

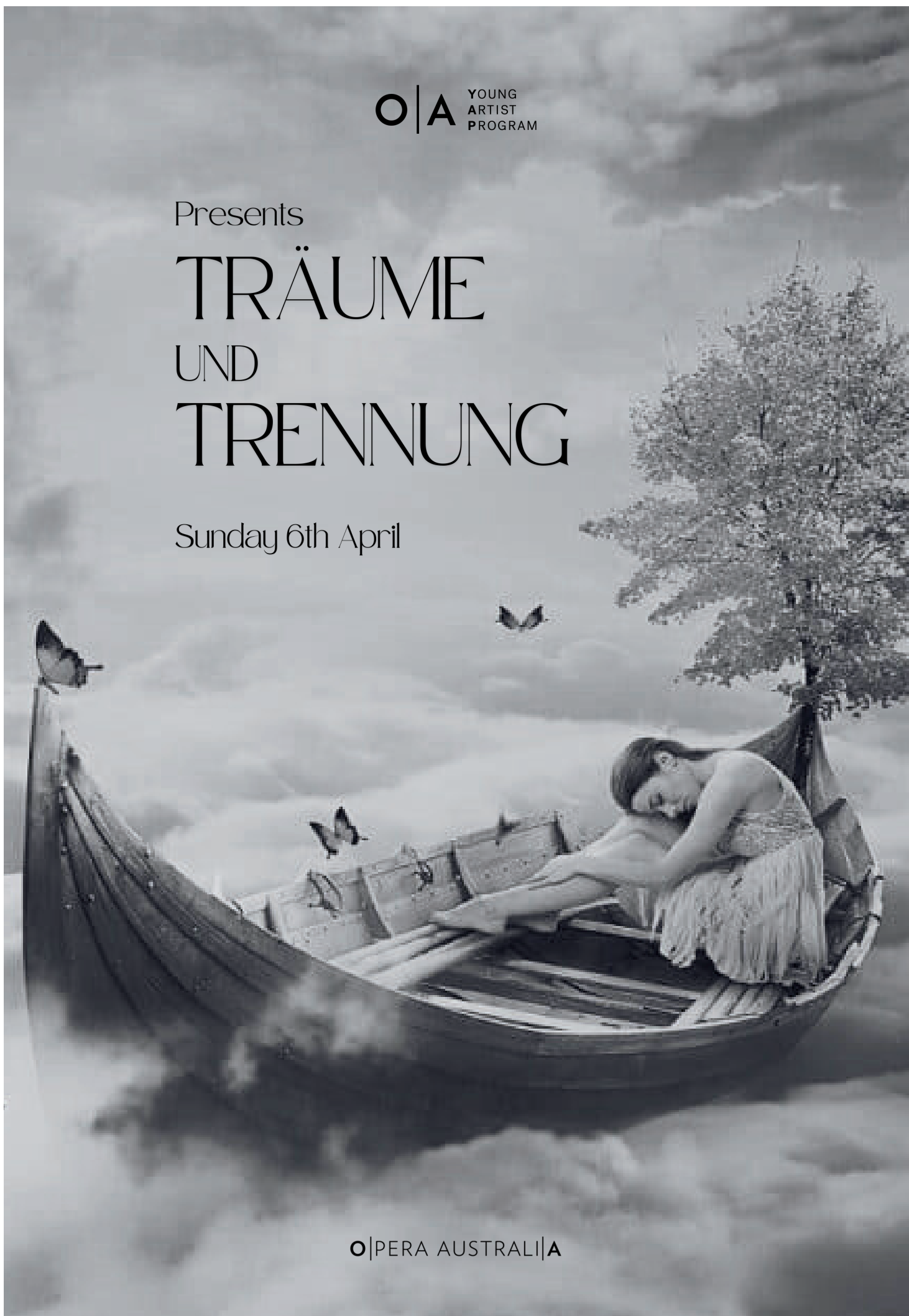
O|A YOUNG
ARTIST
PROGRAM

Presents

TRÄUME UND TRENNUNG

Sunday 6th April

O|PERA AUSTRALI|A



TRÄUME UND TRENNUNG

Dreams and Parting

Liederabend (Song Evening)
Sunday 6 April 2025, 6:30pm
Goethe-Institut Sydney

PROGRAM

Felix Mendelssohn	Pagenlied (Joseph von Eichendorff) Es weiss und räth es doch Keiner (Joseph Eichendorff)
W.A. Mozart	Das Lied der Trennung (Klamer Eberhard Schmidt) Abendempfindung (Poet unknown)
Franz Schubert	Die junge Nonne (Jacob Nikolaus Craigher de Jachelutta)
Johannes Brahms	Agnes (Eduard Mörike) Nachklang (Klaus Groth)
Franz Schubert	Nacht und Träume (Matthäus von Collin)
Johannes Brahms	3 Songs from Romanzen aus Ludwig Tiecks "Die schöne Magelone" iv. Liebe kam aus fernen Landen xii. Muß es eine Trennung geben x. Verzweiflung
Alexander Zemlinsky	Sechs Gesänge Op. 13 (Maurice Maeterlinck) i. Die drie Schwestern ii. Die Mädchen mit den verbundenen Augen iii. Lied der Jungfrau iv. Als ihr Geliebter schied v. Und kehrt er einst heim vi. Sie kam zum Schloß gegangen
Johannes Brahms	From Sechs Quartette Op. 112 (Franz Kugler) ii. Nächstens i. Sehnsucht

PERFORMERS

(in order of appearance)

Leon Vitogiannis, baritone

Francis Greep, piano

Chelsea Burns, soprano

Elias Wilson, tenor

Shikara Ringdahl, mezzo- soprano

Tanja Binggeli, Guest German Coach

Claudia Osborne, Director

ABOUT THE ARTISTS



Coming from country Western Australia, **Chelsea Burns** never imagined opera would be a part of her life. She grew up playing sport with her father and singing in choirs and musicals with her mother and sister. A transformative event for her was the day she saw a touring production of Opera Australia's *Carmen*. She was blown away by the music, the voices, the spectacle and the experience. Pursuing a degree in Classical Music had her falling in love with opera, the music's story-telling and the complex characters, a passion that was singled out and fostered by her acting teacher.

This is one of the reasons that she so admires the artistry of Maria Callas, a true singing actress. Chelsea has been lucky enough to sing and cover some amazing roles, her favourites; Puccini's *Tosca* and Dvorak's *Rusalka*. In 2024, Chelsea was able to draw on her extensive dance training as she also performed as the Second Wood Nymph in a heavily choreographed production of *Rusalka*.



Chinese-Australian mezzo-soprano **Shikara Ringdahl** is a graduate of the Queensland Conservatorium Griffith University (QCGU) and holds a Bachelor of Music. She made her professional debut with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra singing Elgar's *Sea Pictures* Op. 37 under the baton of Benjamin Northey and was the first vocalist invited by the SSO to tour with the orchestra in their 80 years of regional touring. Shikara was a Young Artist with Opera Queensland in 2023/2024 and has previously been a resident Young Artist with the Israeli Opera's Meitar Opera Studio.

For Opera Queensland Shikara has appeared in the statewide tour of "Do We Need Another Hero?", Festival of Outback Opera, as Second Witch in *Dido and Aeneas* and as Second Apparition in *Macbeth*. She has also performed with the QQ chorus in *Macbeth*, *Così fan tutte*, *Aida*, *Dido and Aeneas* and *Eucalyptus*. Shikara's other opera credits include *Der Komponist* in Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos* conducted by Simone Young AM, Larina in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* conducted by Richard Hetherington, and Mrs Herring in Britten's *Albert Herring*, directed by Bruce Beresford for QCGU and Brisbane Festival.



First Nations tenor **Elias Wilson** grew up in Western Sydney with parents who were children's entertainers. Between learning his mother's choreography at community musical theatre rehearsals and school holidays spent helping his father stage manage the live shows of *Play School* and *Bananas in Pajamas*, theatre was part of his every day. Despite this influence, Elias wasn't bitten by the showbiz bug until he was 22 when, having never seen an opera, George Torbay cast him in the chorus of *La Traviata* at Opera New England. The music had him hooked, and he knew right away he had to quit his call-centre job to enroll at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music.

Elias studied with Dr Rowena Cowley, and sang everything from Monteverdi to Musical Theatre. He finds the joy of music and opera in its diversity, and has since played classic romantic roles like Lysander and Nemorino, channeled gravitas and turmoil as an Elder in *The Visitors* or in excerpts of Peter Grimes, and relished the fun of rule-breaking character roles, adapting *Cendrillon*'s stepmother for Tenor as a monstrous bearded drag queen. In every role Elias finds something personal – a part of himself to take with him, on-stage and off.



Leon Vitogiannis is establishing himself as one of the most exciting baritones of his generation. After completing degrees at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music with Mr. Andrew Dalton and Dr. David Greco, Leon continues to build an impressive list of stage and concert credits. Leon's stage credits include; Figaro in Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*, Aeneas in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, Eisenstein in Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*, Count Almaviva in Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, Leporello in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and Mr. McC. in Foss' *Introductions and Goodbyes*. His concert appearances include; *Requiem* (Mozart), *Messiah* (Handel), *Ein Deutsches Requiem* (Brahms),

Requiem (Fauré), *Paulus* (Mendelssohn), *Crucifixion* (Stainer), and the Australian premiere of *Requiem for an Angel* (Carr). As Leon continues to expand his opera and oratorio repertoire, he also holds Lieder and Art Song to equal importance, focusing on the song cycles of Schubert, Schumann, and Mahler. Leon held a position as a Young Artist with Pacific Opera Studio in 2023 and 2024, working closely under Co-Artistic Directors, Cheryl Barker AO and Peter Coleman-Wright AO. Most recently, Leon was selected as an Opera Australia Young Artist in their 2025-2027 program.



Claudia Osborne is a director, writer and dramaturg. Claudia's work on stage and screen is heavily influenced by her visual arts training, often working in an image-led capacity, drawing on her background in visual arts to create distinctive theatrical landscapes. In 2014, torn between studying Creative Writing or Sculpture and Performance Art she began a double degree in Fine Arts and Arts at UNSW and UNSW Art and Design (formally COFA). In 2019 she completed a MFA in Directing for Performance at NIDA. Since then, Claudia has worked with Belvoir St Theatre, Sydney Theatre Company, Griffin Theatre Company and Bell Shakespeare. Claudia was a 2022 Gloria Payten and Gloria Dawn Foundation Fellow, giving her the opportunity to travel to Germany to work with Lydia Steir and the

Berlin Philharmonic on Strauss's *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*. What began as an observational role quickly turned into a formal assistant directing position – a true baptism by fire. In 2020, Claudia was one of four emerging practitioners who completed a three-month theatre residency as part of the Create NSW and Griffin Theatre Company Incubator Fellowship. In 2024, Claudia wrote and directed her first short film, *Rash*, which premiered at the Festival des Antipodes, Saint-Tropez in October. In 2025, she will direct/co-create Pedro Calderón de la Barca's *Life Is A Dream* across the road at Belvoir's downstairs theatre.



Through her years of working with vocal artists, **Tanja Binggeli** has developed techniques that are based on a comprehensive understanding of how people engage their breath, use their voice and how these things are affected by different energetic states, from apologetics to anxiety. Tanja's aim is to enable people to present well, and to communicate their message clearly and with authenticity. Over time, Tanja has distilled her broad understanding of the voice, breath and energy into solutions that can be simply communicated

and simply embodied by the speaker. This does not involve learning techniques to imitate a particular style, but learning how to settle into the sound and capacity of one's own voice. This is a truly satisfying and surprisingly simple practice. It is one of Tanja's great joys in life to see people communicating big ideas simply, developing a personal authority and sounding just like themselves.



Francis Greep is a highly sought-after vocal coach, recitalist, music director, and chorus master. He has worked extensively with Opera Australia and held key positions at West Australian Opera and Houston Grand Opera. Most recently, he served as Executive Director of The Song Company, Australia's national vocal ensemble. Francis rejoined Opera Australia last year as Head of Young Artists, where he is leading the company's revamped artist development program.

Internationally recognised for his expertise in preparing singers across classical styles, he brings a deep understanding of vocal production, languages, repertoire, and performance psychology. He holds postgraduate degrees in collaborative piano and opera from the University of Cincinnati, as well as a PhD from the University of Melbourne, where his groundbreaking research explores the role of the vocal coach in the development of emerging singers.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

PAGENLIED

Wenn die Sonne lieblich schiene
Wie in Welschland lau und blau,
Ging' ich mit der Mandoline
Durch die überglänzte Au'.

In der Nacht das Liebchen lauschte
An dem Fenster süß verwacht,
Wünschte mir und ihr, uns beiden,
Heimlich eine schöne Nacht.

Wenn die Sonne lieblich schiene
Wie in Welschland lau und blau,
Ging' ich mit der Mandoline
Durch die überglänzte Au'.

ES WEISS UND RÄT ES DOCH KEINER

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßt' es nur Einer, nur Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär'!

PAGE SONG

If the sun were to shine gently
As in Romandy, from warm, blue skies,
I would go with my mandoline
Through the sun-drenched meadow.

In the night my love would listen
From her window, sweetly awake,
And she would wish both of us,
In secret, a lovely night.

If the sun were to shine gently
As in Romandy, from warm, blue skies,
I would go with my mandoline
Through the sun-drenched meadow.

NO ONE KNOWS AND NO ONE CAN GUESS

No one knows and no one can guess
How happy I am, how happy!
If only one, just one person knew,
No one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,
Nor are the stars on high
So still and taciturn
As my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird,
And could fly across the sea,
Across the sea and further,
Until I were in heaven!

DAS LIED DER TRENNUNG

Die Engel Gottes weinen,
Wo liebende sich trennen!
Wie werd ich leben können,
O Mädchen, ohne dich?
Ein Fremdling allen Freuden,
Leb' ich fortan dem Leiden!
Und du? - - Vielleicht auf ewig
Vergißt Luisa mich!

Ich kann sie nicht vergessen!
Ihr Singen, Gott! ihr Singen! - -
Indem sie sang, vergingen
Die Welten all' um mich!
Ach! Ohr und Herz erklangen
Mit süßem, wirren Bängen!
Und du? - - Vielleicht auf ewig
Vergißt Luisa mich!

Vergessen raubt in Stunden,
Was Liebe Jahrlang spendet!
Wie eine Hand sich wendet,
So wenden Herzen sich!
Wenn neue Huldigungen
Mein Bild bey ihr verdrängen,
O Gott! vielleicht auf ewig
Vergißt Luisa mich!

Ach! denk' an unser Scheiden!
Dieß thränenlose Schweigen,
Dieß Auf- und Niedersteigen
Des Herzens drücke dich,
Wie schweres Geisterscheinen,
Wirst du wen anders meinen,
Wirst du mich einst vergessen,
Vergessen Gott und dich!

Ach! denk' an unser Scheiden!
Dieß Denkmal unter Küssen
Auf meinen Mund gebissen,
Das richte mich und dich!
Dies Denkmal auf dem Munde,
Komm' ich, zur Geisterstunde,
Mich, warnend, anzu.

ABENDEMPFINDUNG

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu –
Schließ' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab;
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

THE SONG OF SEPARATION

God's angels weep
when lovers part,
how can I go on living,
o my dear, without you?
A stranger to all joys
henceforth I live to suffer!
And you? Possibly forever
Luisa will forget me!

I cannot forget her!
Her singing—God! Her singing!
As she sang, all the worlds
vanished around me!
Ah! Ear and heart resounded
with sweet, confused longing!
And you?—Perhaps forever
Luisa forgets me!

Oblivion robs within hours
what love bestows within years.
Like the turn of a hand
such is the turn of a heart.
When new courtships
have supplanted me in her heart,
o God, then Luisa will possibly forget me forever.

Alas, remember our parting!
That tearless silence,
that throbbing of the heart
may weigh you down
like a burdening nightmare;
will you think of someone else,
will you forget me some day,
forget God and yourself?

Alas, remember our parting!
This token, bitten amid kisses
onto my mouth
may judge me and you!
With this memento on my lips
I will come in the witching hour,
to be you a warning,
that she puts me out of her mind!

EVENING SENSATION

It's the evening, the sun has disappeared,
And the moon shines its silver light;
So life's sweetest hours fly by,
Flys by as in a dance!

Soon flees life's colourful scene,
And the curtain will fall.
Our play is ended! A friend's tear
Flows already on our grave.

Soon perhaps (to me blows, like west wind softly,
A premonition will reach me
And I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
Fly to the land of rest.

If you then weep by my grave
And grieve over my ashes,
Then, dear friends, I shall appear to you
Bringing a breath of heaven.

May you shed a tear for me
And pluck a violet for my grave;
And let your compassionate look
Look tenderly down on me.

Consecrate a tear to me, and ah!
Be not ashamed to do so;
In my diadem it shall become
The fairest pearl of all.

DIE JUNGE NONNE

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.

Horch, friedlich ertönt das Glöcklein vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.
Alleluia!

AGNES

Rosenzeit! Wie schnell vorbei,
Schnell vorbei,
Bist du doch gegangen!
Wär mein Lieb nur blieben treu,
Sollte mir nicht bangen.

Um die Ernte wohlgemut,
Wohlgemut,
Schnitterinnen singen.
Aber ach! mir kranken Blut,
Will nichts mehr gelingen.

Schleiche so durchs Wiesental,
So durchs Tal,
Als im Traum verloren,
Nach dem Berg, da tausendmal,
Er mir Treu geschworen.

Oben auf des Hügels Rand,
Abgewant.
Wein ich bei der Linde;
An dem Hut mein Rosenband,
Von seiner Hand,
Spielet in dem Winde.

NACHKLANG

Regentropfen aus den Bäumen
Fallen in das grüne Gras
Tränen meiner trüben Augen
Machen mir die Wange naß

Wenn die Sonne wieder scheint
Wird der Rasen doppelt grün:
Doppelt wird auf meinen Wangen
Mir die heiße Träne glühn.

NACHT UND TRÄUME

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkst nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder.

THE YOUNG NUN

How the howling storm roars through the treetops.
It clatters the rafters, it trembles the whole house.
The thunder rumbles and the lightning blazes,
and the night is dark, like the grave.

Yet, recently a storm also raged in me!
My life roared just like the storm now,
my limbs trembled like the house now,
my love flamed like the lightning now,
and dark was my heart, like the grave.

Now rage, you wild, massive storm.
In my heart is peace, in my heart is calm.
The loving bride awaits the groom,
cleansed in testing fire,
betrothed in eternal love.

I await my Saviour with a longing gaze!
Come, heavenly groom, take the bride,
release my soul from earthly imprisonment.

Listen, the little bell sounds peacefully from the tower!
Its sweet sound lures me
to all powerful eternal heights.
Hallelujah!

AGNES

Time of roses! How quickly by,
Quickly by
You have gone!
Had my love only stayed true,
Then I should fear nothing.

At the harvest, cheerfully,
Cheerfully,
The reaping women sing.
But ah! my sick heart,
does not seem to work anymore.

I sneak through the meadow valley,
Through the valley,
As if lost in a dream,
Up to the mountain. Where a thousand times,
He swore to me to be true.

Above on the top of the hill,
Turned away,
I cry into the lime tree;
On my hat the wreath of roses,
That he made for me,
Flutters in the wind.

RESONANCE

Raindrops from the trees
fall into the green grass,
tears from my cloudy eyes
make my cheeks wet.

When the sun shines again,
the grass will be twice as green:
and on my cheeks, my tears will
glow twice as hot.

NIGHT AND DREAMS

Holy night, you sink down;
dreams also sink down,
like your moonlight through the rooms,
through the people's silent breasts.

They listen with pleasure;
calling out when the day wakes:
Come back, holy night,
lovely dreams, come back.

LIEBE KAM AUS FERNEN LANDEN

Liebe kam aus fernen Landen
Und kein Wesen folgte ihr,
Und die Göttin winkte mir,
Schlang mich ein mit süßen Banden.

Da begann ich Schmerz zu fühlen,
Tränen dämmerten den Blick:
"Ach! was ist der Liebe Glück"
Klagt' ich, "wozu dieses Spielen?"

"Keinen hab' ich weit gefunden,"
Sagte lieblich die Gestalt,
"Fühle du nun die Gewalt,
Die die Herzen sonst gebunden."

Alle meine Wünsche flogen
In der Lüfte blauen Raum,
Ruhm schien mir ein Morgentraum,
Nur ein Klang der Meereswogen.

Ach! wer löst nun meine Ketten?
Denn gefesselt ist der Arm,
Mich umfleucht der Sorgen Schwarm;
Keiner, keiner will mich retten?

Darf ich in den Spiegel schauen,
Den die Hoffnung vor mir hält?
Ach, wie trügend ist die Welt!
Nein, ich kann ihr nicht vertrauen.

O, und dennoch laß nicht wanken,
Was dir nur noch Stärke gibt,
Wenn die Einzige dich nicht liebt,
Bleib nur bittre Tod dem Kranken.

MUSS ES EINE TRENNUNG GEBEN

Muss es eine Trennung geben,
Die das treue Herz zerbricht?
Nein, dies nenne ich nicht leben,
Sterben ist so bitter nicht.

Hör ich eines Schäfers Flöte,
Härme ich mich inniglich,
Seh ich in die Abendröte,
Denk ich brünstiglich an dich.

Gibt es denn kein wahres Lieben?
Muss denn Schmerz und Trennung sein?
Wär ich ungeliebt geblieben,
Hätt ich doch noch Hoffnungsschein.

Aber so muss ich nun klagen:
Wo ist Hoffnung, als das Grab?
Fern muss ich mein Elend tragen,
Heimlich bricht das Herz mir ab.

VERZWEIFLUNG

So tönet denn, schäumende Wellen,
Und windet euch rund um mich her!
Mag Unglück doch laut um mich bellen,
Erbost sein das grausame Meer!

Ich lache den stürmenden Wettern,
Verachte den Zorngrimm der Flut,
O mögen mich Felsen zerschmettern!
Denn nimmer wird es gut.

Nicht klag ich, und mag ich nun scheitern,
In wäßrigen Tiefen vergehn!
Mein Blick wird sich nie mehr erheitern,
Den Stern meiner Liebe zu sehn.

So wälzt euch bergab mit Gewittern,
Und raset, ihr Stürme, mich an,
Daß Felsen an Felsen zersplittern!
Ich bin ein verlorener Mann.

LOVE CAME FROM FAR-OFF LANDS

Love came from far-off lands
And no one followed her,
And the goddess beckoned me,
Binding me in sweet bonds.

Then I began to feel pain,
Tears dimmed my eyes:
'Ah! what is love's happiness',
I lamented, 'why this dallying?'

'Far and wide no man I've found,'
Said the vision lovingly,
'Now you shall feel the force
That once bound heart to heart.'

All my desires flew
Into the blue realm of breezes,
Fame seemed but a morning dream,
The sound of ocean waves.

Ah! who shall now loosen my chains?
For my arms are fettered,
Sorrows swarm all around me;
Will no one, no one rescue me?

Dare I look into the mirror
That hope holds up before me?
Ah! how deceptive is the world!
No, I cannot trust it.

And yet, do not allow
Your sole source of strength to falter,
If your only love does not love you,
For the sick only bitter death remains.

MUST THERE BE A PARTING

Must there be a parting
That breaks the faithful heart?
No, I cannot call this living,
Dying is not so bitter.

When I hear a shepherd's pipe,
I suffer endless anguish,
When I see the setting sun,
I think ardently of you.

Does true love then not exist?
Must there be pain and parting?
Had I remained unloved,
I should still have a gleam of hope.

But this must now be my lament:
Where is hope but in the grave?
I must bear my grief far away,
Secretly my heart is breaking.

DESPERATION

Resound, then, foaming waves,
And coil yourselves around me!
Let misfortune rage loud around me,
And let the cruel sea roar!

I scoff at the raging gales,
Scorn the fury of the flood,
If only rocks would dash me to pieces!
For I shall never thrive.

I shall not complain, though I now founder,
And perish in watery depths!
Nevermore shall my gaze be cheered
By the sight of my love's star.

So thunder down the mountainside,
And rage at me, you storms,
So that rock shatters on rock!
I am a lost man.

DIE DREI SCHWESTERN

Die drei Schwestern wollten sterben,
Setzten auf die güldnen Kronen,
Gingen sich den Tod zu holen.
Wähten ihn im Walde wohnen:
„Wald, so gib uns, dass wir sterben,
Sollst drei güldne Kronen erben.“
Da begann der Wald zu lachen
Und mit einem Dutzend Küssen
Liess er sie die Zukunft wissen.

Die drei Schwestern wollten sterben,
Wähten Tod im Meer zu finden,
Pilgerten drei Jahre lang.
„Meer, so gib uns, dass wir sterben,
Sollst drei güldne Kronen erben.“
Da begann das Meer zu weinen,
Liess mir dreimal hundert Küssen
Die Vergangenheit sie wissen.

Die drei Schwestern wollten sterben,
Lenkten nach der Stadt die Schritte;
Lag auf einer Insel Mitte.
„Stadt, so gib uns, dass wir sterben,
Sollst drei güldne Kronen erben.“
Und die Stadt tat auf die Tore
Und mit heissen Liebesküssen
Liess die Gegenwart sie wissen.

DIE MÄDCHEN MIT DEN VERBUNDENEN AUGEN

Die Mädchen mit den verbundenen Augen
(Tut ab die goldenen Binden!)
Die Mädchen mit den verbundenen Augen
Wollten ihr Schicksal finden.

Haben zur Mittagsstunde das Schloss
(Lasst an die goldenen Binden!)
Haben zur Mittagsstunde das Schloss
Geöffnet im Wiesengrunde.

Haben das Leben gegrüsst,
(Zieht fester die goldenen Binden!)
Haben das Leben gegrüsst,
Ohne hinaus zu finden.

LIED DER JUNGFAU

Allen weinenden Seelen,
Aller nahenden Schuld
Offn' ich im Sternenzanze
Meine Hände voll Huld.

Alle Schuld wird zunichte
Vor der Liebe Gebet,
Keine Seele kann sterben,
Die weinend gefleht.

Verirrt sich die Liebe
Auf irdischer Flur,
So weisen die Tränen
Zu mir ihre Spur.

ALS IHR GELIEBTER SCHIED

Als ihr Geliebter schied,
(Ich hörte die Türe gehn),
Als ihr Geliebter schied,
Da hab ich sie weinen gesehn.

Doch als er wieder kam,
(Ich hörte des Lichtes Schein),
Doch als er wieder kam,
War ein anderer daheim.

Und ich sah den Tod,
(Mich streifte sein Hauch),
Und ich sah den Tod,
Der erwartet ihn auch.

THE THREE SISTERS

The three sisters wished to die,
Put on their golden crowns,
Went out to discover death.
Imagined he dwelt in the forest:
'Forest, if you permit us to die,
You shall inherit three golden crowns.'
At which the forest began to laugh,
And with a dozen kisses
Revealed to them the future.

The three sisters wished to die,
Imagined they'd find death in the sea,
Pilgrimage for three years.
'Sea, if you permit us to die,
You shall inherit three golden crowns.'
At which the sea began to weep,
And with three hundred kisses
Revealed to them the past.

The three sisters wished to die,
Made their way towards a town
In the middle of an island.
'Town, if you permit us to die,
You shall inherit three golden crowns.'
And the town opened its gates,
And with passionate, loving kisses
Revealed to them the present.

THE GIRLS WITH BLINDFOLDED EYES

The girls with blindfolded eyes
(Put away those golden bandages!)
The girls with blindfolded eyes
Wished to discover their destiny...

And at noon they opened
(Leave on those golden bandages!)
And at noon they opened
The castle gates in the meadow...

They greeted life
(Tighten those golden bandages!)
They greeted life
Without finding their way out.

SONG OF THE VIRGIN

To every weeping soul,
To all beset by guilt,
I, surrounded by stars,
Open my hands full of grace.

All guilt dissolves
Before the prayers of love,
No soul can die
That has entreated in tears.

If love goes astray
On the meadows of this earth,
Its tears will find
The way to me.

WHEN HER LOVER DEPARTED

When her lover departed,
(I heard the door close),
When her lover departed,
I saw her weeping...

But when he returned,
(I heard the lamp flare),
But when he returned,
Another man was there...

And I saw death,
(Breathing on me gently),
And I saw death,
Waiting for him too.

UND KEHRT ER EINST HEIM

Und kehrt er einst heim,
Was sag ich ihm dann?
Sag, ich hätte geharrt,
Bis das Leben verrann.

Wenn er weiter fragt,
Und erkennt mich nicht gleich?
Sprich als Schwester zu ihm;
Er leidet vielleicht.

Wenn er fragt, wo du seist,
Was geb ich ihm an?
Mein Goldring gib,
Und sieh ihn stumm an...

Will er wissen,
Warum so verlassen das Haus?
Zeig die offene Tür,
Sag, das Licht ging aus.

Wenn er weiter fragt,
Nach der letzten Stund'...
Sag, aus Furcht, dass er weint,
Lächelte mein Mund.

SIE KAM ZUM SCHLOSS GEGANGEN

Sie kam zum Schloss gegangen
— Die Sonne erhob sich kaum —
Sie kam zum Schloss gegangen,
Die Ritter blickten mit Bangen
Und es schwiegen die Frauen.

Sie blieb vor der Pforte stehen,
— Die Sonne erhob sich kaum —
Sie blieb vor der Pforte stehen,
Man hörte die Königin gehen
Und der König fragte sie:

Wohin gehst du? Wohin gehst du?
— Gib acht in dem Dämmerchein! —
Wohin gehst du? Wohin gehst du?
Harrt drunten jemand dein?
Sie sagte nicht ja noch nein.

Sie stieg zur Fremden hernieder,
— Gib acht in dem Dämmerchein! —
Sie stieg zu der Fremden hernieder,
Sie schloss sie in ihre Arme ein.
Die beiden sagten nicht ein Wort
Und gingen eilends fort.

NÄCHTENS

Nächtens wachen auf die irren,
Lügenmächtgen Spukgestalten,
Welche deinen Sinn verwirren.

Nächtens ist im Blumegarten
Reif gefallen, dass vergebens
Du der Blumen würdest warten.

Nächtens haben Gram und Sorgen
In dein Herz sich eingenistet,
Und auf Tränen blickt der Morgen.

SEHNSUCHT

Es rinnen die Wasser Tag und Nacht,
Deine Sehnsucht wacht.
Du gedenkest der vergangenen Zeit,
Du liegt so weit.

Du siehst hinaus in den Morgenschein,
Und bist allein.
Es rinnen die Wasser Tag und Nacht,
Deine Sehnsucht wacht.

AND IF HE RETURNS ONE DAY

And if he returns one day,
What shall I tell him?
Tell him: I waited,
Till my life was spent.

If he asks more questions,
And fails at first to recognize me?
Talk to him as a sister;
Perhaps he'll be suffering...

If he asks where you are,
What answer shall I give?
Give him my golden ring,
And look at him in silence...

If he wants to know why,
The house is so deserted?
Show him the open door,
Say the light went out.

If he asks more questions,
About the final hour?
Say, lest he weep,
That I smiled.

SHE CAME TO THE CASTLE

She came to the castle,
— The sun had hardly risen —
She came to the castle,
The knights looked on in fear,
And the ladies fell silent.

She halted in front of the gate,
— The sun had hardly risen —
She halted in front of the gate,
The queen could be heard pacing,
And the king asked her:

Where are you bound? Where are you bound?
— Be wary in this twilight —
Where are you bound? Where are you bound?
Does someone wait for you below?
She answered neither yes nor no.

She descended to the unknown woman,
— Be wary in this twilight —
She descended to the unknown woman,
Who clasped her in her arms.
Neither of them said a word
And swiftly they hurried away.

AT NIGHT

At night awaken those wandering,
deceptive phantoms
that bewilder the mind.

At night in the flower garden
frost falls so that it is futile
to wait for flowers to bloom

At night grief and worry
nestle within your heart
and the morning gazes upon tears.

LONGING

The waters run day and night,
your yearning awakes.
You think for times past,
now so far away.

You gaze out into the morning light,
and are alone.
The waters run day and night,
your yearning awakes.

Thanks to Christoph Mücher and Jochen Gutsch for hosting us at the Goethe-Institut.

UPCOMING YOUNG ARTIST PERFORMANCES

Friday 11 April, 7pm
German Opera Scenes
The Opera Centre

Saturday 17 May
Elias Wilson and Leon Vitogiannis will perform in *Rossini in Paris*
Sydney Opera House

Wednesday 11 June, 7pm
French Opera Scenes
The Opera Centre

Sunday 15 June, 3pm
French Song Recital
The Church, Alexandria

For ticket information and upcoming performances email
youngartistprogram@opera.org.au

OPERA AUSTRALIA IS PROUD TO LAUNCH THE NEXT CHAPTER OF OUR YOUNG ARTIST PROGRAM,
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