heine; his own rich sentiment and Heine's biting terseness seem to act as correctives to each other, and often produced results of unique quality, most of all in the *Dichterliebe*” (Phillip Ratcliffe, *A History of Song*). Schumann was so inspired by Heine's poetry that completed the cycle within one week.

The poems chosen by Schumann explore unrequited love, moving from springtime hope and the joy of first love, through the bitter heartbreak and agony of rejection, to final resignation and the symbolic burial of past pain. The narrative arc of the cycle follows three paths:

1. The Awakening of Love (Songs 1-6): beginning in the wonderful month of May, depicting sweet longing, budding flowers and all the promise these symbolise, and the bliss of gazing into the beloved's eyes.
2. Rejection and Bitterness (Songs 7-14): the lover learns of the beloved's betrayal, reality is shattered. The tone becomes sarcastic and bitter, culminating in “I bear no grudge” (‘Ich grolle nicht’) despite suffering profound inner pain.
3. Despair and Acceptance (Songs 15-16): the poet dreams of old fairytale nightmares, and ends by deciding to be done with it and put all his old songs, griefs and bitterness into a giant coffin and throw it into the sea.

The strongly individual character of these songs owes much to the interweaving of the piano and vocal parts. In what could be described as a symbiotic relationship, the piano is both partner and narrator throughout: it comments (No.9), carries memory (No.10), shapes dream-like stillness (Nos 13-14), and in the final postlude offers a poignant flashback to the happier times of the first song. The piano also often serves to underline the irony of the text: seemingly happy melodies in the vocal line are frequently undercut by unstable harmonies and dissonances in the piano part.

Schumann's achievement has been admirably summed up by Astrid Desmond (*Schumann Songs*, 1972): “Many wonderful songs were to come from his pen, but never again that complete fusion of poetry and music in such a sustained form, and with such psychological insight into a poet's mind. Had he never written another note he still would have gone down in posterity as one of the greatest song-writers.”

Gustav Mahler *Selections from Lieder und Gesänge* (aus der Jugendzeit)

While Mahler is celebrated today as one of the great symphonists of the late nineteenth century, songs and vocal compositions occupied a central place throughout his creative life. His Lieder were not merely independent vocal works but a vital means of exploring musical ideas that often later reappeared in his symphonies. The songs collected under the title *Lieder und Gesänge* offer a fascinating glimpse into Mahler's early artistic development, revealing many of the stylistic and expressive characteristics that would define his mature musical language.

Mahler's *Lieder und Gesänge* (Songs and Vocal Pieces) is not a song cycle, but rather a collection of 14 songs composed over ten years between 1880 and 1889. The bracketed subtitle, *aus der Jugendzeit* (from days of youth) was not Mahler's, but added by his publisher after Mahler's death. It is unclear what the publisher intended by this – does it refer to the songs being early works of Mahler's - he was 20 when he composed the earliest of the songs (a young adult, but hardly a youth), or to the idea that the songs are meant to be memories of someone's younger days? It may also refer to the fact that 9 of the 14 songs are set to texts from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (The Youth's Magic Horn), a massive collection of folk-poetry which was a huge influence on the development of Mahler's musical imagination, forming the basis of a separate song cycle which in turn provided much of the musical material of his first four symphonies.

Originally published in three booklets in 1892, the songs in tonight's program are from the first book, containing works composed between 1880 and 1887. The first two are settings of poems by Richard Leander, the nom-de-plume of Richard von Volkmann (1830-1889), a celebrated orthopaedic surgeon and author. Outside surgery hours he was a prolific writer of poetry and fairytales, which he originally composed to entertain his own children. The first setting, *Frühlingsmorgen* (Spring Morning) is a light-hearted exhortation to a sleepyhead to wake up, get outside and enjoy the spring morning, with the added incentive that their lover is already up and about. The second setting, *Erinnerung* (Recollection), is the recalling of a past love, the strength of which inspires songs, and these songs in turn rekindle love.

The third and fourth songs are both drawn from a play, *The Seducer of Seville and the Stone Guest*, by Spanish writer Tirso de Molina (1583-1648), which is the earliest known fully developed dramatization of the Don Juan legend - very familiar to music-lovers through Mozart's operatic interpretation, *Don Giovanni*. Mahler may have been inspired to set these portions by a revival of the play in 1887 at the Leipzig Stadttheater, where he was employed as a conductor. The two settings offer contrasting perspectives on the legendary seducer: in the *Serenade from Don Juan* Mahler captures the impassioned, pleading tone of the seducer. Here Don Juan directly addresses the maiden, pleading for her love and lamenting the agony of waiting - while *Phantasie* moves inward, portraying the dreamlike world of desire where the seducer loses himself in the fantasy of the conquest.

Looking back at his student songs, Mahler said in 1896 “The songs I wrote at that time were inadequately worked out, as my imagination was still too wild and undisciplined. For it’s the hardest of tasks, and requires the highest art and skill, to achieve something great in a small space.” Overly self-deprecating, perhaps? These four songs of the 1880s surely show that he had already successfully mastered the miniaturist’s art. Heard today, they stand not merely as youthful experiments but as compelling evidence of the artistic voice that would soon transform both the Lied and the symphony.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky *Selection of songs*

Today Tchaikovsky is better known for his symphonies, ballet music and operas rather than his solo vocal music, however over the course of 24 years he composed over 100 solo songs, or Romances, as he preferred to call them. Between 1869 and 1893, the year of his death, Tchaikovsky published no fewer than 13 sets of Romances, works which reveal a composer of exceptional melodic gift and emotional sensitivity. Curiously, all of these collections bar three contain six songs –a predilection which Tchaikovsky attributed to one of his dogs, who regularly presented him with litters of six puppies!

Tchaikovsky’s approach to song writing differs in significant ways from Schumann’s. Where Schumann was strongly influenced by the literary background of his youth, and sought to illuminate every nuance of the text through detailed musical interpretation, Tchaikovsky was often drawn to the general emotional atmosphere of the poem rather than to its individual images or literary subtleties. A single poetic idea or phrase frequently becomes the source of an expansive melodic idea that pervades the majority of the song, as in ‘Why did I dream of you?’ (Op.28 no.3).

Schumann was drawn in many cases to quite deep and complex texts (the works of such famous poets as Eichendorff, Heine, Rückert, Byron, Mörike and Goethe, for example), whereas Tchaikovsky generally preferred texts from lesser-known writers. This approach occasionally drew criticism from his contemporaries - César Cui, a member of the group known as the Russian Five, commented that poetic details mattered little to him, remarking that “Tchaikovsky viewed poetry as a necessary evil that only hindered the process of composition”. Critics also noted his tendency to alter texts and repeat phrases that emphasised his personal state of mind. Yet it is these very qualities which contribute to the enduring appeal of his songs.

A further difference lies in the partnership between singer and pianist. Schumann, as a pianist, gives a generous share of musical material to the piano, which is as much a vehicle of interpretation as the singer. Tchaikovsky’s piano accompaniments provide harmonic support, rhythmic momentum and expressive atmosphere while allowing the vocal line to remain the primary bearer of the drama. Nevertheless, his accompaniments are carefully crafted, and their lyrical textures and subtle harmonic colours contribute significantly to the emotional character of each song.

Despite these differences, Tchaikovsky’s Romances possess a natural lyricism which he imbues with strong, personal feeling, with the most impassioned sections often becoming more like ‘lyrical declamations’. Many of the songs are subjective expressions of intense emotions, exploring recurring themes of love, longing, and solitude, often containing themes of nostalgia for an irretrievable past happiness.

The selection of Romances in tonight’s program affords an excellent sample of Tchaikovsky’s solo vocal compositions, ranging from 3 songs from Op.6, his earliest set, to the final song from Op.73, composed in the last year of his life.

The Romances of Op.6 were composed in 1869 as a break from Tchaikovsky’s frustrations with the delays in the staging of his opera *Undina*. He wrote to his brother, Modest, “once my aversion to music passes, I’ll start writing romances in order to earn a little money”. Only a few months later he had completed the set, producing a collection that already displays the melodic warmth and emotional immediacy that would become hallmarks of his style. Many years later Tchaikovsky observed that “out of all my romances, only two are popular: ‘None but the lonely heart’, and “Bitterly and sweetly” - both of these from this first set of songs.

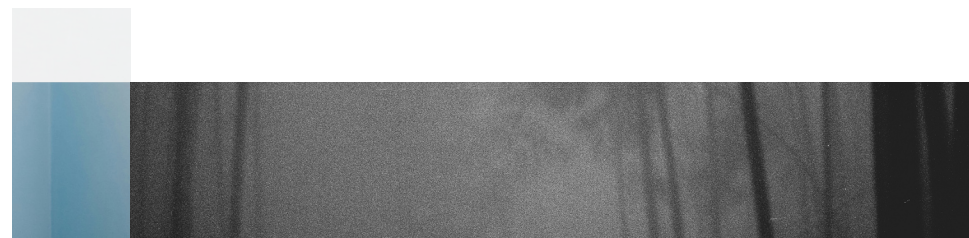
The Romances of Op.28 were composed in 1875, just after Tchaikovsky completed his first Piano Concerto, and show maturing vocal writing which merges lush lyricism with increasing dramatic pacing.

The six songs of Op. 38 (1879) date from the period just after the traumatic breakup of Tchaikovsky’s brief and disastrous marriage. He seems to have used their composition as a release from the stress of this, and perhaps also with a sense of relief at having completed his Symphony No. 4 and opera *Eugene Onegin*, as he described the creation of this set as ‘something between relaxation and work’. They are certainly among the most joyful and carefree of all his songs.

Tchaikovsky’s final set, Op.73 (1893) are settings of poems sent to him by Daniil Ratgauz, a young student from Kiev University unknown to Tchaikovsky at the time. He was no doubt drawn to the gloom and melancholy of these poems with their themes of unrequited devotion and crushing solitude. The final song of the set, ‘Again, as before, I am alone’ (also known as ‘Solitude’) is a deeply dark and introspective song, reflecting a profound sense of isolation and heartache, and ending, harmonically unresolved, with a moving plea ‘pray for me’. Completed only six months before his death, are we to interpret this song as one of the most deeply personal of all his vocal works?

Together, these Romances stand among the finest achievements of the Russian art song tradition, revealing a composer whose intimate musical voice is every bit as compelling as the grand symphonic and operatic works for which he is best remembered.

Jane Cateris



lyrics

Robert Schumann

Dichterliebe Op. 48

Words by Heinrich Heine

I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

*In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.*

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

*In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.*

II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

*From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.*

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

*And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.*

III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

*Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.*

IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

*When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.*

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

*When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.*

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

*Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.*

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

*The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.*

VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

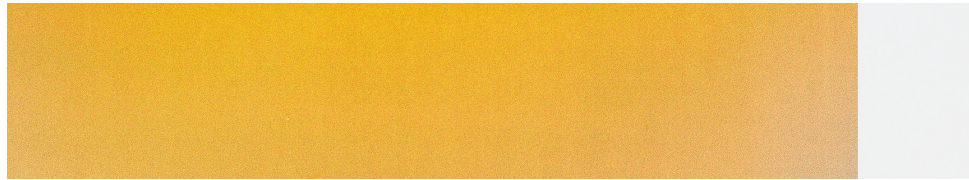
*In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.*

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

*In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.*

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

*Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.*



VII. Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

*I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.*

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

*I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.*

VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

*If the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is hurt,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.*

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

*If the nightingales knew
How sad I am and sick,
They would joyfully make the air
Ring with refreshing song.*

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

*And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And console me with their words.*

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

*But none of them can know;
My pain is known to one alone;
For she it was who broke,
Broke my heart in two.*

IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmetterten darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

*What a fluting, what a scraping,
With trumpets blaring in;
That must be my dearest love
Dancing at her wedding feast.*

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

*What a clashing, what a clanging,
What a drumming, what a piping;
And the lovely little angels
Sobbing and groaning in between*

X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

*When I hear the little song
That my love once sang,
My heart almost bursts
With the wild rush of pain.*

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh'.

*A dark longing drives me
Out to the wooded heights,
Where my overwhelming grief
Dissolves in tears.*

XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

*A boy loves a girl
Who chooses another;
He in turn loves another
And marries her.*

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

*The girl, out of pique,
Takes the very first man
To come her way;
The boy is badly hurt.*

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

*It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.*

XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

*One bright summer morning
I walk around the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
But I walk silently.*

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
„Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.“

*The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me in pity:
'Be not angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man.*

XIII: Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

*I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.*

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

*I wept in my dream;
I dreamt that you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
Long and bitterly.*

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

*I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you loved me still.
I woke, and still
My tears stream.*

XIV: Allnächtlich im Traume

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüssen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süssen Füßen.

*Nightly in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And weeping loud, I hurl myself
Down at your sweet feet.*

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perletränenröpfchen.

*Wistfully you look at me,
Shaking your fair little head;
Stealing from your eyes
Flow little tears of pearl.*

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

*You whisper me a soft word
And hand me a wreath of cypress.
I wake, the wreath is gone,
And I cannot remember the word.*

XV: Aus alten Märchen

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

*A white hand beckons
From fairy tales of old,
Where there are sounds and songs
Of a magic land;*

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

*Where brightly coloured flowers
Bloom in the golden twilight,
And glow sweet and fragrant
With a bride-like face;*

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmetter'n drein;

*And green trees
Sing primeval melodies,
Mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds too join in warbling;*

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

*And misty shapes rise up
From the very ground,
And dance airy dances
In a strange throng;*

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

*And blue sparks blaze
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires race
Madly round and round;*

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

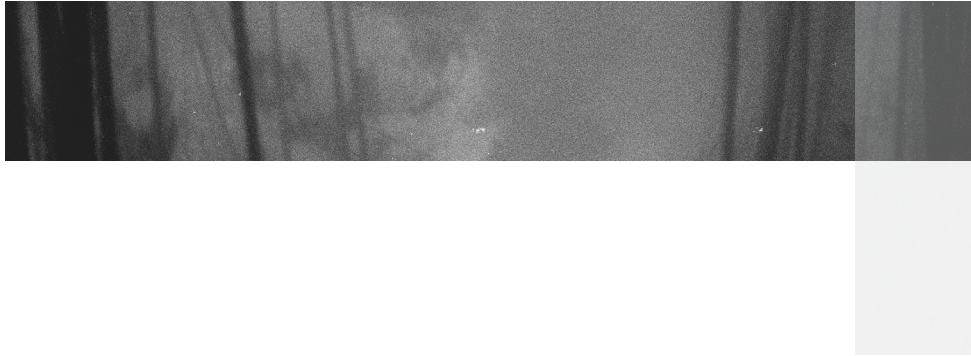
*And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
Reflections shine on and on.*

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

*Ah, could I but reach that land,
And there make glad my heart,
And be relieved of all pain,
And be blissful and free!*

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

*Ah, that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun
It melts away like mere foam.*



XVI: Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume böß' und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

*The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.*

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

*I have much to put in it,
Though what, I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the vat at Heidelberg.*

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

*And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.*

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

*And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than Saint Christopher the Strong
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.*

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

*They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.*

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

*Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
And my sorrow too.*

Gustav Mahler

Selections from Lieder und Gesänge (aus der Jugendzeit)

Frühlingsmorgen

Words by Richard Leander

Es klopft an das Fenster der Lindenbaum.
Mit Zweigen blütenbehangen:
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Was liegst du im Traum?
Die Sonn' ist aufgegangen!
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!

Spring morning

*The linden tree taps at the window
With flower-laden boughs:
Get up! Get up!
Why do you lie dreaming?
The sun has risen!
Get up! Get up!*

Die Lerche ist wach, die Büsche weh'n!
Die Bienen summen und Käfer!
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Und dein munteres Lieb' hab ich auch schon
geseh'n.
Steh' auf, Langschläfer!
Langschläfer, steh' auf!
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!

*The lark is awake, the bushes are stirring!
The bees hum and beetles too!
Get up! Get up!
And I've already seen your cheery lover.
Get up, sleepy-head!
Sleepy-head, get up!
Get up! Get up!*

Erinnerung

Words by Richard Leander

Es wecket meine Liebe
Die Lieder immer wieder;
Es wecken meine Lieder
Die Liebe immer wieder.

Recollection

*My love inspires songs
Again and again;
My songs inspire love
Again and again.*

Die Lippen, die da träumen
Von deinen heißen Küssen,
In Sang und Liederweisen
Von dir sie tönen müssen.

*The lips that dream
Of your ardent kisses
Must sing of you
In melody and song.*

Und wollen die Gedanken
Der Liebe sich entschlagen,
So kommen meine Lieder
Zu mir mit Liebesklagen!

*And if my thoughts
Seek to banish love,
My songs return,
Lamenting love!*

So halten mich in Banden
Die Beiden immer wieder:
Es weckt das Lied die Liebe,
Die Liebe weckt die Lieder.

*So both hold me captive
Again and again:
Songs inspire love,
Love inspires songs.*

Serenade aus Don Juan

Words by Ludwig Braunfels

Ist's dein Wille, süße Maid,
Meinem heißen Liebesstreben
Erst im Tode Raum zu geben,
O, da wart' ich lange Zeit!

Soll ich deine Gunst genießen
Erst nach meinem Erdengange,
Währt mein Leben allzulange!
Mag es gleich um Nu zerfließen!

Ist's dein Wille, süße Maid,
Meinem heißen Liebesstreben
Erst im Tode Raum zu geben,
O das ist gar lange Zeit!

Phantasie aus Don Juan

Words by Ludwig Braunfels

Das Mägdlein trat aus dem Fischerhaus,
Die Netze warf sie ins Meer hinaus!
Und wenn kein Fisch in das Netz ihr ging,
Die Fischerin doch die Herzen fing!

Die Winde streifen so kühl umher,
Erzählen leis' eine alte Mär!
Die See erglüheth im Abendrot,
Die Fischerin fühlt nicht Liebesnot
Im Herzen! Im Herzen!

Serenade from Don Juan

*If it's your will, sweet maiden,
Only to yield in death
To my passionate pleading,
Ah, I'll have long to wait!*

*If I'm to enjoy your favours
Only when my life is over,
Then my life is far too long!
Let it melt away at once!*

*If it's your will, sweet maiden,
Only to yield in death
To my passionate pleading,
Ah, I'll have long to wait!*

Fantasy from Don Juan

*The girl stepped from the fisherman's hut,
She cast her nets out into the sea!
And even if she caught no fish,
The fishergirl trapped hearts!*

*The breezes blow cool about her,
Whispering an old fairy tale!
The sea glows red in the sunset,
The fishergirl feels no anguish of love
In her heart, in her heart!*

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

A selection of songs

Why did I dream of you? Op. 28 No. 3 (1875)

Words by Lev Aleksandrovich May

Зачем?
Зачем же ты приснился,
Красавица далёкая,
И вспыхнула, что в полыме,
Подушка одинокая?

Ох, сгинь ты, полуночница!
Глаза твои ленивые
И пепел кос рассыпчатый,
И губы горделивые -

Всё наяву мне снилось,
И всё, что грёза вешняя,
Умчалось, -- и на сердце
Легла потьма кромешная!

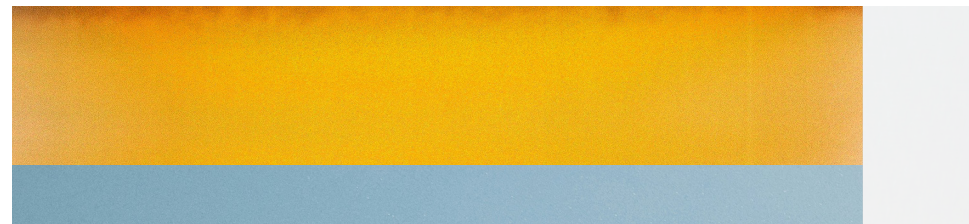
Зачем же ты приснился,
Красавица далёкая,
Коль стынет вместе с грёзою
Подушка одинокая?

*Why?
Why did I dream of you,
Distant beauty,
And why, like a fire, did
My lonely pillow burst into flame?*

*O, begone, specter of the night!
Your eyes are shiftless
And your decimated ashes crumble easily,
And your lips are haughty -*

*Everything seemed real that I had dreamed,
And everything, like a superficial daydream,
Whirled away, — and my heart
Rested in the pitch dark!*

*Why did I dream of you,
Distant beauty,
When alone with my visions,
My lonely pillow grows cold.*



It was in the early spring Op. 38 No. 2 (1878)

Words by Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

То было раннею весной,
трава едва всходила,
ручьи текли, не парил зной,
и зелень рощ сквозила;

*It was in early spring
the grass was barely coming up,
streams were flowing, it was not yet steaming hot,
I peeped through the green trees;*

Труба пастушья поутру
ещё не пела звонко,
и в завитках ещё в бору,
был папоротник тонкий;

*Shepherds' morning pipes
weren't sounding loudly yet,
and still curled up in the forest
was a delicate fern;*

То было раннею весной,
в тени берёз то было,
когда с улыбкой предо мной
ты очи опустила...

*It was in early spring,
in the shade of the birches it was,
when smiling before me
you lowered your eyes...*

То на любовь мою в ответ
ты опустила вежды!
О жизнь! о, лес! о, солнца свет!
О, юность! о, надежды!

*It was due to my love, that in turn
you lowered your eyelids!
O life! O forest! O sunlight!
O youth! O hope!*

И плакал я перед тобой,
на лик твой глядя милый;
то было раннею весной,
в тени берёз то было!

*And I wept in front of you,
looking into your sweet face;
it was early spring,
in the shade of the birches, it was!*

То было в утро наших лет!
О, счастье! о слёзы!
о, лес! о, жизнь! о, солнца свет!
О, свежий дух берёзы!

*It was in the morning of our lives!
O happiness! O tears!
O forest! O life! O sunlight!
O fresh scent of the birch!*

None but the lonely heart Op. 6 No. 6 (1869)

Words by Lev Aleksandrovich May

Нет, только тот, кто знал
Свиданья, жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

*No, only one who has known
What it is to long for one's beloved
Can know how I have suffered
And how I suffer still.*

Гляжу я вдаль... нет сил,
Тускнеет око...
Ах, кто меня любил
И знал - далеко!

*I gaze into the distant – but my strength fails me,
My sight grows dim...
Ah, the one who loved me
And knew me is far away now!*

Вся грудь горит... Кто знал
Свиданья жажду,
Поймёт, как я страдал
И как я стражду.

*My breast is all aflame – whoever has known
What it is to long for one's beloved
Can know how I have suffered
And how I suffer still.*

Do not believe me, my friend Op. 6 No. 1 (1869)

Words by Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Не верь, мой друг, когда в порыве горя,
Я говорю, что разлюбил тебя,
В отлива час не верь измене моря,
Оно к земле воротится, любя.

*Do not believe it, my friend, when in bitter torment
I say that I do not love you any more!
Do not believe the deception of the sea as it ebbs away,
It will return to the land, loving once again.*

Уж я тоскую, прежней страсти полный,
Свою свободу вновь тебе отдам,
И уж бегут обратно с шумом волны
Издалека к любимым берегам!

*I long for you once more, full of my former passion,
And again I will yield to you my freedom.
And once again, the loud waves rush back
From far away to their beloved shores.*



Amidst the din of the ball Op. 38 No. 3 (1878)

Words by Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Средь шумного бала, случайно,
В тревоге мирской суеты,
Тебя я увидел, но тайна
Твои покрывала черты.

Лишь очи печально глядели,
А голос так дивно звучал,
Как звон отдалённой свирели,
Как моря играющий вал.

Мне стан твой понравился тонкий
И весь твой задумчивый вид,
А смех твой, и грустный, и звонкий,
С тех пор в моём сердце звучит.

В часы одинокие ночи
Люблю я, усталый, прилечь;
Я вижу печальные очи,
Я слышу весёлую речь;

И грустно я, грустно так засыпаю,
И в грёзах неведомых сплю...
Люблю ли тебя, я не знаю,
Но кажется мне, что люблю!

*Amidst the din of the ball, by chance,
In the commotion of worldly vanity,
I glimpsed you, but mystery
Covered your features.*

*Only your eyes looked sad,
But the divine sound of your voice
Was like the of far-off pipes,
Or the dancing waves of the sea.*

*I fell for your delicate form,
And all of your pensiveness,
And your laughter, both sad and sonorous,
Still rings in my heart.*

*In the lonely hours of night,
I love to lie down, tired;
I see your sad eyes,
I hear your joyful words.*

*And wistful, so wistfully falling asleep,
I drift into mysterious dreams...
I don't know whether I love you,
But I think I probably do!*

Not a word, my friend Op. 6 No. 2 (1869)

Words by Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev

Ни слова, о друг мой, ни вздоха
Ни слова, о друг мой, ни вздоха...
Мы будем с тобой молчаливы...
Ведь молча над камнем могильным
Склоняются грустные ивы...

И только, склонившись, читают,
Как я в твоём в сердце усталом,
Что были дни ясного счастья...
Что этого счастья не стало!

*Not a word, my dear friend, not a sigh!
Not a word, my dear friend, not a sigh!
We'll be silent...
After all, the willows above
the tomb stone are silent.*

*They just bend down and read
as I read in your exhausted heart
That there were days of bright happiness
And that this happiness is gone now!*

Again, as before, I am alone Op. 73 No. 6 (1893)

Words by Daniil Maximovich Rathaus

Снова, как прежде, один,
Снова объят я тоской.
Смотрится тополь в окно,
Весь озарённый луной.

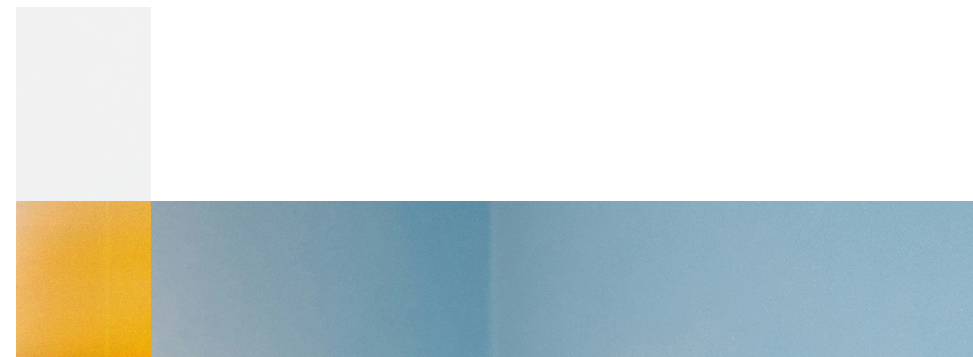
Смотрится тополь в окно,
Шепчут о чём-то листья.
В звёздах горят небеса...
Где теперь, милая, ты?
Всё, что творится со мной,
Я передать не берусь...

Друг! помолись за меня,
Я за тебя уж молюсь!

*Again, as before, I am alone,
Melancholy once again holds me in its embrace.
Through the window I can see a poplar
Standing in the light of the moon.*

*Through the window I can see the poplar,
Its leaves whisper about something,
The sky is aflame, full of stars,
Where are you now, my beloved?
I cannot begin to convey
All that is happening to me.*

*My friend! Pray for me,
As I already pray for you!*



Andrew Goodwin

Tenor



Andrew Goodwin was born in Sydney, Australia, and studied singing at the St Petersburg State Conservatory. His distinguished international career has taken him to many of the world's leading opera houses, including La Scala, Milan; Gran Teatre del Liceu, Barcelona; Teatro Real, Madrid; and the Sydney Opera House. He is notably the only Western tenor to have performed the role of Lensky in *Eugene Onegin* at Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre.

Equally acclaimed as a concert and recital artist, Andrew has toured with the St Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra under Yuri Temirkanov and appeared with all of Australia's major symphony orchestras. His repertoire spans Baroque opera, Romantic oratorio, and contemporary music, while his passion for lieder and art song has led to recitals at Wigmore Hall, the

Mariinsky Concert Hall, the Oxford Lieder Festival, and numerous international festivals. With pianist Daniel de Borah, he has recorded Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise* for ABC Classic FM. His recordings with Pinchgut Opera, the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, and the world premiere of Rodion Shchedrin's *Boyarina Morozov* have received critical acclaim.

Recent operatic highlights include his role and company debut as Nadir in *The Pearlfishers* for State Opera South Australia and the title role in *Artaxerxes* for Pinchgut Opera. His extensive concert engagements have included performances with the Melbourne, Sydney and Queensland Symphony Orchestras, Sydney Philharmonia Choirs, Melbourne Bach Choir, Canberra International Music Festival, Monash Academy Orchestra, and Sydney University Graduate Choir in works by Bach, Mozart, Handel, Berlioz, Dvořák, Rossini, Brett Dean, and many others. He is particularly renowned for his interpretations of the Evangelist in Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and *St John Passion*.

Andrew has also appeared with Sydney Chamber Opera, The Song Company, the Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra, Melbourne Chamber Orchestra, Coriole Festival, Musica Viva's Huntington Festival, the Australian Festival of Chamber Music, and the Adam Chamber Music Festival. International engagements have included recitals at the Mariinsky Theatre, performances with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* in London, and appearances with the Bolshoi Opera and Pinchgut Opera in roles including Tamino, Orpheus, Egeus, and Florival.

Young Kwon Choi

Piano

Young Kwon began his musical studies in Seoul. Born into a musical family, he started accompanying his mother's choir from an early age. After moving to Sydney, he attended the Conservatorium High School, studying under Dr Paul Rickard-Ford, and was awarded the John Dorothy Vimpani Scholarship at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music.

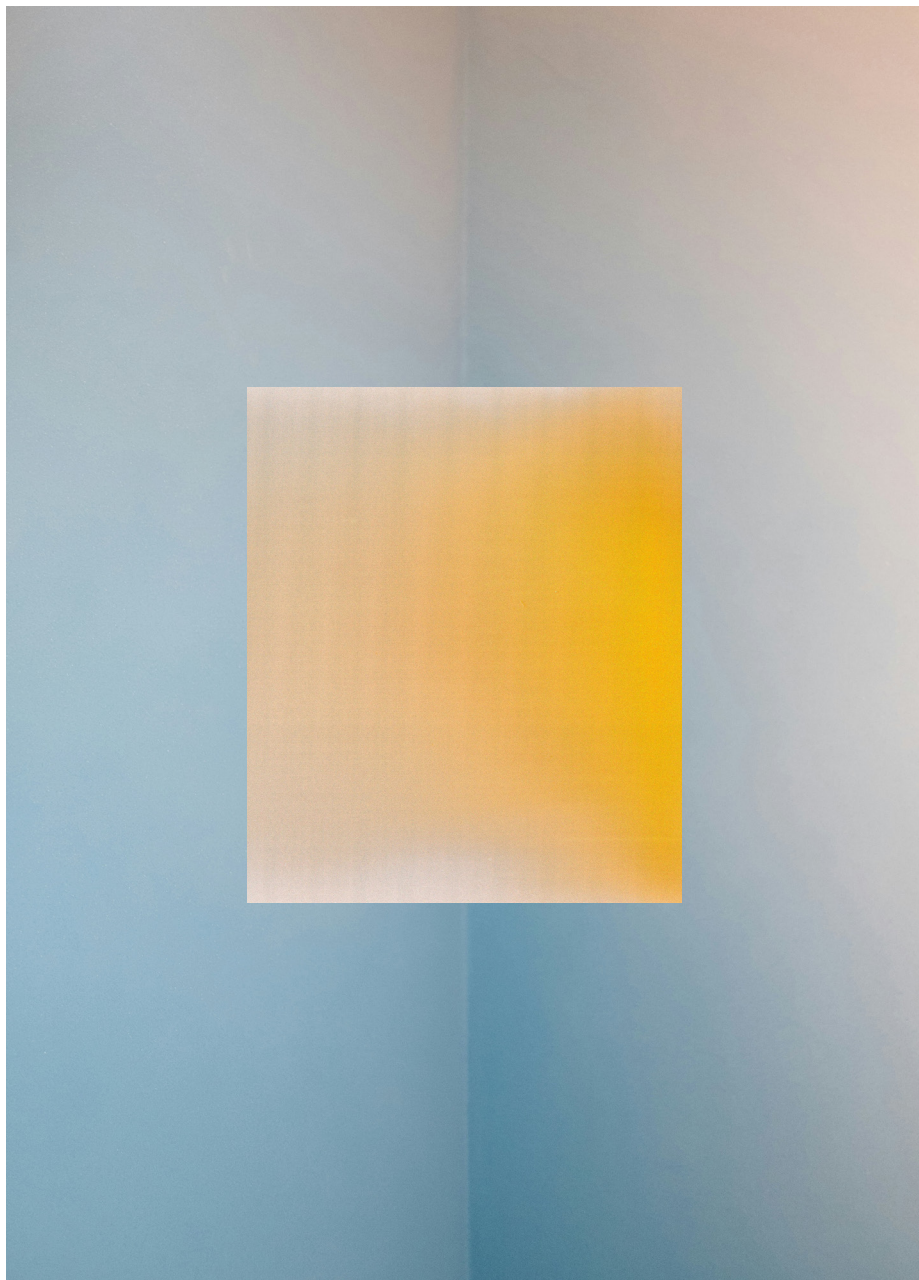
He is a graduate of the Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst Graz, the Royal Academy of Music London, and the International Piano Academy Lake Como, where he studied solo piano under the tutelage of Alexandr Satz, Tatiana Sarkisova, Dimitri Bashkirov and Eliso Virsaladze. Alongside his solo studies, he specialised in collaborative piano, with a focus on *Liedgestaltung* with Graham Johnson and Julius Drake, and chamber music under the guidance of Menahem Pressler.



Young Kwon is the recipient of numerous awards, including the Bösendorfer Competition and was a winner of the ABC Young Performers Awards. As a recipient of the David Paul Landa Scholarship for pianists, jointly awarded by Arts NSW and Musica Viva Australia, he was invited by Artistic Director Carl Vine to undertake a national solo recital tour for Musica Viva, including performances at the Melbourne Recital Centre's Elisabeth Murdoch Hall, broadcast live on ABC Classic FM.

As both a soloist and collaborative pianist, Young has appeared at many of the world's leading concert venues, including Carnegie Hall, the Sydney Opera House, Southbank Centre, Wigmore Hall, the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, the Fuchu Art Centre, the Shanghai Oriental Art Centre, and Vienna's Musikverein. He has performed as soloist with the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, the Grazer Philharmonic, and major Australian symphony orchestras, collaborating with conductors including Vladimir Verbitsky, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Marc Taddei, Nicholas Milton, and Johannes Fritsch. His performances have been broadcast on ORF1, BBC, KBS, 2MBS, and ABC Classic FM.

A passionate collaborative pianist and chamber musician, Young has performed with distinguished instrumentalists and singers throughout Australia, Europe, and Asia, with residencies at the Seoul Arts Center and Kuhmo Cultural foundation in South Korea. Alongside an active international performing career, he currently works in numerous institutions including the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, where he is a member of the collaborative piano faculty coaching chamber music and instrumentalists.



“Where words leave off, music begins.”

Heinrich Heine