

**The Wagner Society of New South Wales
Annual General Meeting Concert
Sunday 20 May 2012
Goethe-Institut, Woollahra**

Lisa Harper-Brown

Soprano

Stephen Mould

Piano

All-Wagner Programme

Elsa's Dream *Lohengrin Act 1*

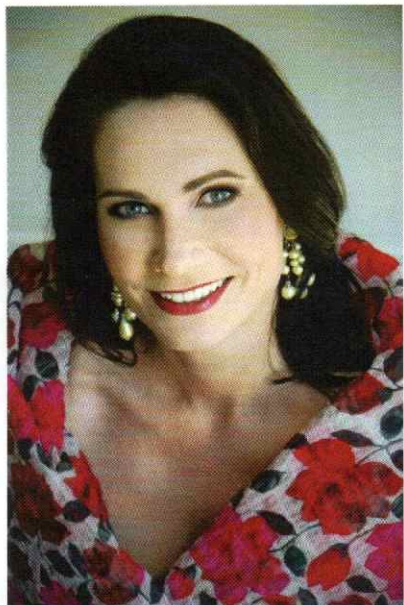
Wesendonck Lieder:

Five Songs to texts by Mathilde Wesendonck

Der Männer Sippe *Die Walküre Act 1*



DaCapo Music



Lisa Harper-Brown



Stephen Mould

British-born **Lisa Harper-Brown** moved as a child to Australia. She studied with Molly McGurk, gaining an Honours degree in Music Performance and Education from University of Western Australia.

Lisa won places in the West Australian Opera and The Australian Opera 'Young Artists Programme' and subsequently undertook intensive study and masterclasses with Metropolitan Opera coaches and Dame Joan Sutherland. She has appeared with West Australian Opera, as First Lady in *The Magic Flute*, Venus and Euridice in *Orpheus in the Underworld*, Frasquita in *Carmen*, Rosalinde in *Die Fledermaus*, and created the title role for Handel's *Alcina*.

Lisa debuted for Opera Australia singing Pamina in *The Magic Flute*. Later roles included Helena in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Diana in *Orpheus in the Underworld*, Echo in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Fiordiligi in *Così fan Tutte*, Elsa in *Lohengrin*, Eva in *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, the title role in *Salome*, Rosalinde in *Die Fledermaus*, and Countess Almaviva in Neil Armfield's *The Marriage of Figaro*, winning a Helpmann Award, performances in Baz Luhrmann's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, scoring a Green Room nomination.

Other roles include Musetta in Opera Queensland's production of *La Bohème*, and Ortlinde in the State Opera of South Australia's *Die Walküre*, directed by Elke Neidhardt. Lisa debuted as First Lady in *Die Zauberflöte* for Hamburg State Opera, and appeared in concert, recital and festivals throughout Germany.

Lisa performed concerts including Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* with the Prague Chamber Orchestra and the Sydney Festival *Symphony Under the Stars*. She has performed with all Australia's orchestras, toured with the Australian Pops Orchestra and appeared with Sydney Symphony Orchestra for *Die Walküre* in 1998 and 2003. She has performed frequently in *Mozart by Moonlight* in Sydney's Botanical Gardens.

Her concert repertoire includes *Dona nobis pacem* by Vaughan-Williams, the *Exultate Jubilate*, *Requiem*, *Mass in C minor* and *Krönungs Messe* of Mozart, Bach's *St Matthew's Passion*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, *The German Requiem* by Brahms, Händel's *Messiah*, Fauré's *Requiem*, the *Symphony of Sorrowful Songs* of Gorecki, Strauss' *Four Last Songs*, *Bachianas Brasileiras* by Villa-Lobos, *The Song of Tailitnana* by Sculthorpe, Stravinsky's *Les Noces*, Schubert's *Mass in G* and Beethoven's *Mass in C*.

She has worked with conductors including Edo de Waart, Asher Fisch, Roderick Brydon, and Nicholas Braithwaite and composers including Sir Michael Tippett, Roger Smalley, John Rutter, Carl Vine, Richard Mills, Graeme Koehne and Peter Sculthorpe.

Recently Lisa accompanied the Seraphim Trio for a concert tour of a work composed for them, *The Ringtone Cycle* by Graham Koehne, also scheduled for Adelaide Festival, 2012. As well Lisa collaborated with pianist, David Wickham, on a CD series. In 2012 they launch *The Poet Sings Vol 1. - Australian Art Songs*. Lisa is now tutoring and lecturing for New Zealand's Victoria University, School of Music. Engagements in 2012 include her debut with the NZSO, touring *Die Walküre*.

<http://lisaharperbrown.com>

The Poet Sings - Australian Art Songs: <http://stonerecords.co.uk>

Sydney-born **Stephen Mould** is a graduate of the Sydney Conservatorium of Music and also studied at the Royal Academy of Music, London. Stephen is currently Chair of Opera Production and Senior Lecturer in Operatic Studies at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music as well as a freelance conductor and accompanist

In 1988, he was appointed Head of Music at the Lyric Opera of Queensland and has worked with the Queensland Philharmonic Orchestra, Queensland Symphony Orchestra, the Queensland Conservatorium and more recently Opera.

In 1990, Stephen returned to Europe and was engaged as a conductor and musical assistant by a number of opera houses and festivals in Germany, Belgium, Norway and Italy. In 1996, he joined the music staff of Opera Australia, where he was Head of Music between 2004 and 2008 and still regularly conducts for them. His repertoire includes English, French, German, Italian and Czech operas.

In addition, Stephen has appeared with the Sydney and Queensland Symphony Orchestras, the SBS Youth Orchestra, and Willoughby Symphony Orchestra. In 2008 he made his American debut for Baltimore Opera conducting *Madama Butterfly*. He also appeared in New Zealand with the Auckland Philharmonia. Stephen has undertaken engagements for the Sydney and Melbourne and Macau Festivals, Symphony Australia and the Sydney Philharmonic Choirs.

He also assisted with the State Opera of South Australia's productions of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* in 1998 and 2004 and Parsifal in 2002.

Stephen will be conducting the Sydney Conservatorium of Music's Offenbach's *Orphée aux enfers* (*Orpheus in the Underworld*) in September and the world premiere of Anne Carr Boyd's opera *Daisy Bates at Ooldea* in October.

Stephen was also in charge of the musical preparation for Gluck's baroque opera *Les Pèlerins de la Mecque* (*The Pilgrims of Mecca*), a co-production between the Conservatorium Opera and the Early Music Ensemble, performed in May.

Elsa's Dream, *Lohengrin*, Act 1

Einsam in trüben Tagen
hab ich zu Gott gefleht,
des Herzens tiefstes Klagen
ergoss ich im Gebet. -
Da drang aus meinem Stöhnen
ein Laut so klagevoll,
der zu gewalt'gem Tönen
weit in die Lüfte schwoll: -
Ich hört ihn fernhin hallen,
bis kaum mein Ohr er traf;
mein Aug ist zugefallen,
ich sank in süßen Schlaf.

In Lichter Waffen Scheine
ein Ritter nahte da,
so tugendlicher Reine
ich keinen noch ersah:
Ein golden Horn zur Hüften,
gelehnet auf sein Schwert, -
so trat er aus den Lüften
zu mir, der Recke wert;
mit züchtigem Gebaren
gab Tröstung er mir ein; -
des Ritters will ich wahren,
er soll mein Streiter sein!

Hört, was dem Gottgesandten
ich biete für Gewähr: -
In meines Vaters Landen
die Krone trage er;
mich glücklich soll ich preisen,
nimmt er mein Gut dahin, -
will er Gemahl mich heissen,
geb ich ihm, was ich bin!

Lonely, in troubled days
I prayed to the Lord,
my most heartfelt grief
I poured out in prayer.
And from my groans
there issued a plaintive sound
that grew into a mighteous roar
as it echoed through the skies:
I listened as it receded into the distance
until my ear could scarce hear it;
my eyes closed
and I fell into a deep sleep.

In splendid, shining armour
a knight approached,
a man of such pure virtue
as I had never seen before:
a golden horn at his side,
leaning on a sword -
thus he appeared to me
from nowhere, this warrior true;
with kindly gestures
he gave me comfort;
I will wait for the knight,
he shall be my champion!

Hear what reward I offer
the one sent by God:
in my father's lands
he shall wear the crown.
I shall consider myself happy
if he takes my possessions -
if he wishes to call me spouse,
I shall give him all that I am!

Wesendonck-Lieder

Der Engel

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,

Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehn in Tränenfluten,

Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder,
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

The Angel

In my childhood's early days
oft I heard tales of angels
who trade heaven's blissful sublimity
for the earth's sunshine;

heard that, when a heart in sorrow
hides its grief from the world,
that it bleeds in silence, and
dissolves in tears,

offers fervent prayers
for deliverance:
then the angel flies down
and bears it gently to heaven.

Yes, an angel came down to me also
and on shining wings
bears my spirit from all pains
heavenwards.

Stehe still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
Die ihr umringt der Weltenball;
Urewig Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!

Halte an dich, zeugene Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stillt den Drang,
Schweigt nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!

Daß in selig süßem Vergessen
Ich mög' alle Wonne ermessen!

Wenn Auge in Auge wonnig trinken,
Sehe ganz in Seile versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündet,
Die Lippe verstummt in staundendem
Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Innre zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

Stand Still!

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
you measure of eternity,
shining spheres in the vast firmament,
you that encircle our earthly sphere:
eternal creation, stop!
Enough of becoming: let me be!

Cease, generative powers,
primal thought, that endlessly creates;
stop every breath,
still every urge, give but one moment of peace!
Swelling pulses, restrain your beating:
end, eternal day of the will!

So that in sweet forgetfulness
I may taste the full measure of my joy!

When eye gazes blissfully into eye,
soul drowns in soul
being finds itself in being,
and the goal of all hopes is near;
when lips are mute in silent amazement
and the soul has no further wish:
man knows eternity's footprint
and solves your riddle, divine Nature!

Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Unde der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl ich weiß es, arme Pflanze:
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat is nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hullet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.

Stille wird's ein säuselnd Weben
Fullet bang den dunklen Raum:
Schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben
An der Blätter grunem Saum.

In the Hothouse

High-arching leafy crowns,
canopies of emerald
you children of distant lands,
tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you incline your branches,
tracing signs in the air,
and, mute witness to your sorrows,
there rises a sweet perfume.

Wide in longing and desire
you spread your arms out
and embrace, in self-deception
barren emptiness, a fearful void.

Well I know it, poor plant!
We share the same fate.
Although the light shines brightly round us,
our home is not here!

And, as the sun gladly quits
day's empty brightness,
so he who truly suffers
wraps himself in the dark mantel of silence.

It grows quiet, an anxious rustling
fills the dark room;
I see the heavy drops hanging
from the leaves' green edges.

Schmerzen

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend
Dir die Schönen Augen rot,
Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;

Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
Glorie der düstren Welt,
Du am Morgen, neu erwacht,
Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn,
Muß die Sonne selbst verzagen,
Muß die Sonne untergehn?

Und gebietet Tod nur Leben,
Geben Schmerzen Wonnen nur:
O wie dank'ich daß gegeben
Solche Schmerzen mir Natur.

Träume

Sag', welch' wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfängen,
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blühen
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn?

Träume, die wie hehere Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen;
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tage begrüßt,

Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Sorrows

Sun, you weep every evening
until your lovely eyes are red,
when, bathing in the sea,
you are overtaken by your early death:

but you rise again in your former splendour,
the glory of the dark world;
fresh awakened in the morning
like a proud and conquering hero!

Ah, then, why should I complain,
why should my heart be so heavy,
if the sun itself must despair,
if the sun itself must go down?

And, if only death gives birth to life,
if only torment brings bliss:
then how thankful I am that Nature
has given me such sorrows.

Dreams

Say, what wondrous dreams
hold my soul captive,
and have not, like bubbles,
disappeared into darkest night?

Dreams, which in every hour
of every day beautifully bloom
and with their heavenly imitations
blissfully float through my mind?

Dreams, that like glorious rays
penetrate the soul,
there to leave an everlasting impression:
All-forgetting, single-minded!

Dreams, as when the spring sun
kisses blossoms from the snow,
that to undreamed-of bliss
the new day can greet them,

So they grow, so they flower,
dreamily casting their scent,
softly fade upon your breast,
and then sink into their grave

Der Männer Sippe

Sieglinde

Schläfst du, Gast?
Ich bin's: höre mich an!
In tiefem Schlaf liegt Hunding;
ich würzt' ihm betäubenden Trank:
nütze die Nacht dir zum Heil!
Eine Waffe lass mich dir weisen:
o wenn du sie gewännst!
Den hehrsten Helden
dürft' ich dich heissen:
dem Stärksten allein
ward sie bestimmt.

O merke wohl, was ich dir melde!
Der Männer Sippe
sass hier im Saal,
von Hunding zur Hochzeit geladen:
er freite ein Weib,
das ungefragt
Schächer ihm schenkten zur Frau.
Traurig sass ich,
während sie tranken;
ein Fremder trat da herein:
ein Greis in blauem Gewand;
tief hing ihm der Hut,
der deckt' ihm der Augen eines;
doch des andren Strahl,
Angst schuf es allen,
traf die Männer
sein mächtiges Dräu'n.
mir allein
weckte das Auge
süss sehnenen Harm,
Tränen und Trost zugleich.
Auf mich blickt' er
und blitzte auf jene,

Die Walküre Act 1

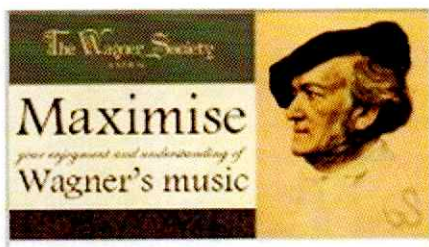
Sieglinde

Are you asleep, guest?
It is I: listen to me!
Hunding is sound asleep.
I made him a drugged drink;
use the night to save yourself
Let me show you a sword:
o if only you could get it!
I could acclaim you
as the noblest of heroes;
It was intended
for the strongest alone.

O listen carefully to what I tell you!
The men of his family
sat in the room here,
they were guests at Hunding's wedding.
He was marrying a woman
who, without being asked,
robbers had made wife.
Sadly I sat
while they drank.
A stranger came in,
an old man in a grey cloak;
his hat was pulled down
so as to cover one eye.
But the glint of the other
made them all afraid,
when the men saw
its authority and sternness.
To me alone
his eye suggested
sweet, longing sadness,
tears and comfort both together.
He looked at me
and glowered at them

als ein Schwert in Händen er schwang;
das stiess er nun
in der Esche Stamm,
bis zum Heft haftet' es drin:
dem sollte der Stahl geziemen,
der aus dem Stamm' es zög'.
Der Männer alle,
so kühn sie sich mühten,
die Wehr sich keiner gewann;
Gäste kamen
und Gäste gingen,
die stärksten zogen am Stahl -
keinen Zoll entwich er dem Stamm:
dort haftet schweigend das Schwert. -
Da wusst' ich, wer der war,
der mich Gramvolle gegrüsst;
ich weiss auch,
wem allein
im Stamm das Schwert er bestimmt.
O fänd' ich ihn heut'
und hier, den Freund;
käm' er aus Fremden
zur ärmsten Frau.
Was je ich gelitten
in grimmigem Leid,
was je mich geschmerzt
in Schande und Schmach, -
süsseste Rache
sühnte dann alles!
Erjagt hätt' ich,
was je ich verlor,
was je ich beweint,
wär' mir gewonnen,
fänd' ich den heiligen Freund,
umfing' den Helden mein Arm!

while a sword flashed in his hand.
This he thrust
in the tree trunk,
it lodged there right up to the hilt.
The blade would belong to anyone
who pulled it out of the tree.
All the men,
bravely as they tried,
failed to win the weapon.
Visitors came
and visitors went.
The strongest tugged at the hilt,
but it moved not an inch from the tree.
The sword remains silently there.
Then I knew who is was
that had greeted me in my grief:
and I know too
for whom alone
he fixed the sword in the tree.
Oh! Could I find him now
and here, that friend,
if he came from far away
to the most miserable of women:
all that I suffered
in bitter sorrow,
all that caused me pain
in my shame and dishonour -
sweetest revenge
would pay for it all!
I would retrieve
what I lost;
what I wept for
would be won back to me;
if I found this sacred friend
my arms would embrace him as a hero.



Forthcoming Wagner Society Events

<p>17 June at 1.00 pm Goethe-Institut 90 Ocean Street Woollahra</p>	<p>Damien Beaumont (ABC Classic FM), the host of ABC Radio's <i>Just Classics</i> will read excerpts from the writings of Franz Liszt scripted by London author Jessica Duchon, <i>Franz Liszt: Sins of the Father</i>. This will be followed by Damien in conversation with Wagner Society member Deborah Humble, cast as Erda and Waltraute in the 2013 Melbourne Ring</p>
<p>8 July at 2.00 pm Goethe-Institut 90 Ocean Street Woollahra</p>	<p>"Off the record and between the lines" Peter Bassett talks about his new book <i>1813 Wagner and Verdi: a celebration</i></p>
<p>12 August at 2.00 pm Goethe-Institut 90 Ocean Street Woollahra</p>	<p>Simone Young, the Wagner Society's patron, in conversation with Francis Merson, editor of the ABC's <i>Limelight</i> Magazine</p>
<p>16 September at 2.00 pm Goethe-Institut 90 Ocean Street Woollahra</p>	<p>Noted Australian character tenor, John Pickering, talks about his Wagner career and operatic life on the stages of Germany.</p>
<p>21 October at 1.00pm Goethe-Institut 90 Ocean Street Woollahra</p>	<p>Special Presentation by John Wegner, internationally renowned Wagnerian baritone, cast as Alberich in the 2013 Melbourne Ring</p>
<p>11 November at 2.00 pm Mosman Art Gallery Cnr Art Gallery Way & Myahgah Road Mosman</p>	<p>Gala Christmas Concert and Party Lisa Harper-Brown, Warwick Fyfe and Stephen Mould</p>

Further details at <http://www.wagner.org.au>