



# Dances of Passion

THE  
SONG  
CO.



WOLLONGONG

**WED 10 MAR** 7PM

Church on The Mall

NEWCASTLE

**TUE 16 MAR** 7PM

Newcastle City Hall

SYDNEY

**FRI 19 MAR** 7PM

Cellblock Theatre, National Art School

CANBERRA

**SAT 20 MAR** 7PM

The Street Theatre

# Dances of Passion

## PROGRAM

Enrique Granados  
(1867 – 1916)

### Collecion de Tonadillas (1914)

Poems by F. Periquet

1. La maja de Goya
2. El majo discreto
3. Callejeo
4. Amor y odio
5. El majo olvidado
6. El mirar de la Maja
7. El majo tímido
8. El tra la la y el punteado
9. Las Currutacas Modestas

Juliana Hall  
(b. 1958)

### Fables for a Prince (1989)

Texts by Jean de La Fontaine, trans. M. Moore

1. To His Royal Highness the Dauphin
2. The Fox and the Crow
3. The Hen that Laid the Golden Eggs
4. The Horse and the Ass
5. The Physicians
6. Epilogue

Johannes Brahms  
(1833 – 1897)

### Liebeslieder Waltzer Opus 52 (1868)

Text from *Polydora* by G.F. Daumer

1. Rede, Mädchen
2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut
3. O die Frauen
4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte
5. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
6. Die grüne Hopfenranke
7. Wohl schön bewandt war es
8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
9. Am Donaustrande
10. O wie sanft die Quelle
11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser
13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft
14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar
15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe
17. Nicht wandle, mein Lichto
18. Es bebet das Gesträuche

## CAST

**Roberta Diamond**, Soprano & Spanish Language Coach

**Janine Harris**, Mezzo Soprano

**Ethan Taylor**, Tenor

**Hayden Barrington**, Baritone

**Francis Greep**, Piano & Music Director

**Antony Pitts**, Piano

**Robert Macfarlane**, Director

**Tanja Binggeli**, German Language Coach

**Sarah Elise Thompson**, Lighting

## PROGRAM NOTE - Robert Macfarlane

I was presented with a rather abstract brief for *Dances of Passion* a little over two weeks ago. 'Brahms, Granados and Juliana Hall – dramatised' – was more or less the extent of it. After the initial 48 hours of head-scratching, I began to see clear themes emerging. Young Artists were to perform the work, full of vigour and curiosity for whatever lay ahead in terms of challenge and expectation. The musical works themselves, at first disparate, started to reveal manifold lessons to be learnt. It was from these small strands that the idea of a classroom began to form in my head, and with it the value of the lessons that we learn in our formative years as 'students' of life. I hate it to say it, but calculus, Latin and algebra didn't warrant a mention – the lessons learnt in this classroom are all about love, life and the fragility of human emotion, and as each crucial intersection is crossed, each one of our performers learn what it is to really 'dance' – read, LIVE – and find themselves able to move and experience, unconstricted, the kaleidoscope of human feeling that takes place in the 20 short, magical minutes of Brahms *Liebeslieder Walzer*.

## FABLES FOR A PRINCE - Juliana Hall

*Fables for a Prince* was written in 1989, during the year of my Guggenheim Fellowship and shortly after I completed my formal composition studies with renowned vocal composer Dominick Argento. Early in that wonderfully hard working year, I'd already composed around 40 art songs (single voice with piano), so the idea of writing a vocal quartet was not only an intriguing challenge in its own right, but provided a nice change of pace. When I was searching for a text for my quartet, I came across an out-of-print volume of all 241 of the fables of French poet Jean de La Fontaine, who lived from 1621 to 1695, beautifully translated by the American poet Marianne Moore. The texts I have set to music in this work include Moore's wonderful translations of the prologue, four fables, and epilogue. Fables traditionally are created in a two-part structure, one part being the story (or as some have said, the body) and the other being the moral which the fable is illuminating (or, the soul). In my setting of the fables, the singers portray the various animal characters in La Fontaine's stories and deliver the moral of each tale to the listener as well. Commissioned by a colleague for his ensemble, the Turnpike Camerata, *Fables for a Prince* was first performed in New York City in 1991, and is now published by E. C. Schirmer.



This performance is supported by Create NSW  
Arts Rescue & Restart Funding

# Cast Biographies



**ROBERTA DIAMOND**, recently completed studies at the Schola Cantorum Basilensis in Switzerland, specialising in the interpretation of medieval, renaissance and baroque music. She has appeared in festivals in Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands, India and Bolivia, and performed with ensembles including Pinchgut Opera, La Cetra Barockorchester, Voces8, i Profeti della Quinta and the Academy of Ancient Music. Roberta also sings regularly with Emma Kirby's ensemble for lutes and voices, Dowland Works, and is a founding member of the renaissance mixed consort, Lux Musicae London. She enjoys collaborating with folk musicians from all over the world in cross-cultural projects and especially enjoys singing in Arabic and Spanish, which she studied at university. Roberta first sang on stage with The Song Company in *True-Love-Story* in 2018. In 2020 she performed *Esperar, Sentir, Morir* with baroque harpist Hannah Lane as part of company's inaugural Close-Up season. Roberta is a Principal Artist of The Song Company.



**JANINE HARRIS** has been an avid lover and singer of choral music since the age of 8. She presently divides her time between Sydney and London, where as a freelance mezzo soprano she has sung regularly with numerous choirs including St Margaret's Westminster and Marylebone Parish Church. In Australia she has performed as a soloist with the Choir of Christ Church St Laurence and the Conservatorium Early Music Ensemble. Janine has also performed with the Australian Brandenburg Choir, the choirs of St James' King, St Mary's and St Andrew's Cathedrals and was a choral scholar at Trinity College, Melbourne. Janine initially studied viola, then pursued a career in arts management, working in administration for the Sydney Symphony and the Australian World Orchestra, but returned to singing full time and graduated from the Sydney Conservatorium in June 2016. In her spare time she is the CEO and founder of [goodevening.com.au](http://goodevening.com.au) – a classical concert listings website. Janine first sang with The Song Company in *Treble Helix Unlocked* in 2019. She is an Ensemble Artist of The Song Company.



**ETHAN TAYLOR** has been singing since he could talk. He has been singing with St Mary's Cathedral Choir since he began a choral scholarship as a boy treble and is currently employed full time as a tenor. Since graduating from AIM with a BMus (Music Theatre) he has been singing freelance with several companies including St James' King Street, Cantillation, Pinchgut Opera, and The Song Company. He is also heavily involved in stage performing, having performed in, played for, or been a part of over 20 musical, theatre, and opera productions over the last 6 years. Ethan first sang on stage with The Song Company in *Power Chords Attached* in 2019 and appeared as "Dr" Phil T. Reezon in *Mind Over Matter*. Ethan performed Gabriel Kahane's mighty song cycle *Book of Travelers* in Sydney, Newcastle and Wollongong in the company's inaugural Close-Up season. Ethan is an Ensemble Artist of The Song Company.



**HAYDEN BARRINGTON'S** love of Classical music led him to start singing lessons at 7 years old. Following his first time on stage in the Children's Chorus of Bizet's *Carmen*, he decided that singing would always be a part of his life. He performed in the Trinity Grammar Chapel Choir throughout school, where he also appeared in his first professional production with Opera Australia in the Children's Chorus of *A Midsummernight's Dream*. Hayden graduated from the Sydney Conservatorium of Music with a Bachelor of Music (Performance) in 2017. He regularly appears as a soloist in oratorios (Messiah, Mozart Requiem), in opera (*La Boheme*, *English Eccentrics*, *The Cunning Little Vixen*), and as a professional ensemble singer with the Australian Brandenburg Choir and St Andrew's Cathedral. He started working with The Song Company in 2019 and performed Beethoven's song cycle *An die ferne Geliebte* in Sydney, Newcastle and Wollongong in the company's inaugural Close-Up season. Hayden is an Ensemble Artist of The Song Company.



**FRANCIS GREEP** is the General Manager and Associate Artistic Director of The Song Company, Australia's national vocal ensemble. He was appointed in 2019 after five years as Development Manager of the world renowned Gondwana Choirs. He has an international reputation for his work as a vocal coach, recitalist, chorus master, continuo player and conductor, having worked extensively for Opera Australia and held the position of Head of Music at both West Australian Opera and Houston Grand Opera. Francis has prepared artists and choruses in more than 60 operas. As a vocal coach, he is particularly known for his skill in preparing singers for role debuts through his extensive repertoire experience, and for enabling singers to continue developing and refining their voices through a deep understanding of vocal production, language fluency, musical styles and performance psychology. His highly developed sense of empathy makes him both an ideal coach and recital partner and has performed across Europe, North and South America, New Zealand and Australia.



**ANTONY PITTS** is a composer, conductor, producer, and recipient of the Radio Academy BT Award, the Prix Italia, and a Cannes Classical Award. A Chapel Royal treble, Academic and Honorary Senior Scholar at New College, Oxford, founder of British ensemble TONUS PEREGRINUS, Senior Lecturer at the Royal Academy of Music, and Senior Producer at BBC Radio 3, he made his Glastonbury Festival debut in 2014, and in 2016 joined The Song Company. Major commissions for Cheltenham Festival, King's College London, New College Oxford, Rundfunkchor Berlin, The Swingles, and Westminster Cathedral, with premières of his music in Wigmore Hall, Concertgebouw, Philharmonie Kammermusiksaal, and Sydney Opera House, with releases on Challenge Records, Delphian, Hyperion, Harmonia Mundi, Naxos, Novum, Signum, and Unknown Public. Critical acclaim for Antony's music tends towards hyperbole: "...My first impulse on hearing this disc was to commend it unreservedly to each and every man, woman, and child on the planet..."



**ROBERT MACFARLANE** is a multi award-winning Tenor, Stage Director and Singer/Songwriter. Recent solo appearances include the Adelaide Festival, Sydney and Melbourne Symphony Orchestras, State Opera of SA and Melbourne Opera in works encompassing Monteverdi, Handel, Wagner, Britten, and significant 21st Century composers Lembit Beecher and John Haddock. His directorial debut was made with the revolutionary Lieder/Circus synthesis *More Guilty than the Poet* in 2018 for the Adelaide Festival Centre and he will stage direct both *Dances of Passion* and *Arms of Love* for The Song Company in 2021. Under the moniker Nurseratched his original album *Catastrophically Ourselves* has just been released and has already been lauded by the International Songwriting Competition, Lighthouse Magazine and is set for further international distribution by Aldora Britain Records.



American art song composer **JULIANA HALL** has written some 60 song cycles and vocal chamber works, described as "brilliant" (Washington Post), "beguiling" (Times of London), "strikingly original" (Austin Chronicle), and "the most genuinely moving music of the afternoon" (Boston Globe). She has composed works for singers Brian Asawa, Stephanie Blythe, Molly Fillmore, Zachary James, Richard Lalli, David Malis, Randall Scarlata, Dawn Upshaw, and Kitty Whately, among others, and she is presently writing a new work for tenor Anthony Dean Griffey. Hall received SongFest's 2017 Sorel Commission, and AD Stephanie Blythe invited her to be the Fall Island Vocal Arts Seminar's Guest Composer in 2018. Since receiving a master's degree from Yale School and a Guggenheim Fellowship, her music has been heard worldwide, including performances at Carnegie Hall, Library of Congress, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Wigmore Hall. Hall's music has been broadcast by classical music radio stations worldwide and her music is published primarily by E. C. Schirmer. [www.julianahall.com](http://www.julianahall.com)

# Texts & Translations

## 1. La maja de Goya

Yo no olvidaré en mi vida  
de Goya la imagen gallarda y querida.  
No hay hembra ni maja o señora  
que a Goya no eche de menos ahora.

So yo hallara quien me amara  
como él me amó,  
no envidiara ni anhelara más  
venturas ni dichas yo.

## 2. El majo discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo.  
Es posible que sí que lo sea,  
que amor es deseo que ciega y marea.  
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre  
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,  
en cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto  
que yo posé en él  
sabiendo que es fiel.

¿Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardó?  
Sería indiscreto contarlo yo.  
No poco trabajo costara saber  
secretos de un majo con una mujer.  
Nació en Lavapiés. ¡Eh, ¡eh! ¡Es  
un majo, un majo es!

## 3. Callejeo

Dos horas ha que callejeo pero no veo,  
nerviosa ya, sin calma, al que le di confiada  
el alma.

No vi hombre jamásque mintiera más  
que el majo que hoy me engaña;  
mas no le ha de valer  
pues siempre fui mujer de maña  
y, si es menester, correré sin parar,  
tras él, entera España.

## Translations by Pamela Narbona Jerez

### Goya's maja

I will not forget, in my lifetime,  
The gallant and cherished image of Goya.  
There is not a woman - maid or lady -  
Who does not think well of Goya now.

If I might find someone to love me  
Like he loved me,  
I would not envy nor yearn  
For better luck or happiness.

### The discreet majo

Some say that my beloved is homely.  
It is possible that he may be,  
For love is desire which blinds and dizzies.  
I've long known that loving is not seeing.

But if my beloved is not a man  
Whose beauty turns heads and astonishes,  
Then he is discreet and the keeper of a secret  
that I entrusted to him  
Knowing that he is true.

What is this secret that my beloved is guarding? It  
would be indiscreet for me to reveal it.  
It is no small feat to learn  
The secrets between a man and a woman.  
He was born in Lavapiés. Uh-huh!  
He is handsome, handsome is he!

### I wander the streets

Two hours that I wander but I don't see,  
now agitated, without peace,  
the man to whom I trustingly gave my soul.

Never before saw a man that lied  
more than him who now deceives me;  
but, it'll be of no use to him  
for I've always been a stubborn woman  
and, if necessary, I'll run without stopping  
after him, through the whole Spain.

## 4. Amor y odio

Pensé que yo sabría ocultar la pena mía  
que por estar en lo profundo  
no alcanzara a ver el mundo:  
este amor callado que un majo malvado  
en mi alma encendió.

Y no fue así porque él vislumbró  
el pesar oculto en mí.  
Pero fue en vano que vislumbrara  
pues el villano no mostrose ajeno  
de que le amara.

Y esta es la pena que sufro ahora:  
sentir mi alma llena de amor  
por quien me olvida, sin que una luz  
alentadora surja en las sombras  
de mi vida.

## 5. El majo olvidado

Quando recuerdes los días pasados,  
piensa en mí, en mí.  
Quando de flores se llene tu reja,  
piensa en mí, piensa en mí.

Quando en las noches serenas,  
cante el ruiseñor, piensa en el majo olvidado  
que muere de amor.

¡Pobre del majo olvidado!  
¡Qué duro sufrir, sufrir, sufrir!  
Pues que la ingrata le dejó, no quiere vivir.

## 6. El mirar de la Maja

¿Por qué es en mis ojos tan hondo el mirar  
que a fin de cortar desdenes y enojos  
los suelo entornar?  
¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán  
que si acaso con calor  
los clavo en mi amor sonrojo me dan?

Por eso el chispero a quien mi alma dí  
al verse ante mí me tira el sombrero  
y dícame así: "Mi Maja, no me mires más  
que tus ojos rayos son  
y ardiendo en pasión la muerte me dan."

## Love and Hate

I thought I could conceal my sorrow  
So that it might be so deep  
As to be imperceptible to the world:  
This secret love that a roguish man  
enkindled in my soul.

And it wasn't because he glimpsed  
The grief hidden within me.  
But it was in vain that he glimpsed it  
And did not separate himself  
From that which he loved.

And this is the punishment I now suffer:  
To feel my soul filled with love  
For one who has forgotten me,  
Without an encouraging light  
To pierce the shadows of my life.

## The forgotten majo

Were you to recall bygone days,  
think of me:  
were your window to be filled with flowers,  
think of me, think of me.

Were on still nights  
the nightingale to sing, think of the forgotten  
majo dying of love.

Poor forgotten majo! How intense his suffering!  
Since the ungrateful girl left him, he does not  
wish to live.

## The gaze of the maja

Because my eyes hold such an intense gaze  
in order to avoid disdain and fighting  
I tend to look away  
What fire do they carry inside,  
that with only a little passion, when I look at my  
lover, they cause me to blush?

That's why this fiery man to whom I gave my  
soul when standing in front of me tips his hat  
and says to me: "my love, do not look at me  
anymore for your eyes are lightning  
and burning in desire they give me death."

### 7. El majo tímido

Llega a mi reja y me mira  
por la noche un majo  
que, en cuanto me ve y suspira,  
se va calle abajo.  
¡Ay qué tío más tardío!  
¡Si así se pasa la vida estoy divertida!

Si hoy también pasar me mira  
y no se entusiasma  
pues le suelto este saludo:  
¡Adiós Don Fantasma!  
¡Ay que tío más tardío!  
¡Osian las enamoradas las rejas calladas!

### 8. El tra la la y el punteado

Es en balde, majo mío,  
que sigas hablando  
porque hay cosas que contesto  
yo siempre cantando:  
Tra la la...  
Por más que preguntes tanto:  
Tra la la...  
En mí no causas quebranto  
ni yo he de salir de mi canto:  
Tra la la...

### 9. Las Currutacas Modestas

Decid qué damiselas se ven por ahí que luzcan  
así.  
Al vernos a las dos no hay quien no diga:  
Dios que os bendiga.

Porque hace falta ver el invencible poder  
de que goza una mujer cerca nacida  
de la Moncloa o la Florida.

Pues diga ustési en tierra alguna viose  
otro pie tan requetechiquito, ¡olé!  
Y pues nuestra abuela muriese  
tiempo ha, toda modestia sobra ya. ¡Ja, ja!

### The timid majo

Coming to my window grate to look at me  
In the evening is a gent  
Who, when he has seen enough, sighs  
And disappears down the road.  
Ah, what a fleeting fellow!  
If this is how life will go, it'll kill me!

It happens again and he runs away  
And so, without enthusiasm,  
I say softly to him,  
"Adios, Mr. Ghost!"  
Ah, what a fleeting fellow!  
If this is how life will go, it'll kill me!

### The Tralala and the Picking

It is in vain, my boy,  
that you go on talking,  
For there are things  
to which I ever answer in song:  
Tra la la...  
For every time you ask:  
Tra la la...  
You cause me no grief  
And I will not cease to sing.  
Tra la la...

### The Modest Girls

Tell me what local girls there are to see  
as elegant as we.  
Seeing the two of us, all call out:  
"God bless you!"

For you should see the invincible power  
which women have when they're born  
near Moncloa or La Florida.

Just you tell me if in another land of you have  
seen a foot as dainty as this one. Olé!  
And since our granny died some time ago,  
what's the point of modesty? Ha ha!

### FABLES FOR A PRINCE

#### 1. To His Royal Highness the Dauphin

I sing when Aesop's wand animates my lyre.  
Make-believe is here in its antique attire—  
Insight confirmed by direct observation;  
Even fish speak. As each finds expression,  
Animals enact my universal theme,  
Educating man, fantasist though I seem.  
DAZZLING CHILD OF A PRINCE whom the gods have made their care,  
All eyes converge upon what you may be and are.  
With the noblest minds acknowledging your sway,  
You'll count your days by conquests in glittering array.  
Resonance deeper than mine must sing  
What it was and is to have been born a king.  
These verses sketch on unassuming textures,  
The byplay of inconsequential creatures;  
And if I have failed to give you real delight,  
My reward must be that I had hoped I might.

#### 2. The Fox and the Crow

On his airy perch among the branches  
Master Crow was holding cheese in his beak.  
Master Fox, whose pose suggested fragrances,  
Said in language which of course I cannot speak,  
"Aha, superb Sir Ebony, well met.  
How black! who else boasts your metallic jet!  
If your warbling were unique,  
Rest assured, as you are sleek,  
One would say that our wood had hatched nightingales."  
All aglow, Master Crow tried to run a few scales,  
Risking trills and intervals,  
Dropping the prize as his huge beak sang false.  
The fox pounced on the cheese and remarked, "My dear sir,  
Learn that every flatterer  
Lives at the flattered listener's cost:  
A lesson worth more than the cheese that you lost."  
The tardy learner, smarting under ridicule,  
Swore he'd learned his last lesson as somebody's fool.

### 3. The Hen that Laid the Golden Eggs

Take all that is there and forfeit increment,  
Is a truth too clear for argument  
In the old fairy tale in which golden eggs were laid,  
One a day. The poor owner would stare  
At the hen, till sure there was gold in her to share,  
Then killed, spread out the bird, and of course was repaid  
By no more than would be found in an ordinary hen.  
He had cut the magic chain and she'd never lay again.  
Think of this when covetous!  
How many we have seen in our own century  
Reduced to poverty by striving hard to be  
Prematurely prosperous.

### 4. The Horse and the Ass

If we lend no aid in this world of care  
When a neighbor is dying of despair,  
Then we find that his load is our own.

An ass took the road next a horse of marked surliness—  
A beast with no weight on him but his harness;  
Whereas the ass was so burdened that he was thrown.  
He begged that the horse assist him in some way  
Lest reaching the city be impossible;  
Saying, "My prayer is hardly culpable;  
As much as half my load would be to you but child's play."  
The horse made a rejoinder so coarse it must be implied  
While watching the ass plod and stumble till he died—  
A repercussion to deplore,  
Since afterward he had to bear  
Both the load that had been the ass's share  
And the hide of the former servitor.

### 5. The Physicians

Now one of Doctor Fear-the-Worst's cases was sad,  
Attended also by a Doctor Hope-the-Best,  
Who swore he'd cure the man whose condition was bad;  
Whereas the other thought he'd earned eternal rest.  
Contradictory remedies failed to cure,  
And Death interposed the sentence which all must endure.  
Doctor Fear-the-Worst felt that he had been justified—  
In fact, each thought he'd prescribed judiciously.  
"Dead," said one, "as he was warned." The other replied,  
"He'd be living now if he'd listened to me."

**6. Epilogue** Our peregrination must end there.  
One's skin creeps when poets persevere.  
Don't press pith from core to perimeter;  
Take the flower of the subject, the thing that is rare.  
Besides, I'd best conserve my pen  
And energies to write again  
And sound another kind of praise.  
Love, who inspires my fantasies,  
Is restive and craves a change, he says—  
The tyrant whom I have to please.

Let Psyche be my theme again; Damon, you ask that I express  
Her mourning and her joyousness.

I shall try; I kindle when  
She bids me tune and touch my lute,  
So long as Love does not torment me again,  
Setting similar tasks to execute!

### LIEBESLIEDER WALTZER

#### 1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes

Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,  
das mir in die Brust, die kühle,  
hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke  
diese wilden Glutgeföhle!

Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,  
willst du, eine Überfromme,  
rasten ohne traute Wonne,  
oder willst du, daß ich komme?

Rasten ohne traute Wonne,  
nicht so bitter will ich büßen.  
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge.  
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.

#### 2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,  
heftig angetrieben;  
wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,  
lernt es unterm Lieben.

#### 3. O die Frauen, o die Frauen

O die Frauen, o die Frauen,  
wie sie Wonne tauen!  
Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,  
wären nicht die Frauen!

### LOVE SONGS WALTZES

#### Translations by Emily Ezust

#### Speak, maiden, whom I love all too much

Speak, maiden, whom I love all too much,  
who hurled into my once aloof heart,  
with only one glance,  
these wild, ardent feelings!

Will you not soften your heart?  
Do you wish to be chaste  
and remain without sweet bliss,  
or do you want me to come to you?

To remain without sweet bliss -  
I would never make such a bitter penance.  
So come, dark-eyes,  
come when the stars greet you.

#### Against the stones the stream rushes

Against the stones the stream rushes,  
powerfully driven:  
those who do not know to sigh there,  
will learn it when they fall in love.

#### O women, O women

O women, O women,  
how they melt one with bliss!  
I would have become a monk long ago  
if it were not for women!

#### 4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte

Wie des Abends schöne Röte  
möcht ich arme Dirne glühn,  
Einem, Einem zu gefallen,  
sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.

#### 5. Die grüne Hopfenranke

Die grüne Hopfenranke,  
sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.  
Die junge, schöne Dirne,  
so traurig ist ihr Sinn!

Du höre, grüne Ranke!  
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?  
Du höre, schöne Dirne!  
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?

Wie höbe sich die Ranke,  
der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?  
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,  
wenn ihr das Liebste weit?

#### 6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel

Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel nahm den Flug  
zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.  
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,  
ich säumte nicht,  
ich täte so wie der.

Leimruten-Arglist lauert an dem Ort;  
der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort.  
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,  
ich säumte doch,  
ich täte nicht wie der.

Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand,  
da tat es ihm,  
dem Glücklichen, nicht and.  
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär,  
ich säumte nicht, ich täte doch wie der.

#### Like the evening's lovely red

Like the evening's lovely red,  
would I, a poor maiden, like to glow,  
to please one, one boy -  
and to then radiate bliss forever.

#### The green hops vine

The green hops vine,  
it winds along the ground.  
The young, fair maiden -  
so mournful are her thoughts!

You - listen, green vine!  
Why do you not raise yourself heavenwards?  
You - listen, fair maiden!  
Why is your heart so heavy?

How can the vine raise itself  
when no support lends it strength?  
How can the maiden be merry  
when her sweetheart is far away?

#### A small, pretty bird

A small, pretty bird took flight  
into the garden - there was fruit enough there.  
If I were a pretty, small bird,  
I would not hesitate -  
I would do just as he did.

Malicious lime-twigs lurked in that place;  
the poor bird could not escape.  
If I were a pretty, small bird,  
I would have hesitated,  
I would not have done that.

The bird came into a pretty girl's hand,  
and it caused him no pain,  
the lucky thing.  
If I were a pretty, small bird,  
I would not hesitate - I would do just as he did.

#### 7. Wohl schön bewandt

Wohl schön bewandt war es vorehe  
Mit meinem Leben, mit meiner Liebe;  
Durch eine Wand, ja durch zehn Wände,  
Erkannte mich des Freundes Sehe;  
Doch jetzo, wehe, wenn ich dem Kalten  
Auch noch so dicht vor'm Auge stehe,  
Es merkt's sein Auge, sein Herze nicht.

#### 8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir  
und so lieblich schauet,  
jede letze Trübe flieht  
welche mich umgrauet.

Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,  
laß sie nicht verstieben!  
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu  
dich ein anderer lieben.

#### 9. Am Donaustrande

Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus,  
da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.  
Das Mädchen, es ist wohl gut gehegt,  
zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe gelegt.  
Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist ein Spaß;  
die spreng ich als wären sie nur von Glas.

#### 10. O wie sanft die Quelle sich

O wie sanft die Quelle sich  
durch die Wiese windet!  
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich  
zu der Liebe findet!

#### 11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den Leuten;  
Alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten.  
Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich lose Triebe;  
bin ich still, so heißt's, ich wäre irr aus Liebe.

#### 12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser

Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser,  
Schlösser ohne Zahl;  
denn die bösen Mäuler will ich  
schließen allzumal.

#### Quite fair and contented

Quite fair and contented was I previously  
with my life and with my sweetheart;  
through a wall, yes, through ten walls,  
did my friend's gaze recognize me;  
But now, oh woe, if I am with that cold boy,  
no matter how close I stand before his eyes,  
neither his eyes nor his heart notices.

#### When your eyes look at me

When your eyes look at me  
so gently and lovingly,  
you chase away every last anxiety  
that troubles my life.

The lovely glow of this love -  
do not let it disappear!  
No one else will ever love you  
as faithfully as I.

#### 9. On the banks of the Danube

On the banks of the Danube, stands a house,  
and looking out of it is a pink-cheeked maiden.  
The maiden is very well-protected:  
ten iron bolts have been placed on the door.  
But ten iron bolts are but a joke;  
I will snap them as if they were only glass.

#### O how gently the stream

O how gently the stream  
winds through the meadow!  
O how lovely it is when Love  
finds Love!

#### No, there's just no getting along with people

No, there's just no getting along with people;  
they always make poisonous interpretations of  
everything. If I'm merry, they say I cherish loose  
urges; if I'm quiet, they say I am crazed with love.

#### Locksmith - get up and make your locks

Locksmith - get up and make your locks,  
locks without number;  
for I want to lock up  
all the evil mouths.

### 13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft

Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,  
sucht nach einem Aste;  
und das Herz, ein Herz begehrt's,  
wo es selig raste.

### 14. Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar

Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,  
blickt der Mond hernieder!  
Die du meine Liebe bist,  
liebe du mich wieder!

### 15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön

Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,  
wenn die Sterne funkeln.  
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,  
küsse mich im Dunkeln!

### 16. Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe

Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe,  
ein gar zu gefährlicher Bronnen;  
da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,  
kann weder hören noch sehn,  
nur denken an meine Wonnen,  
nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

### 17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen

Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen  
im Flurbereich!  
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,  
zu naß, zu weich.

All überströmt sind dort die Wege,  
die Stege dir;  
so überreichlich tränkte dorten  
das Auge mir.

### 18. Es bebet das Gesträuche

Es bebet das Gesträuche,  
gestreift hat es im Fluge ein Vögelein.  
In gleicher Art erbebet die Seele mir, erschüttert  
von Liebe, Lust und Leide,  
gedenkt sie dein.

### The little bird rushes through the air

The little bird rushes through the air,  
searching for a branch;  
and my heart desires a heart, a heart  
on which it can blessedly rest.

### See how clear the waves are

See how clear the waves are  
when the moon gazes down!  
You who are my love,  
you love me back!

### The nightingale, it sings so beautifully

The nightingale, it sings so beautifully,  
when the stars are twinkling.  
Love me, my beloved heart,  
kiss me in the dark!

### Love is a dark shaft

Love is a dark shaft,  
a very dangerous well;  
and I, poor man, fell in.  
I can neither hear nor see,  
I can only think about my bliss,  
I can only moan in my woe.

### Do not wander, my light, out there

Do not wander, my light, out there  
in the field!  
Your feet, your tender feet, would get  
too wet, too soft.

All flooded are the paths there,  
and the bridges,  
so amply there  
did my eyes weep.

### The bushes are trembling

The bushes are trembling;  
they were brushed by a little bird in flight.  
In the same way, my soul trembles,  
overcome by love, pleasure and sorrow,  
as it thinks of you.

# Our Supporters

Join The Song Company in creating music that will live on in your imagination forever by making a tax-deductible donation at [the.songcompany/donate](https://www.thesongcompany.com/donate)

If you enjoyed tonight's performance, consider making a donation to The Song Company's Ensemble Artist Program, where you are directly supporting the emerging generation of Australian artists.

Thank you to our donors who have given so generously in 2020 during such uncertain times. Your support has enabled us to keep singing.

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See our website for a full listing of donors

# The Song Company

The Song Company belongs to a land whose first peoples have always used songlines and vocal music to pass knowledge and culture from one generation to another. We acknowledge and respect those traditions and are honoured to work together with Indigenous creative artists as part of our artistic mission. As Australia's national professional vocal ensemble, The Song Company is unique in its stylistic diversity with repertoire spanning the 9th century to today, and is led by Artistic Director, international composer and conductor, Antony Pitts.

The Song Company is at the forefront of both early music performance and contemporary vocal music through an extensive commissioning program and cross-artform collaborations with artists of the highest calibre from around the world.

The Song Company comprises eight Principal Artists, as well as Guest Artists from across the country who are established soloists and musical leaders in their own right, with a wider collective of Associate Artists made up of familiar and emerging voices. At its heart is a consort of early-career Ensemble Artists, mentored by Associate Artistic Director, Francis Greep.

Together we are reshaping the professional vocal landscape in Australia for today and the next generation.

## PRINCIPAL ARTISTS

|                    |               |
|--------------------|---------------|
| Amy Moore          | Soprano       |
| Chloe Lankshear    | Soprano       |
| Roberta Diamond    | Soprano       |
| Jessica O'Donoghue | Mezzo soprano |
| Max Riebl          | Countertenor  |
| Dan Walker         | Tenor         |
| Koen van Stade     | Tenor         |
| Thomas Flint       | Bass          |

## ENSEMBLE ARTISTS

|                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Janine Harris     | Mezzo soprano |
| Ethan Taylor      | Tenor         |
| Hayden Barrington | Baritone      |

## BOARD

|                 |       |
|-----------------|-------|
| Michael Tidball | Chair |
| Antony Pitts    |       |
| Elizabeth Grey  |       |
| Louise Guy      |       |
| Matthew Hindson |       |
| Robert Bryden   |       |

## THE SONG COMPANY TEAM

|                      |  |
|----------------------|--|
| Antony Pitts         | Artistic Director                                |
| Francis Greep        | General Manager &<br>Associate Artistic Director |
| Sarah Elise Thompson | Production Manager                               |
| Eva Frey             | Marketing & Development Manager                  |
| Jane Diamond         | Bookkeeper                                       |



The Song Company is assisted by the Australian Government through the Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body, and the NSW Government through Create NSW

The Song Company acknowledges the Traditional Owners of Country throughout Australia and we pay our respect to the Elders both past and present

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