

# Translations

## *Die Flucht – The Magic Chase*

You cannot follow me down underneath the seal  
I will net and capture ev'ry swimming creature  
you shall not escape me, feigning fishes' nature.

I will quickly change me to a pigeon cooing  
In the leafy forest safe from your pursuing.  
Have I not a raven, Large, black and gloomy?  
He shall hunt the forests, he shall bring you to me.

Then with an eagle's flight I will escape from sight!  
Love will teach a Bowman cunning more than human  
I will shoot the eagle, and set free the woman!

I will change my being to a star of heaven,  
Safe in utter distance - never further driven.  
You on earth below me will not know me.  
Wise men then shall name all the stars around you,  
Till they find a stranger, then I will have found you.  
There in the heavens high, spells lose their potency:  
God most strong reigns there alone.  
He will give you back, my own. You are mine!

## *Das Voglein – Regret*

Flying songbirds, flying from these sad woods dying.  
Flying songbirds, flying over all the mountains high.  
You will sing at home there - O, if I might come there,  
should we not be happy there, my Love and I?

Though I came there, never could I find my lover;  
Though I came there, never could I live my life anew.  
Love, by me denied thee, now has satisfied thee,  
And the years do part us more than mountains do.  
Though I climb the hills with pain, who can cross the years  
again?

## *Die Verlassene – All Alone*

All alone by a willow tree, stitching a kerchief alone she sat,  
Hearing no more the singing stream,  
stitching her kerchief in a dream.  
She wove her work the live-long day,  
Since love was strangely gone away.

She wove a golden ring thereon,  
Not yet believing love was gone.  
Weaving thereon a ring of gold,  
hardly believing love was cold.  
Weaving a wreath of silver thread,  
Never believing love was dead.  
She wove thereon a bridal wreath,  
Since Love will not believe Love's death.

## *Die Beschiedene – Like a Violet*

You are like a violet, you, my own, my dearest;  
Like a rose that first uncloses, shy and lovely,  
Fairest of the roses!  
Dearest you are so sweet

No! I am not lovely, like the rose and the violet.  
Yet I am your own, your dearest.  
You, who love me, you do think me fairest.

## *Die Gefangene – The Vow of Feith*

Went a maiden fair amaying,  
o'er the summermeadows straying;  
cut the grass hard by the vineyard.

In the distance stood the landiord,  
came ariding o'er the meadows,  
toward the evetide's deep'ning shadows;  
till he stood beside the maiden,  
by her cart with fresh grass laden:

"'Tis my land that thou art mowing  
hence a forfeit thou art owing."  
With no look did he rebuke her,  
by the hand he fondly took her:  
"Maid, thou art my captive," said he;  
"an thou love me, I will wed thee!"

Quoth the maiden: "An thou love me,  
marry me, and I will love thee."  
You'll be Master, I'll be Mistress,  
all the rest was told in kisses....

## *Les trois Oiseaux (The three birds)*

I said to the dove, Thou canst fly above me,  
Go where the corn fields are,  
And find me the flower that will make her love me:  
The dove said -- 'Tis too far.

I said to the eagle, Heaven is before thee,  
Help me to win her and die;  
Go fetch me the fire of Jove, I implore thee:  
The eagle said -- 'Tis too high.

I said to the vulture -- Tear out and devour  
Her love in my heart; to lone fate  
Leave only what has escaped her power:  
The vulture said -- 'Tis too late.

## *La Nuit (Night)*

We bless the sweet night,  
Whose cool kiss sets us free.  
Beneath its veils we feel we live  
Without noise or anxiety.

Devouring care slips away,  
The fragrant air enraptures us;  
We bless the sweet night  
Whose cool kiss sets us free.

Pale dreamer whom a god pursues,  
Rest, and close your book.  
In the heavens as white as rime  
A stream of stars quivers and shines,  
We bless the sweet night.

## *El desdichado – The Unhappy One*

It matters not to me whether  
The tree of ruined hopes blossoms,  
If God wishes it to wither  
Without ever bearing fruit.

They say love is intoxication!  
But I pity those it oppresses.  
Look at the poor lovers  
in their eternal torment!  
Day and night their hearts are drowning  
In sighs and tears!  
One sighs with joy, and the other with sorrow.

## *La Regata Veneziana – Venetian Regatta*

Row, you blessed Tony,  
row, row, pull away:  
Beppe is sweating away at his oar,  
poor fellow, he can't go on.

Dear Beppe, my old friend,  
don't let your oar tire you;  
now we're there, now we're there,  
heave away, keep at it, row on!

Heaven have mercy on a young girl  
who has a lover in the regatta.  
Give her, O heaven, some comfort;  
don't keep her on tenterhooks.

## *Widmung – You my soul, you my heart*

You my soul, you my heart,  
you my bliss, O you my pain,  
you the world in which I live;  
you my heaven, in which I float,  
O you my grave, into which  
I eternally cast my grief.  
You are rest, you are peace,  
you are bestowed upon me from heaven.  
That you love me makes me worthy of you;  
your gaze transfigures me;  
you raise me lovingly above myself,  
my good spirit, my better self!

## *Die Lotusblume – The Lotus Flower*

The lotus flower is anxious  
In the Sun's radiance,  
And with hanging head  
Waits, dreaming, for Night.

The moon, who is her lover,  
Awakens her with his light,  
And for him she smilingly unveils  
Her innocent flower-face.

She blooms and glows and gleams  
And gazes silently upwards;  
She sends forth fragrance, and weeps and trembles,  
With love and love's torment.

**ALISON C. HOLDEN**, pianist, is based in Christchurch and has been working professionally as a concert pianist, accompanist, teacher, and vocal coach. She received her Masters degree in solo piano performance from the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, and has performed in many places in the United Kingdom, Denmark, Australia, and throughout New Zealand. She has performed with various orchestras, has recorded for Concert FM, and given numerous solo recitals throughout New Zealand, as well as appearing as accompanist with many different instrumental soloists and singers.

Recently, Alison has worked with the NZ Opera company, and the Southern Opera company, as a repetiteur and accompanist for opera rehearsals and in concert. She has worked with the National Youth Choir on a number of occasions, too. She has also been an accompanist with the University of Canterbury, Burnside High School and other schools around Christchurch, and as a tutor. Press releases of her playing have included such comments as, "intelligent and exacting concentration that made this an outstanding concert in every respect", "A sparkling performance of a difficult work, great communication and all superbly drawn together by pianist Alison Holden", "A wonderfully able and expressive accompanist", "consistently neat and sensitive accompaniments", "partnered always delicately and expressively by Holden".

**HELEN CHARLTON**, soprano, was born and raised in Christchurch and graduated from Canterbury University with a music degree majoring in Performance Singing. She has performed in opera, oratorio, chamber opera, music theatre, television, and radio but loves recital singing the most. Her time is divided between teaching voice in secondary schools, conducting school choirs and barbershop, teaching privately, being musical director for Global Voices while continuing to perform. She enjoys the variety of her work, combining different skills for each job and is presently working on 'A day in the midlife' cabaret for September.

**MARGOT BUTTON**, mezzo soprano, returned to New Zealand in 2010 after living and performing in the USA for 18 years. She has appeared extensively in opera, oratorio, recital, and musical theater in the U.S.A., England, Australia, and her native New Zealand. Margot has recorded for radio, television and short film and her operatic roles include Rosalinda in *Die Fledermaus*, Regina in *Regina*, and Santuzza in *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Her most recent work includes solo appearances with the Christchurch Youth Choir, the CBS Choir and Orchestra, and a lunchtime recital with pianist Mark Secker as part of the Christchurch Music Centre's *Musical Mentors* series. Later this year she will appear as the mezzo soloist in the Mozart Requiem with the CBS Choir and Orchestra and looks forward to returning to the Nut Point Gallery in September to present *Under the Influence*, a jazz inspired concert with friends.

Margot holds a GPC in Opera Performance and was recipient of a 3 year Artistic Merit Scholarship from the Boston Conservatory of Music. In addition to her performing she guest lectured for both the Boston Conservatory and the Longy School of Music and was a faculty member of St. Michael's College and the Monteverdi Music School. For ten years she directed and co-wrote the Ig Nobel Prize Ceremony Opera for Harvard University. Margot is currently the Arts Coordinator at St. Andrew's College where she also maintains a private itinerant voice studio.

## *A word in your ear...*

**Helen Charlton, soprano**

**Margot Button, mezzo**

**Alison Holden, piano**

### PROGRAM

**Antonin Dvořák (1841 – 1904)**

*Die Flucht*

*Das Vöglein*

*Die Verlassene*

*Die Beschiedene*

*Die Gefangene*

**Léo Delibes (1836-1891)**

*Les trois Oiseaux*

**Amédée-Ernest Chausson (1855 – 1899)**

*La Nuit*

**Peter Warlock (1894-1930)**

*Pretty Ringtime*

**Michael Head (1900-1976)**

*Love's Lament*

**Ralph Vaughan Williams**

*Silent Noon*

**Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)**

*Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal*

**Montague F. Phillips (1885 – 1969)**

*Song of the Smuggler's Lass*

**Camille Saint-Saëns (1835 – 1921)**

*El desdichado (Boléro)*

### INTERVAL

**Benjamin Britten (1913 – 1976)**

*Ride-by-Nights*

*The Rainbow*

*The Ship of Rio*

**Gioacchino Antonio Rossini (1792-1868)**

*La Regata Veneziana*

**Robert Alexander Schumann (1810-1856)**

*Widmung*

*Die Lotusblume*

**Edward Elgar (1857 – 1934)**

*Sea Slumber Song*

*In Haven*

*Where Corals Lie*

**Havelock Nelson (1917 – 1996)**

*Little Miss Muffet (with apologies to Rossini)*

*"Every day we should hear at least one little song, read one good poem, see one exquisite picture, and, if possible, speak a few sensible words."*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe