

Lieder und Dichter*innen: An English Pastorale

Liederabend im Foyer

11. Oktober 2023, 20.00 Uhr

Mit Annika Schlicht, Matthew Newlin, Joel Allison,
John Parr und Alban Nikolai Herbst

Klassisches Kunstlied trifft moderne Lyrik

Die Veranstaltungsreihe in Zusammenarbeit mit dem Haus für Poesie vereint Liederabend und Lesung. An jedem der vier Abende im Foyer der Deutschen Oper Berlin stellt ein Dichter oder eine Dichterin eigene Werke vor, die in Bezug zu den Liedern des Programms stehen.

Haus_
für__
Poesie

Die Veranstaltung in der Reihe Lieder und Dichter*innen führt diesmal in das England der ersten Hälfte des 20. Jahrhunderts. Präsentiert werden unterschiedliche Lieder aus der Spät- und Spätest-Romantik, unter anderem von zwei der bedeutendsten Liedkomponisten ihrer Zeit: Ivor Gurney und George Butterworth. Ihr Leben weist viele zeittypische Parallelen auf: Beide vertonten Texte des Dichters und Gelehrten A. E. Housman aus dessen 1896 veröffentlichten Band „A Shropshire Lad“, beide waren eng verbunden mit dem berühmten Komponisten Ralph Vaughan Williams und beide kämpften im Ersten Weltkrieg. Butterworth fiel im Alter von erst 31 Jahren in der Schlacht an der Somme und Gurney verbrachte auf Grund einer „Kriegsneurose“ einen Großteil seines Lebens in psychiatrischen Anstalten. Einige der Housman-Vertonungen werden an diesem Abend gespielt, unter anderem Gurneys Liedzyklus „Ludlow and Teme“. Hinzu kommen Lieder von Frank Bridge und Arnold Bax.

Besetzung

<i>Mezzosopran</i>	Annika Schlicht
<i>Tenor</i>	Matthew Newlin
<i>Bariton</i>	Joel Allison
<i>Violine</i>	Magdalena Makowska
<i>Viola</i>	Manon Gerhardt
<i>Violoncello</i>	Stephan Buchmiller
<i>Klavier</i>	John Parr
<i>Dichter</i>	Alban Nikolai Herbst

Programm

Georg Butterworth [1885 – 1916]

Six Songs from a Shropshire Lad

- „Loveliest of trees“
- „When I was one-and-twenty“
- „Look not in my eyes“
- „Think no more, lad“
- „The lads in their hundreds“
- „Is my team ploughing“

– *Lesung* –

Arnold Bax [1883 – 1953]

- „Parting“
- „As I came over the grey, grey hills“
- „When I was one-and-twenty“
- „Beg-Innish“

– *Pause* –

Frank Bridge [1879 – 1941]

Three Songs with Viola

- „Far, far from each other“
- „Where is it that our soul doth go?“
- „Music, when soft voices die“

– *Lesung* –

Ivor Gurney [1890 – 1937]

- „Ludlow and Teme“
- „When smoke stood up from Ludlow“
- „Far in a western brookland“
- „'Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town“
- „Ludlow Fair“
- „On the idle hill of summer“
- „When I was one-and-twenty“
- „The lent lily“

Dauer 2 Stunden, eine Pause

Biografien

Alban Nikolai Herbst *Lesung*

Alban Nikolai Herbst wurde 1955 in Bensberg geboren. Er machte zunächst eine Lehre zum Rechtsanwalts- und Notarsgehilfen in Bremen und studierte später Philosophie, Geschichte und Sozialwissenschaften in Frankfurt am Main. Ab 1981 veröffentlichte er seine ersten Werke. Von 1987 bis 1992 war er angestellter Börsenmakler. Daneben gab er die literarische Zeitschrift „Dschungelblätter“ heraus. 1993 gelang ihm der Durchbruch als Schriftsteller mit seinem durch den Grimmelshausen-Preis ausgezeichneten Roman „Wolpertinger oder Das Blau“, woraufhin er seine Börsentätigkeit beendete. Seit 1994 wohnt er als freier Schriftsteller in Berlin. Zahlreiche Publikationen erschienen u. a. beim Elfenbein Verlag, Kulturmaschinen und Arco Verlag. Von 1976 bis 1985 gehörte er dem Verband Deutscher Schriftsteller an und ist heute Mitglied des PEN-Zentrums Deutschland.

Annika Schlicht *Mezzosopran*

Annika Schlicht wurde noch während ihres Studiums an der Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler ins internationale Opernstudio der Staatsoper Berlin engagiert. Seit 2015 gehört sie zum Ensemble der Deutschen Oper Berlin. Ihr Repertoire umfasst Rollen wie Adriano in RIENZI, Fenena in NABUCCO, Mry Quickly in FALSTAFF, Prinz Orlofsky in DIE FLEDERMAUS, Contessa di Coigny in ANDREA CHENIER, Hänsel in HÄNSEL UND GRETEL, Olga in EUGEN ONEGIN, Dorabella in COSÌ FAN TUTTE und Auntie in PETER GRIMES. In der choreografischen Umsetzung des VERDI REQUIEM durch Christian Spuck sang sie als Solistin. In der laufenden Spielzeit debütiert sie an der Deutschen Oper Berlin als Laura in LA GIOCONDA, Pauline in PIQUE DAME und singt in der aktuellen Neuproduktion von IL TRITTIICO Frugola, Zita und Pricipessa. Zudem kehrt sie zurück als Magdalena in DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG, Maddalena in RIGOLETTO, Fricka und Waltraute im RING DES NIBELUNGEN, Brangäne in TRISTAN UND ISOLDE und Altsolistin in der MATTHÄUS-PASSION. Gastengagements führten sie auf die Konzert- und Opernbühnen in London, Paris, Bergen, Muscat, München, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Dresden, an die Berliner Staatsoper sowie zu den Bregenzer und Salzburger Festspiele.

Joel Allison *Bariton*

Der kanadische Bassbariton Joel Allison hat in Toronto und Ottawa studiert. In der Saison 2020/21 war er Stipendiat des Förderkreises der Deutschen Oper Berlin, seit der Saison 2021/22 ist er ein festes Ensemblemitglied. Zu den Höhepunkten der letzten Spielzeiten gehören die Debüts mit der Canadian Opera Company sowie seine Teilnahme an der Weltpremiere von Rufus Wainwrights HADRIAN. Auch Partien, wie die des Vaters in HÄNSEL UND GRETEL, des Jägers in RUSALKA und des Königs in AIDA, sowie Don Basilio in IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, Leporello in DON GIOVANNI, Dr. Roland Angeler in Marius Felix Langes DER GESANG DER ZAUBERINSEL gehören in sein Repertoire. In der laufenden Spielzeit singt er Ping in Puccinis TURANDOT, Biterolf in TANNENHÄUSER UND DER SÄNGERKRIEG AUF WARTBURG und Bass in der MATTHÄUS-PASSION. Bei der Premiere des INTERMEZZO von Richard Strauss wirkt er als Kommerzienrat mit, in der Produktion des DON GIOVANNI singt er den Leporello.

Matthew Newlin *Tenor*

Matthew Newlin studierte an der Southern Illinois University Edwardsville, später am Chicago College of Performing Arts. Mit der Saison 2012/2013 wurde er Stipendiat des Förderkreises der Deutschen Oper Berlin und wechselte 2014/2015 ins Ensemble des Hauses an der Bismarckstraße. Sein Repertoire umfasst Partien wie Fredrick in THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE, Un soldato in L'INCORONAZIONE DI POPPEA, Le Mari in LES MAMELLES DE TIRÉSIAS, La Thèière in L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILÈGES, Flamand in CAPRICCIO, Satyavan in SAVITRI, Hussar in MAVRA, Garcin in NO EXIT, Baby Bear in GOLDBLOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS und The English Tailor in THE LAST SAVAGE. Auf dem Konzertpodium interpretierte der junge Künstler bisher am Chicago College of Performing Arts den Solo-Tenor-Part in Vaughan-Williams' „On Wenlock Edge“, Mozarts „Requiem“, Saint-Saëns „Weihnachtsoratorium“ sowie Händels „Messiah“. Außerhalb seines Stammhauses, war er in jüngster Zeit u. a. als Belmonte an der Semperoper Dresden sowie als Froh in DAS RHEINGOLD an der Opéra National de Paris und an der Bayerischen Staatsoper München zu erleben. Aktuell singt er an der Deutschen Oper Berlin den Don José in CARMEN und wird in der laufenden Spielzeit weitere Partien, wie die des Steuermanns in DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER, Arturo in LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, Don Ottavio in DON GIOVANNI oder Tamino in DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE übernehmen.

John Parr *Klavier*

John Parr wurde 1955 in Birmingham geboren und studierte an der Manchester University und am Royal Northern College of Music bei Sulamita Aronovsky. Er gewann Preise als Solo-Pianist bei internationalen Wettbewerben in Barcelona und Vercelli und war Mitglied von Yehudi Menuhins „Live Music Now“. 1985 bis 1988 gastierte er als Repetitor am Royal Opera House Covent Garden und arbeitete von 1989 bis 1991 für die Scottish Opera in Glasgow. 1991 kam er nach Deutschland und war Studienleiter und musikalischer Assistent des Generalmusikdirektors in Hannover. Im Jahr 2000 holten ihn Pamela Rosenberg und Donald Runnicles als „Head of Music Staff“ an die San Francisco Opera. Von 2002 bis 2005 war er musikalischer Assistent bei den Bayreuther Festspielen. Von 2011 bis 2014 war er am Staatstheater Karlsruhe in der Funktion eines Casting-Direktors und Assistenten des Generalmusikdirektors engagiert. Seit August 2014 ist John Parr an der Deutschen Oper Berlin tätig, zunächst als Studienleiter, seit 2018 als Headcoach.

Texte

Georg Butterworth

Six Songs from a Shropshire Lad

1. Loveliest of trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

2. When I was one-and-twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

3. Look not in my eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

4. Think no more, lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever;
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

5. The lads in their hundreds

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow
come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge
and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for
the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads
that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field
and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart,
and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face
and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks
or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them,
I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now
you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly
and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way t
hat they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like
and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at
and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner
the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory
and never be old.

6. Is my team ploughing?

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

Text Alfred Edward Housman

Arnold Bax

Parting

As from our dream we died away
Far off I felt the outer things;
Your wind-blown tresses round me play,
Your bosom's gentle murmurings.

And far away our faces met
As on the verge of the vast spheres;
And in the night our cheeks were wet,
I could not say with dew or tears.

As one within the Mother's heart
In that hushed dream upon the height
We lived, and then we rose to part,
Because her ways are infinite.

Text George William Russel

As I came over the grey, grey hills

As I came over the grey, grey hills
And over the grey, grey water,
I saw the gilly leading on,
And the white Christ following after.

Where and where does the gilly lead?
And where is the white Christ faring?
They've travelled the four grey sounds of Orc,
And the four grey seas of Eirinn.

The moon is set and the wind's away,
And the song in the grass is dying,
And a silver cloud on the silent sea
Like a shrouding-sheet is lying.

And Christ and the gilly will follow on
Till the ring in the east is showing,
And the awny corn is red on the hills,
And the golden light is glowing.

Text Joseph Campbell

When I was one-and-twenty

siehe no. 2 Georg Butterworth

Beg-Innish

Bring Kateen-beug and Maurya Jude
To dance in Beg-Innish,
And when the lads [they're in Dunquin]
Have sold their crabs and fish,
Wave fawny shawls and call them in,
And call the little girls who spin,
And seven weavers from Dunquin,
To dance in Beg-Innish.

I'll play you jigs, and Maurice Kean,
Where nets are laid to dry,
I've silken strings would draw a dance
From girls are lame or shy;
Four strings I've brought from Spain
and France
To make your long men skip and prance,
Till stars look out to see the dance
Where nets are laid to dry.

We'll have no priest or peeler in
To dance in Beg-Innish;
But we'll have drink from M'riarty Jim
Rowed round while gannets fish,
A keg with porter to the brim,
That every lad may have his whim,
Till we up sails with M'riarty Jim
And sail from Ben-Innish.

Text John Millington Synge

Frank Bridge

Three Songs with Viola

1. Far, far from each other

Far, far from each other
Our spirits have flown.
And what heart knows another?
Ah! who knows his own?

Blow, ye winds! lift me with you
I come to the wild.
Fold closely, O Nature!
Thine arms round thy child.

Ah, calm me! restore me
And dry up my tears
On thy high mountain platforms,
Where Morn first appears.

Text Matthew Arnold

2. Where is it that our soul doth go?

One thing I'd know : when we have perished,
Where is it that our soul doth go?
Where is the fire that is extinguished?
Where is the wind but now did blow?

Text Kate Freiligrath Kroeker

3. Music when soft voices die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so [thy]1 thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Text Percy Bysshe Shelley

Ivor Gurney

Ludlow and Teme

1. When smoke stood up from Ludlow

When smoke stood up from Ludlow,
And mist blew off from Teme,
And blithe afield to ploughing
Against the morning beam
I strode beside my team,

The blackbird in the coppice
Looked out to see me stride,
And hearkened as I whistled
The trampling team beside,
And fluted and replied:

“Lie down, lie down, young yeoman;
What use to rise and rise?
Rise man a thousand mornings
Yet down at last he lies,
And then the man is wise.”

I heard the tune he sang me,
And spied his yellow bill;
I picked a stone and aimed it
And threw it with a will:
Then the bird was still.

Then my soul within me
Took up the blackbird's strain,
And still beside the horses
Along the dewy lane
It sang the song again:

“Lie down, lie down, young yeoman;
The sun moves always west;
The road one treads to labour
Will lead one home to rest,
And that will be the best.”

2. Far in a western brookland

Far in a western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know.

There, in the windless night-time,
The wanderer, marvelling why,
Halts on the bridge to hearken
How soft the poplars sigh.

He hears: no more remembered
In fields where I was known,
Here I lie down in London
And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About the glimmering weirs.

3. 'Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town

'Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town
The golden broom should blow;
The hawthorn sprinkled up and down
Should charge the land with snow.

Spring will not wait the loiterer's time
Who keeps so long away;
So others wear the broom and climb
The hedgerows heaped with may.

Oh tarnish late on Wenlock Edge,
Gold that I never see;
Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge
That will not shower on me.

4. Ludlow fair

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow
come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge
and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls
and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest
are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field
and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart,
and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face
and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks
or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them,
I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now
you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly
and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way
that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like
and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at
and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner
the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory
and never be old.

5. On the idle hill of summer

On the idle hill of summer,
Sleepy with the flow of streams,
Far I hear the steady drummer
Drumming like a noise in dreams.

Far and near and low and louder,
On the roads of earth go by,
Dear to friends and food for powder,
Soldiers marching, all to die.

East and west on fields forgotten
Bleach the bones of comrades slain,
Lovely lads and dead and rotten;
None that go return again.

Far the calling bugles hollo,
High the screaming fife replies,
Gay the files of scarlet follow:
Woman bore me, I will rise.

6. When I was one-and-twenty

siehe no. 2 Georg Butterworth

7. The Lent Lily

'Tis spring; come out to ramble
The hilly brakes around,
For under thorn and bramble
About the hollow ground
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly
With all the winds at play,
And there's the Lenten lily
That has not long to stay
And dies on Easter Day.

And since till girls go maying
You find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With every wind at will,
But not the daffodil.

Bring baskets now, and sally
Upon the spring's array,
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away
That dies on Easter Day.

Text Alfred Edward Housman

Klassisches Kunstlied und moderne Lyrik: Die von John Parr in Zusammenarbeit mit dem Haus für Poesie konzipierte Veranstaltungsreihe „Lieder und Dichter*innen“ vereint Liederabend und Lesung. An jedem der vier Abende im Foyer der Deutschen Oper Berlin stellt ein Dichter oder eine Dichterin eigene Werke vor, die in Bezug zu den Liedern des Programms stehen.

Vorschau

5. Dezember 2023, 20.00 Uhr

Lieder und Dichter*innen: Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Mit Hye-Young Moon, Kieran Carrel, Philip Jekal und Ursula Krechel

27. Februar 2024, 20.00 Uhr

Lieder und Dichter*innen: Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Mit Meechot Marrero, Kyle Miller und Artur Garbas

10. April 2024, 20.00 Uhr

Lieder und Dichter*innen: Here, Bullet

Mit Sua Jo, Karis Tucker, Andrei Danilov und Thomas Lehmann

Impressum

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