



Royal Conservatoire
of Scotland

Song Studio

Professor Timothy Dean **Director**

SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Das Fischermadchen (from *Schwanengesang*) (tr. Schlehta)

Wanderers Nachtlied, D.768 No. 3 (tr. Franz von Schlehta [1796-1875])

Am Feierabend (tr. Tilman Hoppstock [b. 1961])

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

'Edward' from *Ballades and Romances*, No.1 Op.75

BRAHMS

Four Duets, Op.28

BRAHMS

'So lass uns wandern!' from *Ballades and Romances*, No.3 Op.75

BRAHMS

Four Duets, Op.61

SCHUBERT

Ständchen, D.920



Mondays *at* One

Monday 21 November 2016

SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Matthew McKinney **Tenor**
Sasha Savaloni **Guitar**

Das Fischermädchen (from Schwanengesang) (tr. Schlechta)

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
Triebe den Kahn ans Land;
Komm zu [mir und setze]1 dich nieder,
Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

You beautiful fisher maiden,
Pull your boat toward shore;
Come to me and sit down,
We will speak of love, hand in hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen
Und fürchte dich nicht [zu]2 sehr;
[Vertraust du dich]3 doch sorglos
Täglich dem wilden Meer.
Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
Und manche schöne Perle
In seiner Tiefe ruht.

Lay your little head on my heart,
And do not be too frightened;
Indeed, you trust yourself fearlessly
Daily to the wild sea!
My heart is just like the sea,
Having storms and ebb and flow,
And many beautiful pearls
Rest in its depths.

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Wanderers Nachtlied, D.768 No. 3 (tr. Franz von Schlechta [1796-1875])

Über allen Gipfeln
ist Ruh,
in allen Wipfeln
spürest du
kaum einen Hauch;
die Vögelein schweigen im Walde,
warte nur, balde
ruhest du auch!

Over all the peaks
it is peaceful,
in all the treetops
you feel
hardly a breath of wind;
the little birds are silent in the forest...
only wait - soon
you will rest as well.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Am Feierabend (tr. Tilman Hoppstock [b. 1961])

Hätt ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

If only I had a thousand
arms to move!
I could loudly
drive the wheels!
I could blow
Through all the groves!
I could turn
All the stones!
If only the beautiful Millermaid
Would notice my faithful thoughts!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut es nach.
Und da sitz ich in der großen Runde,

Ah, why is my arm so weak?
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I beat,
Every lad does it just as well as I do.
And there I sit in the great gathering,

Zu der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

In the quiet, cool hour of rest,
And the master speaks to us all:
Your work has pleased me;
And the lovely maiden says
"Good night" to everyone.

Translations by Emily Ezust



JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

'Edward' from *Ballades and Romances*, No.1 Op.75

David Lynn **Tenor**

Rose Stachniewska **Soprano**

Marianna Abrahamyan **Piano**

Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so rot?
Edward, Edward!

Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so rot?
Und gehst so traurig da? O!

Ich hab geschlagen meinen Geier tot,
Mutter, Mutter!

Ich hab geschlagen meinen Geier tot,
Und das, das geht mir nah. O!

Deins Geiers Blut ist nicht so rot,
Edward, Edward!

Deins Geiers Blut ist nicht so rot:
Mein Sohn, bekenn' mir frei. O!

Ich hab geschlagen mein Rotroß tot,
Mutter, Mutter!

Ich hab geschlagen mein Rotroß tot,
Und's war so stolz und treu. O!»

Dein Roß war alt und hast's nicht Not,
Edward, Edward!

Dein Roß war alt und hast's nicht Not,
Dich drückt ein andrer Schmerz. O!

Ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot!
Mutter, Mutter!

Ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot,
Und das, das quält mein Herz! O!»

Und was wirst du nun an dir tun,
Edward, Edward?

Und was wirst du nun an dir tun,
Mein Sohn, bekenn' mir mehr! O!

Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht ruhn!
Mutter, Mutter!

Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht ruhn!
Will wandern übers Meer! O!

"Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"

"O, I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither;

O, I have kill'd my hawk sae gude,
And I had nae mair but he, O!"

"Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward?

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son I tell thee, O!"

"O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither;

O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,
That erst wa sae fair and free, O!"

"Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward?

Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Some other dole ye dree, O!"

"O, I hae slain my father dear,
Mither, mither;

O, I hae slain my father dear,
Alas, and wae is me, O!"

"And whatten pennance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?

Whatten pennance will ye dree for that
My dear son, now tell me, O!"

"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll gang over the sea, O!"

Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall,
Edward, Edward?

Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall,
So herrlich sonst, so schön? O!

Ach immer steh's und sink und fall!
Mutter, Mutter!

Ach immer steh's und sink und fall,
Ich werd es nimmer sehn! O!

Und was soll werden dein Weib und Kind,
Edward, Edward?

Und was soll werden dein Weib und Kind,
Wann du gehst übers Meer? O!

Die Welt ist groß, laß sie betteln drin,
Mutter, Mutter!

Die Welt ist groß, laß sie betteln drin,
Ich seh sie nimmermehr! O!

Und was soll deine Mutter tun,
Edward, Edward?

Und was soll deine Mutter tun,
Mein Sohn, das sage mir? O!

Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf euch ruhn,
Mutter, Mutter!

Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf euch ruhn,
Denn ihr, ihr rietet's mir! O!

"And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
Edward, Edward?

And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?"

"I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mither, mither;

I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
For here never mair maun I be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang owre the sea, O?"

"The world's room, let them beg through life,
Mither, mither;

The world's room, let them beg through life;
For them never mair will I see, O."

"And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O!"

"The curse of hell from me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither;

The curse of hell from me sall ye bear,
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

Johann Gottfried Herder (1744 - 1803)



BRAHMS

Four Duets, Op.28

Christopher Dollins **Baritone**

Beth Taylor **Mezzo-soprano**

Timothy Dean **Piano**

I. Die Nonne und der Ritter

Da die Welt zur Ruh' gegangen,
Wacht mit Sternen mein Verlangen,
In der Kühle muß ich lauschen,
Wie die Wellen unten rauschen!

"Fernher mich die Wellen tragen,
Die ans Land so traurig schlagen,
Unter deines Fensters Gitter,
Fraue, kennst du noch den Ritter?"

Ist's doch, als ob seltsam' Stimmen
Durch die lauen Lüfte schwimmen;
Wieder hat's der Wind genommen, -
Ach, mein Herz ist so beklommen!

As the world goes to rest,
my yearning awakens with the stars;
I must listen in the cool
as the waves roar below!

"I am brought here from far away by waves
that beat so mournfully against the land,
beneath the bars of your window.
Lady, do you still know this Knight?"

It is as if strange voices
are floating through the mild air;
once again the wind has taken them away, -
alas, my heart is so anxious!

"Drüben liegt dein Schloß verfallen,
Klagend in den öden Hallen,
Aus dem Grund der Wald mich grüßte,
's war, als ob ich sterben müßte."

Alte Klänge blühend schreiten;
Wie aus lang versunkenen Zeiten
Will mich Wehmut noch bescheinen,
Und ich möcht' von Herzen weinen.

"Überm Walde blitzt's vom weiten,
Wo um Christi Grab sie streiten;
Dorthin will mein Schiff ich wenden,
Da wird alles, alles enden!"

Geht ein Schiff, ein Mann stand drinne,
Falsche Nacht, verwirrst die Sinne!
Welt Ade! Gott woll' bewahren,
Die noch irr im Dunkeln fahren!

Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff (1788 - 1857)

II. Vor der Tür

Tritt auf den Riegel von der Tür,
Wie gern käm ich herein,
Um dich zu küssen.
"Ich laß dich nicht herein.
Schleich immer heim ganz sacht
Auf deinen Füßen."

Wohl kann ich schleichen sacht
Wie Mondenschein,
Steh nur auf, laß mich ein:
Das will ich von dir haben.
O Mägdlein, dein'n Knaben
Laß ein!

III. Es rauschet das Wasser

Sie.
Es rauschet das Wasser
Und bleibet nicht stehn;
Gar lustig die Sterne
Am Himmel hin gehn;
Gar lustig die Wolken
Am Himmel hin ziehn;
So rauschet die Liebe
Und fährt dahin.

"Over there lies your ruined castle
lamenting in its desolate halls;
the way the woods greeted me,
I felt as though I must die."

Old sounds burst forth,
sunk long since in time;
melancholy falls on me once again,
and I feel like weeping from my heart.

"Over the wood lightning flashes from afar,
where they are fighting over the grave of Christ;
There will I steer my ship,
and there will everything end!"

A ship leaves with a man upon it;
false night, you bewilder the mind!
Farewell, world! May God protect
those who wander madly in darkness!

Pull the bolt back from the door -
how gladly I would come in
to kiss you.
"I won't let you in.
Creep away home,
treading ever so softly."

I can creep as softly
as moonlight;
but stand up and let me in -
this I do ask of you.
O maiden, let your
lad come in!

She
The water rushes
And will not stay still;
The stars pass merrily
In the sky,
The clouds advance
Merrily in the sky,
And so Love rushes
And wanders there.

Er.
Es rauschen die Wasser,
Die Wolken vergeh'n;
Doch bleiben die Sterne,
Sie wandeln und steh'n.
So auch mit der Liebe,
Der treuen, geschicht,
Sie wegt sich, sie regt sich,
Und ändert sich nicht.

He
The waters are rushing,
The clouds dissolving;
Yet the stars remain:
They wander and hover.
And so it happens as well with Love,
The true kind:
It sways, it stirs,
And does not change.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 - 1832)

IV. Der Jäger und sein Liebchen

Ist nicht der Himmel so blau?
Steh am Fenster und schau!
Erst in der Nacht,
Spät in der Nacht
Komm' ich heim von der Jagd.

Isn't the sky so blue?
Stand at the window and look!
Not until night,
late at night,
will I come home from the hunt.

“Anders hab' ich gedacht,
Tanzen will ich die Nacht!
Bleib vor der Tür,
Spät vor der Tür
Willst du nicht tanzen mit mir!”

“But I planned differently -
I want to dance tonight.
You'll stay outside the door,
late, outside the door
if you will not dance with me!”

Mädchen, der Himmel ist blau,
Bleib am Fenster und schau.
Bis in der Nacht,
Spät in der Nacht,
Heim ich kehr' von der Jagd.

Maiden, the sky is blue -
stay at the window and look.
Until night,
late at night,
I will return home from the hunt.

“Ist auch der Himmel so blau,
Steh' ich doch nimmer und schau'
Ob in der Nacht,
Spät in der Nacht
Heim du kehrst von der Jagd.”

“The sky may be blue,
but I will never stay and look,
if at night,
late at night
you return home from the hunt.”

August Hoffmann von Fallersleben (1798 - 1874)



BRAHMS

'So lass uns wandern!' from Ballades and Romances, No.3 Op.75

David Lynn **Tenor**
Rose Stachniewska **Soprano**
Marianna Abrahamyan **Piano**

Ach Mädchen, liebes Mädchen,
Wie schwarz dein Auge ist!
Fast fürcht' ich, es verzaubert
Mich einst voll arger List.

Ah, maiden, dear maiden,
How dark are your eyes!
I almost fear they've enchanted
me, full of terrible cunning.

"Und wär' mein Auge schwärzer,
Um vieles schwärzer noch,
Dich, Liebster mein, verzaubern,
Ich tät' es niemals doch."

Die Kräh' auf jener Eiche,
Sieh, wie sie Eicheln pickt!
Wer weiß, wen einst der Himmel
Zum Bräutigam dir schickt!

"Und sprich, wen soll er schicken?
Ich gab ja dir mein Wort,
Weißt, unterm grünen Baume,
Bei unsrer Hütte dort."

Wohlan, so laß uns wandern,
Du wanderst frisch mit mir;
Ein Kleid von grüner Farbe,
Mein Mädchen, kauf ich dir.

Ein Kleid von grüner Farbe,
Das auch nicht gar zu lang:
So kannst du mit mir wandern,
Nichts hindert dich im Gang.

Wir wollen lustig wandern,
Bergüber und talein;
Die freien, großen Wälder
Sind unsre Kämmerlein.

"And if my eyes were darker,
much darker than they are now,
even then, my love,
I would never bewitch you.

The crow on that oak,
look how she pecks at acorns!
Who knows whom Heaven will one day
send you as a bridegroom?

"And tell me, whom should it sent?
I gave you my word,
as you know, beneath the green tree
by our hut over there."

All right, then let us wander,
you walking brightly by my side;
a dress of green
I shall buy you, my maiden.

A dress of green,
and not too long:
so that you can walk with me
and not be hindered on your way.

We will wander gaily,
across mountains and into valleys;
the great wide woods
will be our chamber.

Josef Wenzig (1807 - 1876)

Translations by Emily Ezust



BRAHMS

Four Duets, Op.61

Rose Stachniewska **Soprano**
Joanna Harries **Mezzo-soprano**
Marianna Abrahamyan **Piano**

I. Die Schwestern

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
So gleich von Angesicht,
So gleich kein Ei dem andern,
Kein Stern dem andern nicht.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir haben nußbraun Haar;
Und flichtst du sie in einem Zopf,
Man kennt sie nicht fürwahr.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir tragen gleich Gewand,
Spazieren auf dem Wiesenplan
Und singen Hand in Hand.

We two sisters, we beauties
Our faces so similar,
Identical as two eggs,
Identical as two stars.

We two sisters, we beauties,
We have nut brown tresses,
If you plat them together,
You can't tell them apart.

We two sisters, we beauties
We dress the same,
Walking in the meadow,
And singing hand in hand.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,
Wir spinnen in die Wett,
Wir sitzen an einer Kunkel,
Und schlafen in einem Bett.

We two sisters, we beauties,
We race each other at spinning,
We sit together in an alcove,
And sleep in the same bed.

O Schwestern zwei, ihr schönen,
Wie hat sich das Blättchen gewandt!
Ihr liebet einerlei Liebchen;
Jetzt hat das Liedel ein End!

O sisters two, you beauties
How the tables have turned,
You love the same sweetheart;
And now the song is over!

Eduard Mörike (1804 - 1875)

II. Klosterfräulein

Ich armes Klosterfräulein!
O Mutter! was hast du gemacht!
Lenz ging am Gitter vorüber,
Hat mir kein Blümlein gebracht.

Ah, what a poor nun am I!
O mother what have you done!
Spring passed by the bars
And brought me no flowers!

Ach, wie weit, weit dort unten
Zwei Schäflein gehen im Tal!
Viel Glück, ihr Schäflein, ihr sahet
Den Frühling zum erstenmal!

Ah, how far, how far below
Two lambs walk in the valley.
Good luck you lambs,
You've seen spring for the first time.

Ach, wie weit, weit dort oben
Zwei Vöglein fliegen in Ruh'!
Viel Glück, ihr Vöglein, ihr flieget
Der besseren Heimat zu!

Ah, how far, how far above
Two birds fly in peace!
Good luck little birds,
You're flying to a better home.

Justinus (Andreas Christian) Kerner (1786 - 1862)

III. Phänomen

Wenn zu der Regenwand
Phöbus sich gattet,
Gleich steht ein Bogenrand
Farbig beschattet.

When Phoebus is joined
With the wall of rain,
Instantly a bow appears
Colourfully shaded.

Im Nebel gleichen Kreis
Seh ich gezogen;
Zwar ist der Bogen weiß,
Doch Himmelsbogen.

In the clouds I see
An identical circle drawn,
Though the bow is white:
Yes, heaven's bow.

So sollst du, muntre Greis,
Dich nicht betrüben:
Sind gleich die Haare weiß,
Doch wirst du lieben.

Do not worry,
Cheerful old man;
Though your hair is white,
You will still love.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 - 1832)

IV. Die Boten der Liebe

Wie viel schon der Boten
Flogen die Pfade
Vom Wäldchen herunter,
Boten der Treu;
Trugen mir Briefchen
Dort aus der Ferne,
Trugen mir Briefchen
Vom Liebsten herbei?

Wie viel schon der Lüftchen
Wehten vom Morgen,
Wehten bis Abends
So schnell ohne Ruh;
Trugen mir Küßchen
Vom kühligem Wasser,
Trugen mir Küßchen
Vom Liebsten herzu?

Wie wiegten die Ährchen
Auf grünenden Bergen,
Wie wiegten die Ährchen
Auf Feldern sich leis;
"Mein goldenes Liebchen,"
Lispelten alle,
"Mein goldenes Liebchen,
Ich lieb' dich so heiß!"

How many messengers
Have already flown
Down the path,
From the forest,
Messengers of fidelity
That carry me
Little letters from afar,
From my sweetheart!

How many breezes
Have already blown
From morn till evening
So quickly without rest,
Carrying little kisses
From the cool water
Carrying little kisses
From my sweetheart!

How the grass waved
On the green mountain,
How the ears of corn
Waved gently in the fields
My golden sweetheart,
They all whispered,
My golden sweetheart,
I love you so passionately.

Josef Wenzig (1807 - 1876)

Translations by Siân Goldthorpe and Christian Stein



SCHUBERT

Ständchen, D.920

Mezzo-soprano

Svetlina Stoyanova

Tenor

Kenneth Reid*, James Slimings, Ted Black, David Horton ^{*RCS graduate}

Baritone

Colin Murray, Jerome Knox, William Frost, Timothy Edmundson

Piano

Timothy Dean

Zögernd leise
In des Dunkels nächt'ger Hülle
Sind wir hier;
Und den Finger sanft gekrümmt,
Leise, leise,
Pochen wir
An des Liebchens Kammerthür.

Doch nun steigend,
Schwellend, schwellend, hebend,
Mit vereinter Stimme, Laut
Rufen aus wir hochvertraut:
Schlaf du nicht,
Wenn der Neigung Stimme spricht!

Sucht' ein Weiser nah und ferne
Menschen einst mit der Laterne;
Wieviel seltner dann als Gold
Menschen, uns geneigt und hold?
Drum, wenn Freundschaft, Liebe spricht,
Freundin, Liebchen, schlaf du nicht!

Aber was in allen Reichen
Wär' dem Schlummer zu vergleichen?
Drum statt Worten und statt Gaben
Sollst du nun auch Ruhe haben.
Noch ein Grüsschen, noch ein Wort,
Es verstummt dir frohe Weise,
Leise, leise,
Schleichen wir, ja, schleichen wir uns wieder fort!

Softly, hesitantly,
cloaked in night's darkness,
we have come here;
and with fingers gently curled,
softly, softly
we knock
on the beloved's bedroom door.

But now, our emotion rising,
swelling,
surging, with united voice
we call out loud, in warm friendship:
'Do not sleep
when the voice of affection speaks.'

Once a wise man with his lantern
sought people near and far;
how much rarer, then, than gold
are people who are fondly disposed to us?
And so, when friendship and love speak,
do not sleep, friend, beloved!

But what in all the world's realms
can be compared to sleep?
And so, instead of words and gifts,
you shall now have rest.
Just one more greeting, one more word,
and our happy song ceases;
softly, softly
we steal away again.

Franz Grillparzer (1791-1872)

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Timothy Dean studied music at Reading University, and then piano and conducting at the Royal College of Music. He then became Chorus Master and Head of Music for Kent Opera where he worked for ten years, conducting a wide repertoire on tour in the UK and abroad, including a cycle of the Britten Church Parables performed at a number of UK festivals in the 1990s. In 1987 he was appointed the first Music Director of British Youth Opera, and had an instrumental role in developing the company into a vital part of the national infrastructure for training young singers and musicians to an advanced level, as well as conducting over twenty productions and many concerts for the company. From 2000 to 2006 he was Artistic Director of BYO, of which he is now a Vice-President.

In 1994 he was appointed Head of Opera at the RSAMD (now Royal Conservatoire of Scotland) in Glasgow, in charge of new postgraduate courses in opera training for singers and répétiteurs. Since moving to Scotland, he has also worked with the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, Orchestra of Scottish Opera, English Chamber Orchestra, Paragon Ensemble and Haddo House Opera, as well as giving concerts with the Symphony Orchestras of both the Junior and Senior Conservatoire, and conducting over fifty new opera productions for the RCS in Glasgow and Edinburgh. He was also involved in collaborative projects with the Conservatoire in Rostov-on-Don in Russia, conducting performances of Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* and Britten's *Phaedra* in 2009, followed by Prokofiev's *War and Peace* in 2010, which received a Royal Philharmonic Society Award nomination.

He was Music Director of The Opera Company from 1990 to 1994. In 1990 he spent a year as Assistant Music Director and Chorus Master with the New D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, conducting on tour in the UK and USA, after which he made company debuts for English National Opera and Scottish Opera. In 2013 he conducted *The Cunning Little Vixen* for the Hong Kong Academy of the Performing Arts, and in 2014 was Artist-in-Residence at the Hochschule in Nuremberg. He was conductor of the London Bach Society in the late 1980s, and Director of the RSNO Chorus from 2006 to 2014.

Timothy is Artistic Director of the Royal Conservatoire's Song Studio, performing recitals with singers all over Scotland, and is Director of Royal Conservatoire Voices, a vocal ensemble created to perform early and contemporary repertoire which has broadcast on BBC Radio 3 and appeared at the Edinburgh International and St Magnus Festivals. He continues to be active as coach, accompanist, adjudicator and conductor. He was made a Fellow of the RCS in 2010, and last year was made a Professor at the Conservatoire.

Christopher Dollins studied at the Royal Academy of Music, where he won the Rosenblatt Recitals Singing Prize, graduating with distinction; he currently studies with Julian Tovey at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland.

Operatic roles include, Uberto *La Serva Padrona* (Fitzwilliam Chamber Opera) Jonathan *Siren Song* (Shadwell Opera) Mr Gedge *Albert Herring* (Shadwell Opera) and Doctor Spinelloccio *Gianni Schicchi* (Royal Academy Opera).

He performs widely as a concert soloist and past performances include Bach *Magnificat* and *St John Passion*, Dvořák *Mass in D*, Garcia *Requiem*, Handel *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, Mozart *Requiem* and *Coronation Mass*, Rossini *Petite Messe Solennelle*, Tippett *A Child of our Time* and Bach *Christmas Oratorio* as part of the Bach Kohn Foundation Cantata series. Future performances include Mozart *Requiem* and Haydn *Paukenmesse* at Truro Cathedral.

Christopher is grateful for the support of the Josephine Baker Trust.

Mezzo-soprano **Joanna Harries** studied at the University of Cambridge and Royal Northern College of Music with Jane Irwin, before beginning at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland in September 2016, studying with Wilma MacDougall.

Recent operatic roles include Dido (*Dido and Aeneas*) at the Dartington International Summer School & Festival, Awen (cover) & Semi-Chorus in the new opera *Gair Ar Gnawd* for Welsh National Opera and Mrs Jones (*Street Scene*) at the RNCM. She joined the chorus of Opera Holland Park for their 2016 season. Joanna performs Ottone (*Agrippina*) at the RCS in January 2017.

On the concert platform, appearances in 2016 include a joint recital at St. Martin-in-the-Fields and first alto soloist in MacMillan's *Seven Last Words from the Cross* with Huddersfield Choral Society and the BBC Philharmonic at Harrogate Royal Hall.

Joanna is kindly supported by the Simon Fletcher Charitable Trust, Ryan Davies Memorial Fund, and Mario Lanza Foundation.

David Lynn is a tenor hailing from Ballina, Co. Mayo, in the West of Ireland. After finishing an undergraduate in Applied Music at Dundalk Institute of Technology, Lynn focussed on training his classical voice. In 2013, he undertook a Masters in Performance at Dublin Conservatory of Music and Drama under the tutelage of Stephen Wallace. Following this, he undertook private study with Robert Dean. He 2016, he joined the Alexander Gibson Opera School at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland.

David has worked with various companies across the UK and Ireland, including Lyric Opera Productions, Wide Open Opera, Wexford Festival Opera, Opera Theatre Company, Opera North and NI Opera. David was also an NI Opera Young Artist 15/16. Roles include Flute (*Midsummer Nights Dream*), Rodolfo (*La Boheme*), Quint (*Turn of the Screw*), Father (*Seven Deadly Sins*) and Pang (*Turandot*).

Born in 1992, Iranian Scottish guitarist **Sasha Savaloni** is currently pursuing a Doctoral degree at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland under the supervision of renowned performer and teacher Prof. Allan Neave.

As a soloist he has given concerts in Iran, Italy, Spain, England and throughout Scotland, performing recitals in venues such as the Kings Place (London), Sage Gateshead (Newcastle), City Halls (Glasgow), Stevenson Hall (Glasgow) and the LCM Venue (Leeds) as well as performances in significant festivals such as the Big Guitar Weekend, Les Garrigues Memorial Emili Pujol, Edinburgh Fringe Festival, Plug Festival and the Ullapool Guitar Festival.

In 2014 Sasha was the only soloist selected for International Guitar Foundation's Young Artist Platform which resulted in performances in some of UK's biggest guitar festivals including recitals at the London Guitar Festival, North East Guitar Festival, Shrewsbury Guitar Festival and Bath Guitar Festival

As a soloist he has performed with orchestras such as the Royal Scottish National Orchestra and the European Union Youth Orchestra.

Keen on chamber music, he has worked with numerous musicians and ensembles, including collaborations with soprano Alison McNeill, flautist Lee Holland and the Red Note Ensemble. His close partnership with soprano Alison McNeill has resulted in recording and interview for BBC Radio in addition to concerts in Spain and throughout Scotland. Sasha and Alison are the 2015-2017 Enterprise Music Scotland Residency Project artists.

In 2015 Sasha was awarded the Second Prize, the Audience Award and Prize for the Best Performance of the Contemporary Work at the Miguel Llobet International Competition in Barcelona. Other prizes and awards include 2nd Prize winner of the Ivor Mairants International Guitar Competition and 2nd Prize winner of the Governor's Recital Prize for Strings in 2015, 1st Prize winner of the North East Scotland Classical Guitar Society Award in 2011, 1st Prize winner of the Chanterelle Guitar Award in 2010 and 1st Prize winner of the International Classical Guitar Trophy at the Glasgow Music Festival in 2009.

Svetlina Stoyanova is a Bulgarian mezzo-soprano, currently in her first year of the Master of Opera course at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland, studying under Clare Shearer.

Her operatic roles include Veronique *Le docteur Miracle*; Mother *Mavra*; Bridesmaid *Le nozze di Figaro*; L'umana fragilita *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*. She has also performed in opera scenes Rosina *Il barbiere di Siviglia*; Cherubino *Le nozze di Figaro*; Dorabella *Così fan tutte*; Annio *La clemenza di Tito*; Fidalma *Il matrimonio segreto*; Lucretia *Lucretia*; Frau Reich *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*; Juno *Semele*; Mrs Quickly *Falstaff*. She will perform the role of Nero in Handel's *Agrippina* in January in the New Athenaeum Theatre at the RCS.

Also a prolific concert singer and recitalist, Svetlina has performed in recitals sponsored by the organisation Live Music Now. She has also been a soloist for numerous oratorios including Pergolesi *Stabat Mater*, Mozart *Requiem*, Vivaldi *Gloria*, Jenkins *The Armed Man*, Haydn *Stabat Mater*. She sang in the Children's Choir of the Bulgarian National Radio for nine years with the foremost musical academic in Bulgaria, Hristo Nedyalkov. As the main soloist of the choir she embarked on concert tours around many European and Asian countries. She has sung for the Japanese Crown Prince, President of Bulgaria and many other influential people. Svetlina was also invited to sing at a Christmas charity concert organised by Countess Esther de Pommery in Switzerland. Recently she performed as a soloist of R.V. Williams' *Serenade to Music* with the CBSO conducted by Simon Halsey.

Svetlina has participated in masterclasses with Susan Graham, Malcolm Martineau, Lisa Milne, Meribeth Dayme and Anne le Bozec.

Beth Taylor is in her first year of Postgraduate study at the RCS. She graduated with First Class Honours in 2016 and was awarded the Florence Veitch Ibler Music Prize.

Beth has performed with many of the UK's top ensembles including Dunedin Consort, Sestina, Genesis Sixteen and Kellie Consort. She is a recipient of the Help Musicians UK Fleming Award and is also supported by the Countess of Munster Musical Trust and the South Square Trust.

Beth won the prestigious Governor's Recital Prize at RCS in April and has participated in masterclasses with artists including Sarah Connolly, Sir Thomas Allen and Susan Graham. Operatic roles include Costanza (*L'Isola Disabitata*), Olga (*Eugene Onegin*) and Flora/Aninna (*La Traviata*) Beth has also been Glasgow's U26 Ambassador Representative for Scottish Opera since 2014. She was appointed vocal tutor with the Paragon Ensemble in 2014 as a qualified music facilitator for young people with complex additional support needs.