



Scottish
Opera



Royal Conservatoire
of Scotland

Emerging Artists

Hazel McBain **Soprano**

Emma Kerr **Mezzo-soprano**

Elgan Llyr Thomas **Tenor**

Derek Clark **Piano** *Head of Music, Scottish Opera*

Timothy Dean **Piano** *Head of Opera, RCS*



Fridays at One

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Scottish Opera Emerging Artists

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Hazel McBain **Soprano**
Elgan Llyr Thomas **Tenor**

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-18258)
Licht und Liebe D.352

Emma Kerr **Mezzo-soprano**

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)
Ständchen, Op.17 No.2
Die Nacht, Op.10 No.3
Das Rosenband, Op.36 No.1
Schlagende Herzen, Op.29 No.2

Hazel McBain **Soprano**

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)
Schlafendes Jesuskind
In dem Schatten meiner Locken

STRAUSS

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Rote rosen (from the 'Jugendlieder')
Schlechtes Wetter, Op.69 No.5

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MAURICE RAVEL (1875-1937)
5 Mélodies populaires grecques

MEIRION WILLIAMS (1901-1976)

Pan ddawr Nôs
Cwm Pennant

Hazel McBain **Soprano**
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FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)
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Suleika und Hatem

Hazel McBain **Soprano**
Elgan Llyr Thomas **Tenor**

'So kehrest du wieder' from *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, Op.10 No.3

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-18258)

Licht und Liebe D.352

Liebe ist ein süßes Licht.
Wie die Erde strebt zur Sonne,
Und zu jenen hellen Sternen
In den weiten blauen Fernen,
Strebt das Herz nach Liebeswonne:
Denn sie ist ein süßes Licht.

Sieh! wie hoch in stiller Feier
Droben helle Sterne funkeln:
Von der Erde fliehn die dunkeln
Schwermutsvollen trüben Schleier.
Wehe mir, wie so trübe
Fühl ich tief mich im Gemüte,
Das in Freuden sonst erblühte,
Nun vereinsamt, ohne Liebe.

Matthäus von Collin (1779-1824)

Love is a sweet light.
Just as the earth aches for the sun
and those bright stars
in the distant blue expanses,
so the heart aches for love's bliss,
for love is a sweet light.

See, high in the silent solemnity,
bright stars glitter up above:
from the earth flee the dark
heavy baleful mists.
Alas! Yet how sad I feel
deep in my soul;
once I brimmed with joy;
now I am abandoned, unloved.

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Ständchen, Op.17 No.2

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind,
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder! Hier dämmerts geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen.
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Woneschauern der Nacht.

Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815-1894)

Open up, open up! but softly, my child,
So that no one's roused from slumber!
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly
moves
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;
Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir,
Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!

With steps as light as the steps of elves,
As they hop their way over flowers,
Flit out into the moonlit night,
Slip out to me in the garden!
The flowers are fragrant in sleep
By the rippling brook, only love is awake.

Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here
Beneath the linden trees.
The nightingale above us
Shall dream of our kisses
And the rose, when it wakes at dawn,
Shall glow from our night's rapture.

RICHARD STRAUSS (1864-1949)

Die Nacht, Op.10 No.3

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864)

Das Rosenband, Op.36 No.1

Im Frühlings Schatten fand ich sie;
Da band ich Sie mit Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
Ich fühlt' es wohl, und wußt' es nicht.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu,
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern:
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick' an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.

I found her in the spring shade,
And bound her fast with a rose garland:
Oblivious, she slumbered on.

I gazed on her; with that gaze
My life became entwined with hers:
This I sensed, yet did not know.

I murmured wordlessly to her
And rustled the garland of roses:
Then she woke from slumber.

She gazed on me; with that gaze
Her life became entwined with mine,
And Paradise bloomed about us.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724-1803)

Schlagende Herzen, Op.29 No.2

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe ging,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz,
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein Ring,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.
„Oh Wiesen, oh Felder,
Wie seid ihr schön!
Oh Berge, oh Täler
Wie schön!
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,
Du goldene Sonne in Himmeshöh'n!“
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Schnell eilte der Knabe mit fröhlichem Schritt,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz,
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.
„Über Wiesen und Felder
Weht Frühlingswind,
Über Berge und Wälder
Weht Frühlingswind.
Im Herzen mir innen weht Frühlingswind,
Der treibt zu Dir mich leise, lind!“
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein Mädels stand,
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz,
Hielt über die Augen zum Schauen die Hand,
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.
„Über Wiesen und Felder,
Über Berge und Wälder
Zu mir, zu mir schnell kommt er her!
Oh wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schon wär!“
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.

A boy was walking across meadows and fields,
Pit-a-pat went his heart,
A golden ring gleamed on his finger,
Pit-a-pat went his heart.
‘O meadows, O fields,
How fair you are!
O mountains, O valleys,
How fair!
How good you are, how fair you are,
You golden sun in heaven above!’
Pit-a-pat went his heart.

The boy hurried on with happy steps,
Pit-a-pat went his heart,
Took with him many a laughing flower,
Pit-a-pat went his heart.
‘Over meadows and fields
A spring wind blows,
Over mountains and woods
A spring wind blows.
A spring wind is blowing in my heart,
Driving me to you, softly and gently!’
Pit-a-pat went his heart.

Between meadows and fields a young girl stood,
Pit-a-pat went her heart,
She shaded her eyes with her hand as she gazed,
Pit-a-pat went her heart.
‘Over meadows and fields,
Over mountains and woods,
To me, to me he’s hurrying!
Ah! would he were with me, with me already!’
Pit-a-pat went her heart.

Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-1910)

Translations by Richard Stokes

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

Schlafendes Jesuskind

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind! am Boden,
Auf dem Holz der Schmerzen eingeschlafen,
Das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll spielend,
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;
Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!
O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder
Hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen
Wimpern sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!

Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Son of the Virgin, child of Heaven, lying on the
floor
Asleep on the wood of suffering
That the pious painter has placed—
A meaningful allusion—under your light dreams;
You flower, even in the bud, darkling and
sheathed,
Still the glory of God the Father!
O, who could see,
Behind this brow, these dark lashes,
What softly changing pictures are being painted!

Translation by Eric Sams

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlief mir mein Geliebter ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? -- Ach nein!

Sorglich strahlt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.
Lockenschatten, Windessausen
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? -- Ach nein!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme
Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? -- Ach nein!

Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914)

In the shadow of my tresses
My beloved has fallen asleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

Carefully I comb my ruffled
Locks, early every day;
Yet for nothing is my trouble,
For the wind makes them dishevelled yet again.
The shadows of my tresses, the whispering of the
wind,
Have lulled my darling to sleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

I must listen to him complain
That he pines for me so long,
That life is given and taken away from him
By this, my brown cheek,
And he calls me a snake;
Yet he fell asleep by me.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

Translation by Emily Ezust

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden, Op.68 No.2

Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.

Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das wollt' ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Da fing es an zu sprechen:
„Ach, tue mir nicht weh!

„Sei freundlich im dem Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!“

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.

I meant to make you a posy,
But dark night then came,
There were no flowers to be found,
Or I'd have brought you some.

Tears then flowed from my cheeks
Into the clover,
And now I saw a flower,
That had sprung up in the garden.

I meant to pick it for you
There in the dark clover,
When it started to speak:
'Ah, do not hurt me!

'Be kind in your heart,
Consider your own suffering
And do no make me die
In torment before my time!'

And had it not spoken these words,
All alone in the garden,
I'd have picked it for you,
But now that cannot be.

My sweetheart stayed away,
I am utterly alone.
Sadness dwells in loving,
And cannot be otherwise.

Clemens Brentano (1778-1842)

Rote rosen (from the 'Jugendlieder')

Weißt du die Rose, die du mir gegeben?
Der scheuen Veilchen stolze heiße Schwester;
Von deiner Brust trug noch ihr Duft das Leben,
Und an dem Duft sog ich fest mich und fester.

Ich seh' dich vor mir: Stirn und Schläfe glühend,
Den Nacken trotzig, weich und weiß die Hände,
Im Aug' noch Lenz, doch die Gestalt erblühend
Voll, wie das Feld blüht um Sonnenwende.

Um mich webt Nacht, die kühle, wolkenlose,
Doch Tag und Nacht, sie sind in eins zerronnen.
Es träumt mein Sinn von deiner roten Rose
Und von dem Garten, drin ich sie gewonnen.

Do you recall the rose you gave me?
The shy violets' proud, ardent sister,
Its fragrance still drew life from your bosom,
And I imbibed that fragrance with ever greater
glee.

I see you before me, forehead and temples ablaze,
Your nape defiant, your hands soft and white,
Spring still in your eyes, but your figure in full
Bloom, like the meadow in midsummer.

Night, cool and cloudless, weaves itself around me,
But day and night are blended into one.
I dream of your red rose
And of the garden where I won it.

Karl Stieler (1842-1885)

STRAUSS

Schlechtes Wetter, Op.69 No.5

Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,
Es regnet und stürmt und schneit;
Ich sitze am Fenster und schaue
Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.

Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen,
Das wandelt langsam fort;
Ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternchen
Wankt über die Straße dort.

Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier
Und Butter kaufte sie ein;
Sie will einen Kuchen backen
Fürs große Töchterlein.

Die liegt zu Hause im Lehnstuhl,
Und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht;
Die goldenen Locken wallen
Über das süße Gesicht.

This is dreadful weather,
It's raining and blowing and snowing;
I sit at my window and stare
Out into the darkness.

One solitary light flickers out there,
Moving slowly along;
A little old woman with a lantern
Totters across the street.

I fancy it's flour and eggs
And butter she's been buying;
She's going to bake a cake
For her big little daughter.

She lolls at home in the armchair,
Blinking sleepily into the light;
Her golden curls tumble down
Over his sweet face.

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

SCHUMANN

Liebhaber's Ständchen, Op.34 No.2

Er: Wachst du noch, Liebchen? Gruss und Kuss!
Dein Liebster naht im Regenguss.
Ihm lähmet Liebe Hand und Fuss;
Er möchte so gern zu seinem Schatz.

Sie: Wenn's draussen noch so stürmisch ist,
Ich kenne junger Burschen List.
Geh hin, woher du kommen bist,
Ich lasse dich nicht ein.

Er: O lass mich ein die eine Nacht,
Die eine, die eine Nacht,
Die Liebe ist's, die glücklich macht
(Steh auf und lass mich ein!)
Horch, wie die Wetterfahnen wehn!
Sieh, wie die Sternelein untergehn!
Lass mich nicht hier im Regen stehn.
Mach auf dein Kämmerlein.

He: Are you still awake, my love? Kisses and
greetings!
Your lover draws near in the pouring rain.
Love has bound him hand and foot,
He longs to be with his sweetheart.

She: However stormy it is outside,
I know how cunning young men are.
Go back, go back to where you came,
I shall not let you in.

He: O let me in for just one night,
Just this single night,
It is love that brings happiness
(Get up and let me in!)
Listen to the weather-vanes!
Look how the stars are vanishing!
Don't let me stand here in the rain,
Let me into your little room.

Sie: Der Sturm nicht, der in Nächten droht,
Bringt irrem Wanderer grössre Not,
Als einem Mädchen jung und rot
Der Männer süsse Schmeichelei'n.

Er: Wehrest du, Liebchen, mir solche Huld,
So tötet mich die Ungeduld,
Und meines frühen Todes Schuld
Triffst dich allein, ja dich allein.

Sie: Nein, nein, nein, nein,
Ich lass dich nicht ein.
Das Vöglein auch, das singt und fliegt,
Von Vogelstellers List besiegt,
Zuletzt in böse Schlingen fällt, ruft:
O traue nicht dem Schein!

Er: O lass mich ein die eine Nacht ...
Sie: Nein, nein, nein, ich öffne nicht ...

She: Storms that threaten in the night
Cause wanderers who have lost their way
Less danger than the sweet flattery of men
Causes a young and ruddy girl.

He: If you don't grant me such a favour, my love,
Impatience will be the end of me,
And you alone, yes, you alone
Will be the cause of my early death.

She: No, no, no, no,
I shall not let you in
The little bird that sings and flies,
When he falls prey to the fowler's wiles,
And is finally trapped in his evil snares, cries:
Appearances are deceptive!

He: O let me in for just one night ...
She: No, no, no, I shall not open up ...

Robert Burns (1759-1796)
Deutsch: Wilhelm Gerhard

MAURICE RAVEL (1875-1937)

5 **Mélodies populaires grecques**

I. **Chanson de la mariée**

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

Awake, awake, my darling partridge,
Open to the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks; my heart is on fire!
See the ribbon of gold that I bring
To tie round your hair.
If you want, my beauty, we shall marry!
In our two families, everyone is related!

II. **Là-bas, vers l'église**

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Yonder, by the church,
By the church of Ayio Sidero,
The church, O blessed Virgin,
The church of Ayio Costanndino,
There are gathered,
Assembled in numbers infinite,
The world's, O blessed Virgin,
All the world's most decent folk!

III. Quel gallant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu ...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

What gallant compares with me,
Among those one sees passing by?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!

See, hanging on my belt,
My pistols and my curved sword.
And it is you whom I love!

IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

O joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure which is so dear to me,
Joy of my soul and heart,
You whom I love ardently,
You are more handsome than an angel.
O when you appear,
Angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a fine, blond angel,
Under the bright sun,
Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!

V. Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la ...

Everyone is joyful, joyful!
Beautiful legs, trala, which dance,
Beautiful legs; even the dishes are dancing!
Tra la la, la la la!

Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877-1944)

Translations by Emily Ezust

MEIRION WILLIAMS (1901-1976)

Pan ddaw'r Nôs

Pan ddaw'r nôs a'i bysedd tawel
i ddadwneud cylymau'r dydd,
Bydd yr hwyliau yn yr awel
A meddyliau'n mynd yn rhydd.

Ni gawn ado'r glannau llwydion,
a phryderon dynion byw,
A bydd gofal ein breuddwydion
Ar yr angel wrth y llyw.

Yn ddiidwrf mewn myrdd ofydoedd
Noffia'r nefoedd heibioi ni.
A darlunir i'n hysbrydoedd
Nefoedd arall yn y lli.

O mor esmwyth, o mor dawel
Fydd mordwy o gyda'r nos,
Mynd o flaen rhyw ddyfol awel
Adref at y wawrddydd dlos.

When the night, with silent fingers
comes to free the fettered day,
Unfolding sails catch the breezes
and the spirit floats away.

We forsake life's cloudy margins
and its death-laden dwellings.
And our pilot on the voyage
is an angel, steering true.

All the heavens drift by and vanish,
Countless planets cease to be
But the heaven of immortal souls
rises yonder o'er the sea.

O how smoothly, o how gently
our vessel glides through the night,
borne along by hallowed breezes
homeward to the Land of Light.

Geirian Elfed

Translation by Dewi Emrys

Cwm Pennant

Yng nghe sail y moelydd unig
Cwm tecaf y cymoedd yw.-
Cynefin y carlwm a'r Cadno
A hendref yr hebog a'i ryw.

Ni feddaf led troed o hono,
Na chymaint â dafad na chi;
Ond byddaf yn teimlo fin nos wrth fy nhân
Mai arglwydd y cwm y dwyf fi.

Hoff gennyf fy mwthyn uncorn
A weli'n y ceunant draw
A'r gwyngalch fel ôd ar ei bared,
Allwyni y llusar bob llaw:

Os isel y drwsi fynd iddo,
Mae beunydd a bythled y pen:
A thincial eu clychau ar bwys y tŷ
Bob tymor, mae dwyffrwd wen.

Encompassed by lonely mountains
the fairest of valleys lies -
A haven of charm and enchantment:
glowing beneath the blue skies of summer.

By meadow and grove I wander
till the shades of night veil my sight,
and often by my hearth, when I would rest alone,
I recall these joys with delight.

Yonder see my lowly cottage
which nestles beside the fall,
with walls which are white as snow-drifts,
its portals bid a welcome to all.

The threshold is humble and lowly,
but always the hearth glows,
and tinkling their joybells close by the door,
each season, the streamlets flow.

Mi garaf hen gwm fy maboed
Tra medraf fi garu dim:
Mae ef a'i le chweddau'n myned
O hyd yn fwy annwyl im:

A byddaf yn gofyn bob gwawrddydd
A'm troed ar y talgrib lle tyr,
Pam, Arglwydd, y gwnaethost Gym Pennant mor
dlws,
A bywyd hen fugail mor fyr?

Eifion Wyn

My valley for ever remains
the joy of my inmost soul;
its beauty and rugged splendour
will enthrall my heart for ever.

Each day at dawning, I ponder,
as firmly I pledge my belief,
Why, Lord, did you make my valley so fair
and yet my life span so brief?

Anon

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)

Volkslied, Op.63 No.5

O säh' ich auf der Haide dort
Im Sturme dich, im Sturme dich,
Mit meinem Mantel vor dem Sturm
Beschützt' ich dich, beschützt' ich dich!
O, kommt mit seinen Stürmen je
Dir Unglück nah, dir Unglück nah,
Dann ist dies Herz dein Zufluchtsort,
Gern theilt' ich's ja, gern theilt' ich's ja!

O wär' ich in der Wüste, die
So öd und dürr, so öd und dürr,
Zum Paradiese würde sie,
Wärst du bei mir, wärst du bei mir.
Und wär ein König ich, und wär
Die Erde mein, die Erde mein,
Du wärst in meiner Krone doch
Der schönste Stein, der schönste Stein.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)
Deutsch: Ferdinand Freiligrath

Ah, could I but see you there on the heath,
In the storm, in the storm!
I'd shelter you, shelter you
From the storm with my cloak!
Ah, if misfortune, if misfortune
Should ever storm around you,
This heart shall be your refuge,
Which I'll gladly, gladly share with you.

Ah, were I ever in the desert,
So barren and bare, so barren and bare,
It would become a paradise,
If you, if you were by my side.
And if I were a king, and if
The earth, the earth were mine,
You in my crown would then be
The fairest jewel, the fairest jewel!

FANNY MENDELSSOHN (1805-1847)

Suleika und Hatem

Suleika: An des lust'gen Brunnens Rand,
Der in Wasserfäden spielt,
Wußt ich nicht was fest mich hielt.
Doch da war von deiner Hand
Meine Chiffer leis gezogen,
Nieder blickt ich, dir gewogen.

Suleika: On the edge of the merry fountain,
Which toys with threads of water,
I did not know what held me;
But there your hand
Had softly drawn my initial,
I looked down, full of feeling for you.

Hier, am Ende des Kanals
Der gereihten Hauptallee,
Blick ich wieder in die Höh,
Und da seh ich abermals
Meine Lettern fein gezogen:
Bleibe, bleibe mir gewogen!

Hatem: Möge Wasser springend, wallend,
Die Zypresse dir gestehn:
Von Suleika zu Suleika
Ist mein Kommen und mein Gehn!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Here, at the end of the canal
Of the lined avenue,
I gaze up once more,
And there I see again
My letters, finely drawn:
Stay, oh stay full of feeling for me!

Hatem: May the water, leaping, surging,
May the cypress confess to you:
From Suleika to Suleika
Is all my coming and my going!

Translations by Richard Stokes

MENDELSSOHN

'So kehrest du wieder' from *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, Op.10 No.3

Lucinda:

So kehrst du wieder,
Geliebter, mir treu?

So you are here again,
My love, true as ever?

Vivaldo:

So Liebe, wie Lieder
Sind ewig dir treu.

My songs, like my love,
Are true to you for ever

Lucinda:

Studenten, Soldaten sind leichter Natur...

Students and soldiers are fickle by nature...

Vivaldo:

Poeten, Soldaten sind Liebende nur...

Poets and soldiers are lovers at heart.

Vivaldo:

Sie singen, sie wandern,
Sie fechten um Herzen,
Wenn alle die andern
Nur kaufen und scherzen.

They sing, they roam,
And they fight for hearts,
When all others merely
Jest and barter.

Ludinda / Vivaldo:

Und haben sie's Liebchen,
wird Hochzeit bestellt;
sie finden im Stübchen
die ganze weite Welt.

And when they have found their beloved,
A wedding is arranged,
And in their little home
They find the whole wide world.

Lucinda:

So Kehrest du wieder...

So you are here again...

Vivaldo:

So Liebe, wie Lieder...

My songs, like my love...

Friedrich Voigts (1792-1861)

Hazel McBain is a Scottish soprano who has recently graduated with distinction from the opera course at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland under the tuition of Wilma MacDougall. On graduating, she received the Ian Smith of Stornoway Award. Hazel previously graduated with a first class honours from the Royal College of Music, where she studied with Kathleen Livingstone. Recent engagements include Elvira (Cover) *L'italiana in Algeri* (Garsington Opera Festival), Musetta *La bohème* (Edinburgh Grand Opera), Despina (Cover) *Così fan tutte*, Kätchen *Werther* (Scottish Opera), Vixen *The Cunning Little Vixen* (British Youth Opera), Susanna *Le nozze di Figaro*, Papagena *Die Zauberflöte*, Minerva *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*, Servilia *La clemenza di Tito*, Lisette *La Rondine*, and Anne Page *Sir John in Love* (Royal Conservatoire of Scotland).

Hazel is delighted to be The John Mather Charitable Trust Scottish Opera Emerging Artist for 2016/17 as which she will sing the roles of Gianetta *L'elisir d'amore*, Caterina *L'amico Fritz* and Fräulein Bürstner/Leni in Philip Glass' *The Trial*.

Hazel is very grateful to the Gillespie Trust for their support.

Emma Kerr is The Robertson Trust Scholarship Scottish Opera Emerging Artist, 2016/17. She was born in Edinburgh and completed her undergraduate and postgraduate training at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, graduating with distinction. She has just completed the Opera course at the GSMD. Last Summer she was a Jerwood Young Artist at Glyndebourne, where she sang Shepherd *L'enfant et les sortilèges*.

Scottish Opera appearances: Peep-Bo *The Mikado*, 2nd Wood Nymph *Rusalka*, title role cover *Ariodante*, Mercédès cover *Carmen*, Dorabella *Così fan tutte*.

Operatic engagements include: Prue *The Dancing Master* by Malcolm Arnold - world stage premiere, Cristina *I pazzi per progetto* by Donizetti - UK premiere (GSMD); Ninetta *The Little Green Swallow* by Jonathan Dove (British Youth Opera); Chair/Cat/Squirrel *L'enfant et les sortilèges* (London Schools Symphony Orchestra); Nurse Annie Drummond *Unknown Doors* by Iain Burnside - world premiere (Barbican Pit Theatre).

Tenor **Elgan Llyr Thomas** is a Scottish Opera Emerging Artist 2016/17. From North Wales, he graduated from the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester and completed his MA degree at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, continuing his studies on the GSMD Opera course. In 2012 he was one of the first recipients of a Study Award from the Bryn Terfel Foundation, and went on to win four awards at that year's National Eisteddfod of Wales.

Scottish Opera appearances: Nemorino *The Elixir of Love*. This season he will also appear with Scottish Opera as Titorelli/Flogger/Student in *The Trial* and on the *Opera Highlights* tour.

Operatic engagements include: title role *Albert Herring* (RNCM); Johnny Inkslinger *Paul Bunyan* (Welsh National Youth Opera); Macduff *Macbeth*, Count Almaviva *The Barber of Seville* (OPRA Cymru, Mananan International Festival); Florindo *Le donne curiose* by Wolf-Ferrari, Male Chorus *The Rape of Lucretia* (GSMD).

Derek Clark was born in Glasgow and studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, Durham University and London Opera Centre. He joined Welsh National Opera's music staff in 1977 as a répétiteur and staff conductor, and joined Scottish Opera as Head of Music in 1997.

Scottish Opera appearances: *Samson*, *The Magic Flute*, *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Così fan tutte*, *The Barber of Seville*, *The Italian Girl in Algiers*, *Fidelio*, *Rigoletto*, *Il trovatore*, *La traviata*, *Macbeth*, *Falstaff*, *Orpheus in the Underworld*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *the Mikado*, *Carmen*, *Manon*, *La bohème*, *Tosca*, *Madama Butterfly*, *Eugene Onegin*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *Inés de Castro*, *Five:15* (2008-10), *The Lady from the Sea* (world premiere), *Clemency* (Scottish premiere).

For Scottish Opera he has re-orchestrated *Hansel and Gretel*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Cinderella*, *Carmen* and *Rodelinda*. Elsewhere he has assisted Sir Roger Norrington and Richard Egarr at the Edinburgh International Festival, and also works as a guest coach, accompanist and composer. Since 2011 he has been Music Director of Dundee Choral Union.

At the RCS, Derek has conducted the world premiere of Rory Boyle's '*Kasper Hauser - Child of Europe*' and a double bill of Stravinsky's '*Mavra*' and Walton's '*the Bear*' for the RCS!

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.

