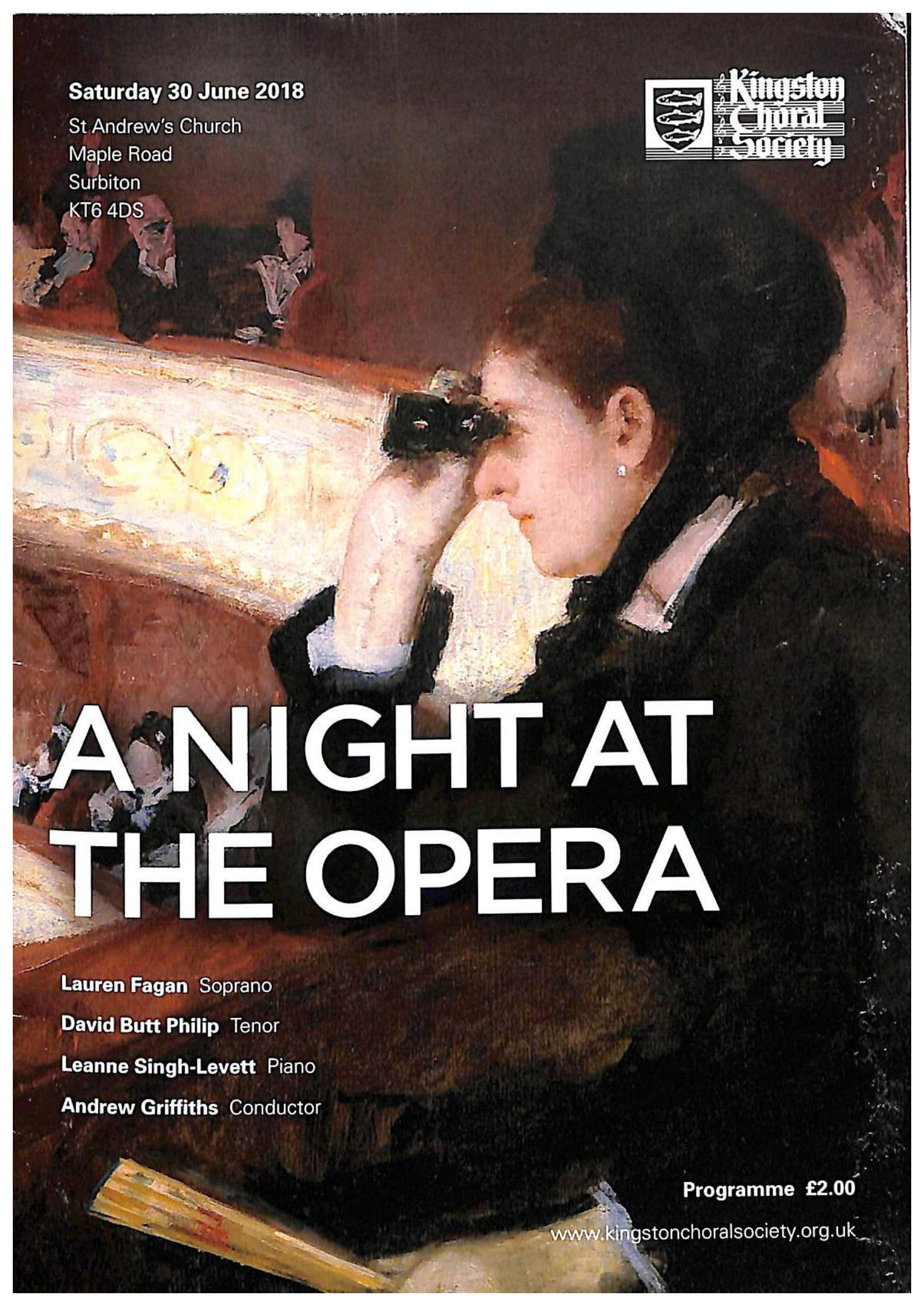




Saturday 30 June 2018

St Andrew's Church
Maple Road
Surbiton
KT6 4DS



ANIGHT AT THE OPERA

Lauren Fagan Soprano

David Butt Philip Tenor

Leanne Singh-Levett Piano

Andrew Griffiths Conductor

Programme £2.00

www.kingstonchoralsociety.org.uk



Since its formation in 1949, Kingston Choral Society has earned a reputation for concerts of a high standard and for performing a wide range of music. The Society enjoys singing the familiar favourites of the choral repertoire, but is not afraid of tackling ambitious projects and has, for example, performed a new commission by Peter Maxwell Davies, Prokofiev's Alexander Nevsky in Russian and other pieces in Czech, Hebrew, Finnish and Swedish.

Kingston Choral Society has over 130 members drawn from southwest London and north Surrey. New members are welcome. The choir performs four concerts a year, usually in All Saints Church, Kingston, and St Andrew's Church, Surbiton. Two of the concerts are with a professional orchestra. Rehearsals are held on Thursday evenings (8-10 pm) at The Hollyfield School, Surbiton, in term-time. Kingston Choral Society also holds regular social and fundraising events and occasional musical workshops.

If you are interested in joining, please talk to any member of the choir during the interval or at the end of the concert. You can also contact the Membership Secretary on 020 8949 5253 or join@kingstonchoralsociety.org.uk for more information and arrange to come to a rehearsal.

~ ~ NEXT KCS CONCERT ~ ~

17th November 2018 at 7.30 pm

**Brahms - *Ein Deutsches Requiem*
Stanford - *Elegiac Ode***

**Soprano: Anita Watson; Baritone: Dominic Sedgwick
with Thames Sinfonia**

Andrew Griffiths - Conductor

All Saints Church, Market Place, Kingston upon Thames KT1 1JP

For further details contact the Box Office on 020 8873 3040

If you would like advance notice of concerts by email,
please phone 020 8942 2275 or email info@kingstonchoralsociety.org.uk



**Please remember to turn
off your mobile phone
before the performance!**



~ ~ PROGRAMME ~ ~

Bizet: 'March of the Toreadors' from *Carmen*

**Mozart: 'Placido è il mar' from *Idomeneo*
(Lauren Fagan as Elettra)**

Verdi: 'Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves' from *Nabucco*

**Dvořák: 'Vidino divna, presladka' from *Rusalka*
(David Butt Philip as Prince)**

Verdi: Anvil Chorus from *Il trovatore*

**Puccini: 'Che gelida manina' 'Mi chiamano Mimi' and
'O soave fanciulla' from *La bohème*
(Lauren Fagan as Mimi, David Butt Philip as Rodolfo)**

Borodin: Polovtsian Dances from *Prince Igor*

~ ~ INTERVAL ~ ~

Wagner: Overture to *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* (piano)

**Wagner: Procession and Chorale from *Die Meistersinger
von Nürnberg***

**Wagner: Prize Song from *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*
(David Butt Philip as Walther, Lauren Fagan as Eva)**

**Verdi: 'É strano... Sempre libera' from *La Traviata*
(Lauren Fagan as Violetta, David Butt Philip as Alfredo)**

Leoncavallo: Bell Chorus from *I Pagliacci*

**Mascagni: 'Easter Hymn' from *Cavalleria rusticana*
(Lauren Fagan as Santuzza)**

**Puccini: 'Nessun dorma' from *Turandot*
(David Butt Philip as Calaf)**

Verdi: 'Triumphal Scene' from *Aida*

THE HISTORY OF OPERA

The Grand Duke Ferdinando de' Medici and the French princess Christine of Lorraine were married in Florence in 1589. The celebrations were a landmark in Renaissance art, theatre, music and political ceremony. An essential part of the celebrations was a set of *intermezzi*, performed between the acts of the play *La pellegrina*. *Intermezzi* were short musical items, often incorporating dancing, setting little scenes from mythology and antiquity. They were often more interesting than the *comedia* they complemented.

The predominant musical form of the time was the madrigal, which had reached its zenith in this period. A madrigal is a highly contrapuntal form with much imitation between the vocal parts. Generally, each line or thought in the poem is represented by a new musical phrase, which is taken up by the other voices.

At the same time, the close of the 16th century, a group of aristocratic Florentine intelligentsia were trying to recreate Greek drama. They believed that the 'chorus' parts of the drama would have been sung and, possibly, the other parts were too.

The first fruit of this was the opera *Dafne* written by Jacopo Peri (1561-1633), performed in the carnival festivities before Lent in 1597. Most of the music has been lost but his next opera, *Erudice*, from 1600, is the first opera to survive in score. It falls to *L'Orfeo* by Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) performed before Lent in 1607, to be the first opera that made its way into the repertoire.

Early opera concerned itself with mythological subjects. It contained a mixture of broad humour and tragedy which upset many of the educated listeners. This prompted the first round of opera reforms, in which it became divided into two different styles; *opera seria* and *opera buffa*.

Opera has undergone many reforms since. The next major reform was instigated by the fact that Italian opera had rapidly become a vehicle for the singers to show off their vocal skills and for spectacular stage effects, whilst the drama and story-telling were pushed into the background. Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787) and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) were the chief agents in reinstating the importance of the drama. This was achieved by making the words and music of equal importance, by removing the unnecessary virtuosity demanded by the singers, and

Opera, in the rest of Europe, had trouble shaking off the hold of Italian opera. German composers started off by writing opera in Italian but it was not until Mozart that German started to be recognised as a legitimate language in which to set opera. The most revolutionary, and controversial, composer of German opera was Wagner, whose concept of fusing music, poetry and painting to produce *Gesamtkunstwerk* (complete work of art) still affects composers.

In France a separate tradition of opera was established by Jean-Baptiste Lully (1632-1687) in which dance was very prominent. The French Revolution in 1789 swept away the traditions of Lully and Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683-1764), and Italian and German opera became the models. The French followed many of the movements of Italian opera, but also contributed its own – *grand opera*, characterised by heroic opera subjects, spectacular sets, large numbers of performers and lots of ballet music. By the late 19th century there was a move to produce opera in French led by Hector Berlioz (1803-1869) and Georges Bizet (1838-1875).

Other countries also produced their own national style of opera. Spain followed a similar pattern to France, having their own style of national opera during the 1650s to 1750s. This was supplanted by Italian opera until the 1850s when native opera revived. Opera reached Russia in the 1730s and it soon became an important entertainment for the imperial court and aristocracy. Initially foreign composers were invited to write the opera, but in the 1830s the first truly Russian opera, written by Mikhail Glinka (1804-1857) was followed by important works by Modest Mussorgsky (1839-1881), Alexander Borodin (1833-1887) and Pyotr Tchaikovsky (1840-1893). During the 19th century Czech composers developed their own style of national opera, starting with Bedrich Smetana (1824-1884) and succeeded by Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904) and Leoš Janáček (1854-1928). Hungary and Poland also produced native opera during the 19th century.

English opera has had a chequered history. The French masque came to England in the 18th century and gained much ground. It set allegorical stories and contained mime, dance and music, much like a pantomime. John Blow (1649-1708) and Henry Purcell (1659-1695) each wrote an opera in English, however the influx of foreign musicians, particularly George Frederick Handel (1685-1759), who brought Italian opera with them, effectively killed any further development of native English opera. In the 20th century, English opera was revived with works by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) and, more recently, Harrison Birtwhistle (b. 1934). Opera in America also started to flourish in the 20th century with works by Leonard Bernstein (1918

numbers. This had lasting effects that are felt in the operas of Carl Maria von Weber (1766-1826) and Richard Wagner (1813-1883).

In the 19th century, a movement known as *Bel Canto* (literally *beautiful singing*) began in Italy, in which the vocal lines became intricate and florid, requiring very agile singing and superb pitch control. It can be heard in the operas of Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868), Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) and Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848). The operas of Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) had a more direct and forceful style that captured the patriotic feelings of the time as Italy threw off the yoke of Napoleon. The next great movement in opera was *verismo*, characterised by a sentimental realism, evident in the works of Pietro Mascagni (1863-1945), Ruggero Leoncavallo (1857-1919) and Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924).

Programme notes courtesy of Paul Chambers

BIZET: CARMEN - MARCH OF THE TOREADORS

Choeur et les Enfants

Les voici!
Voici la quadrille!

(Entrée des enfants)

La quadrille des Toréros!
Sur les lances le soleil brille!
En l'air toques et sombreros!

(Le défilé commence : soldats, alguazils)

Voici débouchant sur la place,
Voici d'abord, marchant au pas,
L'Alguazil à vilaine face.
À bas!

(Entrée des chulos)

Et puis saluons au passage,
Saluons les hardis Chulos!
Bravo! viva! gloire au courage!
Voici les hardi Chulos!

(Entrée des Banderilleros)

Voyez les Banderilleros,
Voyez quel air de crânerie!
Quels regards et de quel éclat
Etincelle la broderie
De leur costume de combat!
Voici les Banderilleros!

(Entrée des picadors)

Une autre quadrille s'avance!
Voyez les picadors!
Ah! comme ils sont beaux!
Comme ils vont du fer de leur lance,
Harceler le flanc des taureaux!
L'Espada, Escamillo!

(Escamillo paraît ayant près de lui Carmen)

C'est L'Espada, la fine lame,
Celui qui vient terminer tout,
Qui paraît à la fin du drame,
Et qui frappe le dernier coup!
Vive Escamillo! Ah, bravo!
Les voici, voici la quadrille...

The Crowd and Children

Here they are!
Here is the cuadrilla!

(The children enter)

The cuadrilla of toreros!
The sun shines on the lances,
In the air, caps and sombreros!

(The procession starts: soldiers, alguacils)

Here, emerging into the square,
Here, first of all, keeping step,
The Sheriff with his ugly face.
Down with him!

(Entry of the chulos)

And then let's salute, as they pass,
Salute the bold chulos.
Bravo! Viva! Hail to their courage!
Here are the bold chulos!

(Entry of the banderilleros)

See the banderilleros!
See their swaggering air,
Their glances, and how brilliantly
Sparkles the embroidery
Of their fighting costumes!
Here are the banderilleros!

(Entry of the picadors)

Another cuadrilla advances!
Look at the picadors!
Ah! How handsome they are!
How they're going to, with their lances,
Pierce the flank of the bulls!
The matador, Escamillo!

(Escamillo enters with Carmen)

It is the matador, the fine blade,
He who comes to end it all,
who appears at the end of the drama,
And who strikes the last blow!
Vive Escamillo! Ah, bravo!
Here they are! Here is the cuadrilla!

MOZART: IDOMENEO - PLACIDO È IL MAR

Chorus

Placido è il mar, andiamo,
tutto ci rassicura.
Felice avrem ventura,
su, su, partiamo or' or.

Chorus

Calm is the sea, let us go.
Everything is reassuring.
We shall have good fortune;
So come, let's go now.

Electra

Soavi Zeffiri soli spirate,
del freddo borea l'ira calmate,
d'aura piacevole cortesi siate,
se da voi spargesi per tutto amor.

Electra

Blow, gentle breezes,
Calm the anger of the icy north wind;
be generous with your pleasing breath
which can spread love everywhere.

VERDI: NABUCCO - CHORUS OF THE HEBREW SLAVES

Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate;
va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli
ove olezzano tepide e molli
l'aure dolci del suolo natal!
Del Giordano le rive saluta,
di Sionne le torri atterrate.
Oh, mia patria sì bella e perduta!
Oh, membranza sì cara e fatal!

Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati,
perché muta dal salice pendi?
Le memorie nel petto raccendi,
ci favella del tempo che fu!
O simile di Solima ai fati
traggi un suono di crudo lamento,
o t'ispiri il Signore un concerto
che ne infonda al patire virtù!

Fly, thought, on wings of gold,
go settle upon the slopes and the hills
where the sweet airs of our
native soil smell soft and mild!
Greet the banks of the river Jordan
and Zion's toppled towers.
Oh, my country, so lovely and lost!
Oh remembrance so dear yet unhappy!

Golden harp of the prophetic seers,
Why do you hang so silently from the willow?
Rekindle the memories in our hearts,
tell us about the times gone by!
Remembering the fate of Jerusalem
play us a sad lament
or else be inspired by the Lord
to fortify us to endure our suffering!

DVOŘÁK: RUSALKA - VIDINO DIVNA, PRESADKA

Princ

Vidino divná, přesladká,
jsi-li ty člověk, nebo pohádka?
Přišla jsi chránit vzácné zvěři,
kterou jsem zahléd' v lesa šefi?
Přišla-lis prosit za ni,
sestřičko bílých laní?
A nebo sama, jak vstříc mi jdeš,
kořistí lovcovou býti chceš?
Svirá ti ústa tajemství,
či navždy jazyk tvůj ztich'?

Něma-li ústa tvá, Bůh to ví,
vylibám odpověď s nich!
Odpověď záhadám,
jež mne sem lákaly,
jež mne sem volaly,
přes trní, přes skály,
abych tu konečně v blažený dnešní den,
dítě, tvým pohledem náhle byl okouzlen.
Co v srdci tvém je ukryto,
máš-li mne ráda, zjev mi to!

Sbor rusalek

Sestry, jedna schází z nás!
Sestřičko, kam odešlaš?

The Prince

Wondrous vision, immensely sweet,
are you human or a fairy tale?
Have you come to protect that rare creature
I glimpsed in the dimness of the forest?
Have you come to beg for her life,
oh sister of the white doe?
Or do you yourself, as you come toward me,
want to be the hunter's booty?
Are your lips sealed by a secret,
or has your tongue fallen forever silent?

If your lips are mute, God knows
I'll kiss an answer from them!
An answer to the mysteries
that enticed me here,
that called me
past thorns, past crags,
for me finally, on this blissful day,
child, to be suddenly enchanted by your gaze!
What's hidden in your heart?
If you love me, give me a sign!

The Naiads

Sisters, one of us is missing!
Sister dear, where have you gone?

Vodník

Přes hory, přes hory,
doly a lesy!

Sbor rusalek

Sestřičko, kde jsi?

Princ

Vím, že jsi kouzlo, které mine,
a rozplyne se v mlžný rej,
leč dokud čas náš neuplyne,
ó, pohádka má, neprchej!
Můj skončen lov, nač myslit naň?
Tys nejvzácnější moje laň,
tys hvězdička zlatá v noc temnou,
pohádka má, poď se mnou!

The Watersprite

Across hills, valleys,
and woods!

The Naiads

Sister dear, where are you?

The Prince

I know you are magic that will pass
and dissolve into a play of mist.
But while our time lasts,
oh my fairytale, don't flee!
My hunt is over, why think of it?
You are my most precious doe,
you're a golden star shining into the dark night.
My fairytale, come with me!

VERDI: IL TROVATORE - ANVIL CHORUS

Vedi! le fosche notturne spoglie
De' cieli sveste l'immensa volta;
Sembra una vedova che alfin si toglie
I bruni panni ond'era involta.
All'opra, all'opra! Dagli! Martella!
Chi del gitano i giorni abbella?
La zingarella.

Versami un tratto: lena e coraggio,
il corpo e l'anima traggon dal bere.
Oh guarda del sole un raggio
brilla più vivido nel tuo bicchiere!
All'opra, all'opra! Dagli! Martella!
Chi del gitano i giorni abbella?
La zingarella.

See! The huge vault of heaven
discards night's dark mantle,
like some widow who sets aside at last
the weeds in which she wrapped herself.
To work, to work! Go to it, hammer away!
Who is it cheers the gipsy's days?
The gipsy girl!

Pour me a draught; drink lends
body and soul courage and vigour.
See, a sunbeam sparkles
more brightly in your glass.
To work, to work! Go to it, hammer away!
Who is it cheers the gipsy's days?
The gipsy girl!

PUCCINI: LA BOHÈME - CHE GELIDA MANINA**Rodolfo**

Che gelida manina,
se la lasci riscaldar.
Cercar che giova?
Al buio non si trova.
Ma per fortuna
è una notte di luna,
e qui la luna
l'abbiamo vicina.
Aspetti, signorina,
le dirò con due parole
chi son, e che faccio,
come vivo. Vuole?
Chi son? Sono un poeta.
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
E come vivo? Vivo.

Rodolfo

What a frozen little hand,
let me warm it for you.
What's the use of looking?
We won't find it in the dark.
But luckily
it's a moonlit night,
and the moon
is near us here.
Wait, mademoiselle,
I will tell you in two words,
who I am, what I do,
and how I live. May I?
Who am I? I am a poet.
What do I do? I write.
And how do I live? I live.

In povertà mia lieta
scialo da gran signore
rime ed inni d'amore.
Per sogni e per chimere
e per castelli in aria,
l'anima ho milionaria.
Talor dal mio forziere
ruban tutti i gioielli
due ladri, gli occhi belli.
V'entrar con voi pur ora,
ed i miei sogni usati
e i bei sogni miei,
tosto si dileguar!
Ma il furto non m'accora,
poiché, poiché v'ha preso stanza
la speranza!
Or che mi conoscete,
parlate voi, deh! Parlate. Chi siete?
Vi piaccia dir!

In my carefree poverty
I squander rhymes
and love songs like a lord.
When it comes to dreams and visions
and castles in the air,
I've the soul of a millionaire.
From time to time two thieves
steal all the jewels
out of my safe, two pretty eyes.
They came in with you just now,
and my customary dreams
my lovely dreams,
melted at once into thin air!
But the theft doesn't anger me,
for their place has been
taken by hope!
Now that you know all about me,
you tell me who you are.
Please do!

PUCCINI: LA BOHÈME - MI CHIAMANO MIMI**Mimi**

Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi
ma il mio nome è Lucia.
La storia mia è breve.
A tela o a seta ricamo in casa e fuori...
Son tranquilla e lieta
ed è mio svago far gigli e rose.
Mi piaccion quelle cose che han sì dolce malia,
che parlano d'amor, di primavera,
di sogni e di chimere,
quelle cose che han nome poesia...
Lei m'intende?

Mimi

Yes, they call me Mimi
but my true name is Lucia.
My story is short.
A canvas or a silk I embroider at home or outside...
I am peaceful and happy
and it is my pastime to make lilies and roses.
I love all things that have gentle sweet smells,
that speak of love, of spring,
of dreams and fanciful things,
those things that have poetic names ...
Do you understand me?

Mi chiamano Mimi, il perché non so.
Sola, mi fo il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signore.
Vivo sola, soletta
là in una bianca cameretta:
guardo sui tetti e in cielo;
ma quando vien lo sgelo
il primo sole è mio
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!
Germoglia in un vaso una rosa...
Foglia a foglia la spio!
Così gentile il profumo d'un fiore!
Ma i fior ch'io faccio,
Ahimè! non hanno odore.
Altro di me non le saprei narrare.
Sono la sua vicina che la vien fuori d'ora a
importunare.

They call me Mimi, I do not know why.
Alone, I make lunch by myself.
I do not go to mass,
but I pray a lot to the Lord.
I live alone, alone
there in a little white room
and look upon the roofs and the sky
but when the thaw comes
The first sun is mine,
The first kiss of April is mine!
Rose buds in a vase...
Leaf and leaf I spy!
That gentle perfume of a flower!
But the flowers that I make,
Alas! They have no smell.
I cannot say anything else about myself.
I am only your neighbour who comes out to bother
you.

**Members of Kingston Choral Society,
Ontario, Canada
in collaboration with
Members of Kingston Choral Society, UK
& North Lakeshore Chorus**

present

PEACE AT LAST - THE BOYS COME HOME

**Saturday, July 7th, 2018 at 7:30pm
All Saints Church, Market Place,
Kingston upon Thames**

Ian Juby, Music Director
Jacqueline Mokrzewski - Piano
Garret Rodgers - Piper

**A musical tribute to the Canadian soldiers who served their King and
Country, to mark the 100th Anniversary of the end of the Great War.
This concert will be part of the Canadian choir's 16-day European tour.**

The concert programme will include popular war-time music and songs,
plus the Lacrimosa from the Mozart *Requiem*.

For further details or tickets contact 020 8398 6782
Tickets: Adult £13; Concessions £11; Under 18s £5

Available at the door on the evening of the concert
For advance tickets visit www.kingstonchoralsociety.org.uk (booking fee applies)

PUCCINI: LA BOHÈME - O SOAVE FANCIULLA

Rodolfo

O soave fanciulla, o dolce viso
di mite circonfuso alba lunar
in te, vivo ravviso il sogno
ch'io vorrei sempre sognar!

Mimi

Ah! tu sol comandi, amor!

Rodolfo

Fremon già nell'anima
le dolcezze estreme,
nel bacio freme amor!

Mimi

Oh! come dolci scendono
le sue lusinghe al core...
tu sol comandi, amore!
No, per pietà!

Rodolfo: Sei mia!

Mimi: V'aspettan gli amici...

Rodolfo: Già mi mandi via?

Mimi: Vorrei dir... ma non oso...

Rodolfo: Di

Mimi: Se venissi con voi?

Rodolfo:

Che?... Mimi?

Sarebbe così dolce restar qui.

C'è freddo fuori.

Mimi: Vi starò vicina!...

Rodolfo: E al ritorno?

Mimi: Curioso!

Rodolfo: Dammi il braccio, mia piccina.

Mimi: Obbedisco, signor!

Rodolfo: Che m'ami di'...

Mimi: Io t'amo!

Rodolfo e Mimi

Amore! Amor! Amor!

Rodolfo

Oh! lovely girl, oh sweet face
bathed in the soft moonlight.
I see in you a dream come to life,
A dream I'd dream forever!

Mimi

Ah! Love, you rule alone!

Rodolfo

Already I taste in my soul
the heights of tenderness!
Love trembles at our kiss!

Mimi

How sweet his praises
enter my heart...

Love, you alone rule!

No, please!

Rodolfo: You're mine!

Mimi: Your friends are waiting...

Rodolfo: You send me away already?

Mimi: I dare not say what I'd like...

Rodolfo: Tell me.

Mimi: If I came with you...?

Rodolfo

What? Mimi!

It would be so much sweeter to stay here.

Outside it's freezing.

Mimi: I'd be near you!

Rodolfo: And when we come back?

Mimi: Who knows?

Rodolfo: Give me your arm, my dear.

Mimi: I shall oblige, sir!

Rodolfo: Tell me you love me!

Mimi: I love you!

Rodolfo and Mimi

Beloved! My love! My love!

BORODIN: PRINCE IGOR - POLOVTSIAN DANCES

Chorus

Fly away on gentle breezes;
Fly swiftly, songs of love, to greet our homeland,
Where once we lived in hope and knew no sorrow,
Where once we sang, rejoicing in our freedom.

There beneath the burning sky
Languid breezes cooled us,
There the cloud capp'd mountains
Dream above the silver sea;

There our days were long and carefree
Amid the sunlit hills and shady meadows,
And there the scent of roses in the valleys
Once filled the sultry air with sweetest perfume.

There roses blossomed,
And fertile vineyards yield sweet wine,
There skylarks sing.
Fly away, our songs of freedom.

Glory, honour, praises to our Khan!
Fearless, mighty, ruthless warrior, hail!
Sing his praise,
Great Konchak, praise him!

Fiercer than the scorching midday sun!
None can equal him in splendour, none!
Slaves and captives all acclaim him, slaves and captives all acclaim his glorious name.

Konchak

Look at those slaves of mine, aren't they beautiful?
Captives I took from the tribes of the Caspian.
They can make you forget all your loneliness, Choose any one who attracts you, and she shall be yours.

Chorus

Braver far than all before you!
Mighty Khan, Great Khan Konchak!

Fly away...
Braver far...
Praise our Khan Konchak!

Dance and sing for Konchak's pleasure,
Let all people praise him singing!
Let all people please him dancing!
Offer songs of homage to our glorious Khan Konchak!
Praise Khan Konchak!

WAGNER: DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG - PROCESSION AND CHORALE

Silentium! Silentium!
Macht kein Reden und kein Gesumm'!

Ha! Sachs! 's ist Sachs!
Seht, Meister Sachs!
Stimmt an! Stimmt an! Stimmt an!

Wacht auf, es naht gen den Tag;
ich hör' singen im grünen Hag
ein wonnigliche Nachtigall,
ihr' Stimm' durchdringet Berg und Tal:
die Nacht neigt sich zum Occident,
der Tag geht auf von Orient,
die rotbrünstige Morgenröt'
her durch die trüben Wolken geht.

Heil! Sachs! Heil dir, Hans Sachs!
Heil Nürnbergs teurem Sachs!

Silence! Silence!
No talking and no murmuring!

Ha! Sachs! It's Sachs!
Look, Master Sachs!
Begin! Begin! Begin!

Awake! the dawn is drawing near;
I hear singing in the green grove
A blissful nightingale
its voice rings through hill and valley;
night is sinking in the west,
the day arises in the east,
the ardent red glow of morning
approaches through the gloomy clouds.

Hail! Sachs! Hail to you, Hans Sachs!
Hail to Nuremberg's dear Sachs!

WAGNER: DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG - PRIZE SONG

Walther

Morgenlich leuchtend im rosigen Schein,
von Blüt' und Duft geschwellt die Luft,
voll aller Wonnen,
nie ersonnen,
ein Garten lud mich ein,
dort unter einem Wunderbaum,
von Früchten reich behangen,
zu schaun in sel'gem Liebestraum,
was höchstem Lustverlangen.
Erfüllung kühn verhiess,
das schönste Weib: Eva im Paradies!

Volk

Das ist was andres, wer hätt's gedacht;
was doch recht Wort und Vortrag macht!

Walther

Shining in the rosy light of morning,
the air heavy with blossom and scent,
full of every
unthought-of-joy,
a garden invited me
and, beneath a wondrous tree there,
richly hung with fruit,
to behold in blessed dream of love,
boldly promising fulfilment
to the highest of joy's desires,
the most beautiful woman: Eva in Paradise!

The People

That's something else, who'd have thought it?
What a difference the right words and the proper delivery make!

Walther

Abendlich dämmernd umschloss mich die Nacht;
auf steilem Pfad war ich genaht
zu einer Quelle reiner Welle,
die lockend mir gelacht:
dort unter einem Lorbeerbaum,
von Stemen hell durchschienen,
ich schaut im wachen Dichtertraum,
von heilig holden Mienen,
mich netzend mit dem edlen Nass,
das hehrste Weib, die Muse des Parnass!

Volk

So hold und traut so fern es schwebt;
doch ist's, als ob man's miterlebt!

Walther

Huldreichster Tag,
dem ich aus Dichters Traum erwacht!
Das ich erträumt, das Paradies,
in himmlisch neu verklärter Pracht
hell vor mir lag,
dahin lachend nun der Quell den Pfad mir wies;
die, dort geboren, mein Herz erkoren,
der Erde lieblichstes Bild, als Muse mir geweiht,
so heilig ernst als mild, ward kühn von mir gefreit,
am lichten Tag der Sonnen,
durch Sanges Sieg gewonnen
Parnass und Paradies!

Volk

Gewiegt wie in den schönsten Traum,
hör' ich es wohl, doch fass' es kaum.
Reich' ihm das Reis, sein sei der Preis;
keiner wie er so hold zu werben weiss!

Eva

Keiner wie du so hold zu werben weiss!

Walther

In the evening twilight, night enfolded me;
on a steep path I had approached
a spring of pure water,
which laughed enticingly to me:
there beneath a laurel-tree,
with stars shining brightly through its leaves,
in a poet's waking dream I beheld,
holy and fair of countenance,
and sprinkling me with the precious water,
the most wonderful woman, the Muse of Parnassus!

The People

So gracious and familiar, however far it soars,
It's as if we're experiencing it with him!

Walther

Most gracious day,
to which I awoke from a poet's dream!
The Paradise of which I had dreamed
in heavenly, new-transfigured splendour
lay bright before me,
to which the spring laughingly now showed me the path;
she, born there, my heart's elect,
earth's loveliest picture, destined to be my Muse,
as holy and grave as she is mild, was boldly wooed by me;
in the sun's bright daylight,
through victory in song, I had won
Parnassus and Paradise!

The People

Lulled as if in most beautiful dream
I hear it well, but scarcely grasp it!
Give him the chaplet! His the prize!
No one can woo like him!

Eva

No one can woo as graciously as you!

VERDI: LA TRAVIATA - È STRANO... SEMPRE LIBERA

Violetta

E' strano! e' strano!
in core scolpiti ho quegli accenti!
Sari'a per me sventura un serio amore?
Che risolti, o turbata anima mia?
Null'uomo ancora l'accendeva.
O gioia ch'io non conobbi,
essere amata amando!
E sdegnarla poss'io
Per l'aride follie del viver mio?

Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima solinga ne' tumulti
godea sovente pingere de' suoi colori occulti!

Violetta

How strange! How strange!
His words are engraved on my heart!
Would a serious love be a disaster for me?
What are you deciding, my troubled soul?
No man has yet set you aflame.
What joy, such as I have never known –
To love, and to be loved!
And can I scorn it
for the arid nonsense of my present life?

Ah, perhaps he is the one whom my soul,
lonely in the tumult, loved to imagine in secrecy!

Lui che modesto e vigile
all'egre soglie ascese,
e nuova febbre accese,
destandomi all'amor.

A quell'amor ch'è palpito
dell'universo intero,
misterioso, altero,
croce e delizia al cor!

Follie! follie!
Delirio vano è questo!
Povera donna, sola,
abbandonata in questo
popoloso deserto
che appellano Parigi.
Che spero o più?
Che far degg'io?
Gioire, di voluttà ne' vortici perir.
Gioir!

Sempre libera degg'io
folleggiare di gioia in gioia,
vo' che scorra il viver mio
pei sentieri del piacer.
Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoia,
sempre lieta ne' ritrovi,
a diletta sempre nuovi
dee volare il mio pensier.

Alfredo

Amore, amor è palpito
dell'universo intero
misterioso, altero,
croce e delizia al cor!

Violetta

Follie! follie...

LEONCAVALLO: / PAGLIACCI - BELL CHORUS

Andiam, andiam!
Din, don, suona vespero ragazze e garzon,
a coppie al tempio ci affrettiam,
Din, don, diggià i culmini il sol vuol baciare.

Le mamme ci adocchiano attenti compari!
Din, don, tutto irradia di luce e d'amor.
Ma i vecchi sorvegliano gli arditi amador!
Din, don.

Watchful, though I never knew it,
he came here while I lay sick,
awakening a new fever,
the fever of love.

That love which is the very breath
of the universe itself -
Mysterious and exalted,
both pain and ecstasy of the heart.

Folly! folly!
This is mad delirium!
A poor woman, alone,
lost in this
crowded desert
which we call Paris.
What more can I hope for?
What should I do?
Revel, perish in the whirlpool of desire.
Revel in pleasure!

I must forever be free
To frolic from joy to joy.
I want my life's course to be
forever in the paths of pleasure.
Whether it be dawn or dusk,
always happy
To ever new delights
my thoughts must always fly.

Alfredo

Love is the very breath
Of the universe itself
Mysterious and exalted,
both pain and ecstasy of the heart.

Violetta

Folly! Folly!...

Let's go, let's go!
Ding, dong! Vespers sounds, girls and boys,
Let's join in pairs and hasten now to church. Ding,
dong! Yonder the sun kisses the western heights.

Look out, companions, your mothers are watching!
Ding, dong, all is radiant with light and love.
But the elders keep watch over ardent lovers!
Ding, dong.

MASCAGNI: CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA - EASTER HYMN

Coro

Regina coeli laetare. - Alleluja!
Quia, quem meruisti portare - Alleluja!
Resurrexit sicut dixit - Alleluja!

Santuzza e Coro

Innegiamo, Il Signor non è morto,
Ei fulgente ha dischiuso l'avel,
Innegiamo al Signore risorto
Oggi asceso alla gloria del Ciel!

Chorus

Hail, Queen of heaven, all glorious - Alleluja!
Thy Son is risen victorious - Alleluja!
Whom the Lord chose as worthy - Alleluja!

Santuzza and Chorus

O sing praises to the Lord who is risen
Death's dominion and power to deny
He has broken the bonds of his prison
He is risen to glory on high.

PUCCINI: TURANDOT - NESSUN DORMA

Calaf

Nessun dorma!
Tu pure, o Principessa,
nella tua fredda stanza,
guardi le stelle
che tremano d'amore e di speranza.
Ma il mio mistero è chiuso in me,
il nome mio nessun saprà!
No, no, sulla tua bocca lo dirò
quando la luce splenderà!
Ed il mio bacio scioglierà il silenzio
che ti fa mia!

Calaf

None shall sleep!
Even you, Princess,
in your cold room,
watch the stars,
that tremble with love and with hope.
But my secret is hidden within me,
my name no one shall know...
No!... No!... On your mouth I will tell it
when the light shines.
And my kiss will dissolve the silence
that makes you mine!...



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Chorus

Il nome suo nessun saprà!...
e noi dovrem, ahime, morir!

Calaf

Dilegua, o notte!
Tramontate, stelle!
All'alba vincerò!

VERDI: AIDA - TRIUMPHAL SCENE**Popolo**

Gloria all'Egitto, ad Iside
Che il sacro suol protegge!
Al Re che il Delta regge
Inni festosi alziam!
Gloria! Gloria! Gloria!
Gloria al Re!

Donne

S'intrecci il loto al lauro
Sul crin dei vincitori!
Nembo gentil di fiori
Stenda sull'armi un vel.
Danziam, fanciulle egizie,
Le mistiche carole,
Come d'intorno al sole
Danzano gli astri in ciel!

Sacerdoti

Della vittoria agl'arbitri
Supremi il guardo ergete;
Grazie agli Dei rendete
Nel fortunato dì.

Popolo

Inni festosi alziam al Re.

Sacerdoti

Grazie agli Dei rendete
Nel fortunato dì.

Popolo

Vieni, o guerriero vindice,
Vieni a gioir con noi;
Sul passo degli eroi
I lauri, i fior versiam!
Gloria al guerrier, gloria!
Gloria all'egitto, gloria!

Chorus

No one shall know his name
and we must, alas, die.

Calaf

Vanish, o night!
Set, stars!
At dawn, I will win!

People

Glory to Egypt, and to Isis
who protects its sacred soil!
To the King who rules the Delta,
festive hymns let us raise!
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Glory to the King!

Women

Let lotus be entwined with laurel
upon the conquerors' brows!
Let a sweet shower of flowers
veil the arms of war.
Let us dance, Egyptian maidens,
the mystic dances,
just as the stars dance
in the sky around the sun!

Priests

To the supreme arbiters
of victory raise your eyes;
give thanks unto the gods
on this happy day.

People

Festive hymns let us raise to the King.

Priests

Render thanks unto the gods
this happy day.

People

Come, avenging warrior,
come and rejoice with us;
in the heroes' path
laurels and flowers let us cast!
Glory to the warrior, glory!
Glory to Egypt, glory!

ANDREW GRIFFITHS – Musical Director

Andrew Griffiths enjoys an enviable reputation as a dynamic and versatile young conductor with a particular flair for opera and choral music.

A graduate of The Royal Opera's prestigious Jette Parker Young Artist Programme, Andrew has conducted productions for The Royal Opera, Opera North, Opera Theatre Company, Early Opera Company, Mid Wales Opera, Bampton Classical Opera and Iford Festival Opera. He has appeared in concert with the orchestras of The Royal Opera and Opera North, Southbank Sinfonia and Orpheus Sinfonia, and is regularly engaged to broadcast and record with the BBC Singers.

Andrew has worked at Glyndebourne, ENO, Scottish Opera, WNO, Chicago Opera Theatre and with the BBC Symphony and Scottish Symphony Orchestras, as well as on numerous Royal Opera productions (including the *Ring* and the world première of *The Minotaur*), under such conductors as Pappano, Bychkov, Elder, Gardiner and Mackerras. He is often engaged for projects outside the standard operatic canon, and is particularly experienced in Baroque repertoire and the music of the last fifty years. Much sought-after as a vocal coach, he works frequently with the singers at the National Opera Studio and The Royal Opera.

In constant demand as a choral conductor, Andrew appears regularly with the BBC Singers, for whom his engagements have included an acclaimed performance of *Gawain* (BBC SO/Brabbins), recordings of twentieth-century American repertoire, and broadcasts of the Howells *Requiem*, Parry's *Songs of Farewell* and MacMillan's *Tenebrae Responses*. He is Musical Director of Kingston Choral Society and chamber choir Londinium, and has appeared as a guest conductor with New London Chamber Choir, Hong Kong's Tallis Vocalis, and the choirs of Dartington International Summer School.

A pianist, viola player and singer by training, Andrew began his musical education as a Quirister and Scholar at Winchester College, and read music at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he held a Choral Exhibition. He studied conducting under Martyn Brabbins in Glasgow, and trained as a répétiteur at the National Opera Studio and at Scottish Opera. He is a former principal viola of the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, and a founder member of vocal consort Stile Antico. In 2008 he was chosen to receive the Wagner Society's Bayreuth Bursary.

Andrew's recent and future engagements include his Barbican Hall debut conducting the BBC Singers, Handel's *La Resurrezione* with Early Opera Company at Wigmore Hall, the 1589 Florentine Intermedi at Dartington, and Londinium's debut recording, focusing on rare British 20th century repertoire.

LAUREN FAGAN – Soprano



Lauren Fagan has distinguished herself as a young soprano to watch, after a series of acclaimed debuts following her recent graduation from Covent Garden's prestigious Jette Parker Young Artists Programme. In the current season, she joins Sir Antonio Pappano in Rome with the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia as Roxana in concert performances of Szymanowski's *Krol Roger*, the NHK Symphony Orchestra under Paavo Järvi as Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*), and returns to Opera Holland Park as Verdi's heroine Violetta (*La traviata*), marking her first performance of the role.

At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Lauren Fagan has appeared in a number of diverse productions on the main stage, ROH2, and the Linbury Theatre. These included Oscar (*Un ballo in maschera*), Suor Genovieffa (*Suor Angelica*), Giannetta (*L'elisir d'amore*) and Lila (*The Firework-Maker's Daughter*) and returns for the first time as a guest artist in 2018/19 as Woglinde in Wagner's epic *Ring Cycle* under Music Director Sir Antonio Pappano. Most recent highlights include her tour de force debut as Musetta (*La bohème*) with Welsh National Opera across the UK and on tour to Dubai, and her "pristine-voiced" (*The Financial Times*) Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*) for Opera Holland Park and at the 2016 Verbier Festival.

Concert highlights have included joining Sakari Oramo for Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music* as part of the Last Night of the BBC Proms, Mozart's *Requiem* with the BBC Singers under David Hill, and Villa-Lobos' *Bachianas Brasileiras* with the Philharmonia Orchestra. This season's concert appearances include *Peer Gynt* with Orchestre National de Lyon under Leonard Slatkin, and Agnès in concert performances of George Benjamin's *Written on Skin*, with the Melos Sinfonia conducted by Oliver Zeffman, in London at LSO St Luke's and also in St. Petersburg at the Mariinsky Theatre.

During her seasons at Covent Garden, Lauren not only had the privilege of working with such esteemed conductors as Nicola Luisotti, Gianandrea Noseda, Sir Mark Elder, Daniel Oren, Christian Curnyn, Cornelius Meister, Daniele Rustioni and Ivor Bolton but also developed an extensive repertoire of roles including Ines (*Il trovatore*), Sophie (*Werther*), Jemmy (*Guillaume Tell*), Lia (*L'enfant prodigue*), Blue Fairy (*The Adventures of Pinocchio*) and Giulia in Rossini's *La scala di seta*.

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DAVID BUTT PHILIP – Tenor



British tenor David Butt Philip is an alumnus of the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme, Royal Opera House. In 2014, shortly after leaving the programme, he made a hugely acclaimed English National Opera debut as Rodolfo *La bohème*. Recent debuts as Erik *Der fliegende Hollander*, Froh *Das Rheingold* and Grigoriy Boris Godunov have attracted serious attention and have established him as one of the exciting young heldentenors Britain has to offer today.

In the 2017/18 season, Butt Philip makes his company debut with Teatro Real as Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex in Sir David McVicar's new production of *Gloriana* as well as taking on the title role of Brett Dean's *Hamlet* with Glyndebourne on Tour. Other highlights include Folco in Mascagni's *Isabeau* at Opera Holland Park and Narraboth *Salome* at Royal Opera House. On the concert platform, Butt Philip sings Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* with the Hallé Orchestra and Sir Mark Elder, Verdi's *Requiem* with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Britten's *War Requiem* with Opera Orchestre National Montpellier and Orquestra Sinfonica Portuguesa, Brett Dean's *From Melodius Lay* with Vladimir Jurowski and the Rundfunk-Sinfonieorchester Berlin and Prokofiev's *Seven, they are seven* with the Philharmonia under the baton of Vladimir Ashkenazy. He also makes his role debut as Faust *La damnation de Faust* in a concert performance with the Orchestra of Opera North.

Last season, Butt Philip returned to Opera North to sing the role of Luigi *Il Tabarro*, and made debuts as Erik *Der fliegende Hollander* at Opéra de Lille and Laertes in the premiere of Brett Dean's *Hamlet* at Glyndebourne Festival Opera. Concert engagements included Froh *Das Rheingold* with the Hallé Orchestra and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Tanglewood Festival, *Beethoven 9* with both the Yomiuri Nippon Symphony Orchestra, Tokyo and the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall, Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius* with the Tonkünstler Orchestra at Musikverein Vienna, Handel's *Messiah* with the Mozart Festival Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall and Prokofiev's *Seven, they are seven* with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra at the BBC Proms.

Recent engagements include Rodolfo *La bohème* with Glyndebourne on Tour and English Touring Opera and Don José *Carmen* at Nevill Holt Opera. During his time as a Jette Parker Young Artist at the Royal Opera House he appeared in productions of *Nabucco*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Gloriana*, *Turandot*, *Parsifal*, *La Traviata*, *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, *Dialogues des Carmélites* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

On the concert platform he performed in Mahler *Das Klagende Lied* with Vladimir Jurowski and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Rossini *Petite Messe Solennelle* at the Barbican, Haydn *Nelson Mass* with the Hallé under Sir Mark Elder, Britten Folk Songs with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and recitals at the Wigmore Hall with Simon Lane and the Solstice Quartet.

Butt Philip was born and brought up in Wells in Somerset and was a chorister at Peterborough Cathedral. He is a graduate of Royal Northern College of Music, the Royal Academy of Music, and the National Opera Studio and also a Samling Artist, an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music and winner of the prestigious John Christie Award in 2011.

LEANNE SINGH-LEVETT – Piano



Leanne is an accomplished pianist with a passion for performing with singers and choirs. Following studies at the Royal College of Music with Roger Vignoles and Andrew Ball, she has established a varied career working with many distinguished artists.

Recital highlights include collaborations with Mary Bevan, Marcus Farnsworth, Jeremy White, Deborah Miles-Johnson, Nick Pritchard and Ferrier Award Winner Julien van Mellaerts. Leanne accompanies several choirs, and has performed in concert with conductors such as Andrew Griffiths, Aidan Oliver and Graham Ross. Leanne was

thrilled to perform in St Petersburg's Academic Glinka Capella during an Imperial Male Voice Choir tour in 2013, and has also appeared in the Royal Festival Hall and Purcell Room.

A regular pianist in the Vocal & Opera department of the RCM, Leanne often accompanies Opera Scenes performances as well as Song and Language Classes. She has worked as répétiteur on several RCM Opera productions under Michael Rosewell, and played for an Opera Scenes project with Kasper Holten. Leanne has coached and accompanied the Jette Parker Young Artists at the Royal Opera, and worked on opera productions for various companies. She also enjoys accompanying and coaching chamber music in the RCM Junior Department. Leanne is delighted to be a staff pianist at Oxenford International Summer School, directed by Malcolm Martineau.

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