

The Tait Memorial Trust

presents

High Commissioner Series

Australian High Commission, London

Series Sponsor: Voyage Control

'Stars of Covent Garden in Recital'



ARTISTS:

Kiandra Howarth (soprano)
Lauren Fagan (soprano)
Filipe Manu (tenor)
Samuel Sakker (tenor)
Sergey Rybin (pianist)

PROGRAMME:

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Apparition

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

None but the lonely heart
Why?

EDVARD GRIEG

Zur Rosenzeit Ein Traum

VINCENZO BELLINI

La Ricordanza

FRANZ LISZT

Die Lorelei

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

She's as fair as a noon day
Pied Piper
Sleep

DOUGLAS LILBURN

Holiday Piece

RICHARD STRAUSS

Ich trage meine Minne
Mein Auge

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Silent noon

FRANCIS POULENC

C
Fêtes Galantes

OTTORINO RESPIGHI

Crepuscolo

EARNEST CHARLES

When I have sung my songs

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Apparition (Apparition)

Text: Stéphane Mallarmé

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blanc sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.

C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un rêve au coeur qui l'a cueilli.

J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé vieilli
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gaté
passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blanc bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

The moon was saddened. Seraphim in tears
dreaming, bows at their fingers, in the calm of filmy
flowers, threw dying violas of white sobs
sliding over the blue of corollas.

It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My reverie, loving to torture me,
wisely imbibed its perfume of sadness
that even without regret and without setbacks leaves
A dream's gathering within the heart that gathered it.

So I wandered, my eye fixed on the aged cobblestones,
when, with light in your hair, in the street
and in the evening, you appeared to me smiling
and I thought I had seen the fairy with a hat of light
who passed in my sweet dreams as a spoiled child
always dropping from her carelessly closed hands
Snow of white bouquets of perfumed stars.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Nyet tolko tot kto znal (None but the lonely heart)

Text: Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

Net, tol'ko tot,
kto znal svidan'ja, zhazhdu,
pojnjot, kak ja stradal
i kak ja strazhdu.

Gljazhu ja vdal'...
net sil, tusknejet oko...
Akh, kto menja ljubil
i znal - daleko!

Akh, tol'ko tot,
kto znal svidan'ja zhazhdu,
pojnjot, kak ja stradal
i kak ja strazhdu.

No, only one who has known
What it is to long for one's beloved
Can know how I have suffered
And how I suffer still.

I gaze into the distant —but my strength fails me,
My sight grows dim...
Ah, the one who loved me
And knew me is far away now!

My breast is all aflame – whoever has known
What it is to long for one's beloved
Can know how I have suffered
And how I suffer still.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Otchego (Why?)

Text: Heinrich Heine, translated by: Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

Otchego poblednela vesnoj
pyshnocvetnaja roza sama?
Otchego pod zeljonoj travoj
golubaja fialka nema?

Otchego tak pechal'no zvuchit
pesnja ptichki, nesjas' v nebesa?
Otchego nad lugami visit
pogrebal'nym pokrovom rosa?

Otchego v nebe solnce s utra
kholodno i temno, kak zimoj?
Otchego i zemlja vsja syra
i ugrjumej mogily samoj?

Otchego ja i sam vse grustnej
i boleznennej den' oto dnja?
Otchego, o, skazhi mne skorej ty,
pokinuv, zabyla menja?i kak ja strazhdu.

Why has the sumptuous rose
Grown pale in spring?
Why is the blue violet so mute
Under the green grass?

Why does the little bird's song
Sound so sad as it rises up to heaven?
Why does the dew hang over the meadows
Like a mourning veil?

Why is the morning sun in the sky
Cold and dark, as in winter?
Why is the earth so damp
And gloomier than the grave itself?

Why do I grow sadder
And sicker each day?
Why, oh tell me why, did you leave me
And forget me?

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Zur Rosenzeit (Time of Roses)

Sechs Lieder op.48 no.5

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht.

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! You bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,
And waiting for the first little bud,
Went early to my garden;

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
At your very feet,
With hope beating in my heart,
When you looked on me.

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief.

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Ein Traum (A Dream)

Sechs Lieder op.48 no.6

Text: Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut–
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit–
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her–
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit–
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
A blonde maiden loved me,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,
From the distant village came the sound of bells–
We were so full of bliss,
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,
It happened in reality,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,
From the village came the sound of bells–
I held you fast, I held you long,
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring!
You shall live in me for evermore–
There reality became a dream,
There dream became reality!

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

La Ricordanza (Recollection)

Quattro sonetti

Text: Carlo Pepoli

Era la notte, e presso di Colei
Che sola al cor mi giunse e vi sta sola,
Con quel pianger che rompe la parola,
Io pregava mercede a martir miei.

Quand' Ella, chinando gli'occhi bei,
Disse (e il membrarlo sol me, da me invola):
Ponmi al cor la tua destra, e ti consola:
Ch'io amo e te sol' amo intender dei,

Poi fatta, per amor, tremante e bianca,
In atto soävissimo mi pose
La bella faccia sulla spalla manca.

Se dopo il dole assai più duol l'amaro;
Se per me nullo istante a quel rispose,
Ah! quant' era in quell' ora il morir caro!

It was night, and beside Her
Who alone reached my heart and there remains alone,
With those tears that impede words,
I pleaded for pity on my anguish.

When She, lowering her lovely eyes,
Said (the mere memory of it makes my head whirl):
"Place your hand on my heart, and be consoled:
You should know that I love you and you alone",

This said from love, pale and trembling,
In the sweetest of acts she leaned
Her lovely face on my left shoulder.

Even if, after this bliss, grief was far more bitter,
Even if; for me, no moment matched this,
Ah! how dear was dying in that hour!

Franz Liszt (1811-86)

Die Lorelei (Lorelei)

Text: Heinrich Heine

Ich weiß nicht, was soll'bedeuten
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh,
Er schaut nicht die Felsenrisse,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

I'm looking in vain for the reason
why I am so sad;
I cannot stop thinking about
a tale from long ago.

Cool is the air and it is twilight,
and the Rhein flows quietly;
the tops of the mountains glow
in the evening sunshine.

The fairest maiden is sitting
so wondrously up there,
her golden treasure glitters,
she is combing her golden hair.

She combs it with a comb of gold
and meanwhile sings a song;
it has a strange
overpowering melody.

It siezes the boatman in his small craft
with wild longings,
he does not see the submerged rocks,
he only looks up towards the skies.

I believe, the waves will fling
both boatman and ship to their end;
and that is what the Lorelei has done
with her singing.

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Ona, kak polden', choroša (She is as beautiful as midday)

op.14 no.9

Text: Nikolai Maksimovich Vilenkin

Ona, kak polden', choroša,
Ona zagadočnej polnoči.
U nej neplakavšija oči
I nestrдавšaja duša.

A mne, č'ja žizn' bor'ba i gore,
Po nej tomit'sja suždeno. O!
Tak večno plačušee more
V bezmolvnyj bereg vlyublenu.

She is as beautiful as midday,
She is more mysterious than midnight.
Her eyes know no crying,
Her soul knows no suffering.

But I, whose life is strife and sorrow,
I am destined to pine for her,
Like the sea, forever weeping,
Is enamoured with the silent shore.

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Krysolov (Pied-Piper) op.38 no.4

Text: Valery Yakovlevich Bryusov

Ja na dudochke igraju,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
I na dudochke igraju,
Ch'i-to dushi veselja.

Ja idu vdol' tikhoy rechki,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Dremljut tikhija ovechki,
Krotko zybljutsja polja.

Spite, ovcy i barashki,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Za lugami krasnoj kashki
strojno vstali topolja.

Malyj domik tam taitsja,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Miloj devushke prisnitsja,
Chto jej dushu otdal ja.

I na nezhnyj zov svireli,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Vyjdet slovno k svetloj celi,
cherez sad, cherez polja.

I v lesu pod dubom tjomnym,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Budet zhdat' v bredu istomnom,
V chas, kogda usnjot zemlja.

Vstrechu gost'ju doroguju,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Vplot' do utra zaceluju,
Serdce laskoj utolja.

I, smenivshis' s nej kolechkom,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Otpushchu jejo k ovechkam,
V sad, gde strojny topolja.
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja!

I play upon my little pipe,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I play upon my little pipe,
And gladden people's hearts.

Along a quiet little stream I go,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Little lambkins quietly slumber,
Fields gently sway.

Sleep, oh sheep and lambs,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Beyond the meadows of red clover
Slender poplars reach to the sky.

A little house is hidden there,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Where a sweet girl will dream
That I have given her my heart.

And at the call of my tender reed,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will come, as if with radiant purpose,
Through the garden, through the fields.

And in the wood, beneath the dark oak,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will wait in languorous delirium
As the earth falls asleep.

I shall meet my beloved guest,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I shall kiss her until morning comes,
Assuaging my heart with caresses.
And once we have exchanged rings,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I'll send her back to the little sheep,
To the garden where the poplars are slender.

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Son (Sleep) op.38 no.5

Text: Fyodor Sologub

V mire net nichego
Dozhdelenneje sna,
Chary jest' u nego,
U nego tishina,
U nego na ustakh
Ni pechal' i ni smekh,
I v bezdonnykh ochakh
Mnogo tajnykh utekh.

U nego shiroki,
Shiroki dva kryla,
I legki, tak ljogki,
Kak polnochnaja mgla.
Ne ponjat', kak nesjot,
I kuda i na chem
On krylom ne vzmakhnet
I ne dvinet plechom.

In this world there is nothing
More desirable than sleep.
It possesses magic,
It has silence.
Upon its lips
There is no sadness, no laughter,
And in its bottomless eyes
There are plenty of mysterious pleasures.

It has two wide, wide wings,
Which are as light as midnight darkness.
It is impossible to understand
How its carrying you,
and where to and by what power,
It doesn't flap its wings
And doesn't move its shoulders.

Douglas Lilburn (1915-2001)

Holiday Piece

Text: Denis Glover

Now let me thoughts be like the Arrow, wherein was
gold, and purposeful like the Kawarau,
but not so cold.

Let them sweep higher than the hawk illumened,
higher than peaks perspective-piled beyond Ben
Lomond; let them be like at evening an Otago sky,
Where detonated clouds in calm confusion lie.

Let them be smooth and sweet as all those morning
lakes, yet active and leaping, like fish the fisherman
takes; and strong as the dark deep-rooted hills, strong as
twilight hours over Lake Wakatipu are long;
And hardy, like the tenacious mountain tussock, and
spacious, like the Mackenzie plain, not narrow; and
numerous as tourists in Queenstown; and cheerfully
busy, like the gleaning sparrow.

Lastly, that snowfield, visible from Wanaka, compound
their patience – suns only brighten, and no rains darken,
a whiteness nothing could whiten.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ich trage meine Minne (I bear my love)

Fünf Lieder op.32 no.1

Text: Karl Friedrich Henckell

Ich trage meine Minne
Vor Wonne stumm
Im Herzen und im Sinne mit mir herum.
Ja, daß ich dich gefunden,
Du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage, die mir beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,
Kohlschwarz die Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe Goldsonnige Pracht.
Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden,
So tut mir's weh—
Die arge muß erblinden
Vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

I bear my love
In silent bliss
About with me in heart and mind.
Yes, that I have found you,
Sweet child,
Will cheer me all my allotted days.

Though the sky be dim,
And the night pitch-black,
My love shines brightly in golden splendour.
And though the world lies and sins,
And it hurts to see it so—
The bad world must be blinded
By your snowy innocence.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Mein Auge (My eye)

Sechs Lieder op.37 no.4

Text: Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel

Du bist mein Auge! -- Du durchdringst mich ganz,
mein ganzes Wesen hast du mir erhellt,
mein ganzes Leben du erfüllt mit Glanz,
mich Strauchelnden auf sichern Pfad gestellt!

Mein Auge du! -- Wie war ich doch so blind
an Herz und Sinn, eh' Du dich mir gesellst,
und wie durchströmt mich jetzt so licht, so lind
verklärt der Abglanz dieser ganzen Welt!

Du bist mein Auge, Du!

You are my eye! – You permeate me completely,
you have illuminated my entire being,
you have filled my whole life with radiance,
Have placed me, a faltering one, upon a sure path!

My eye, you! – How very blind I was
in heart and spirit, before you joined your path with mine
and how I am now flooded so brightly, so gently
Transfigured, by the reflected splendour of this whole
world!
You are my eye, You!

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Silent Noon

The House of Life

Text: Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

C

Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon no. 1

Text: Louis Aragon

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé
C'est là que tout a commencé

Une chanson des temps passés
Parle d'un chevalier blessé

D'une rose sur la chaussée
Et d'un corsage délacé

Du château d'un duc insensé
Et des cignes dans les fossés

De la prairie où vient danser
Une éternelle fiancée

Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé
Le long lai des gloires faussées

La Loire emporte mes pensées
Avec les voitures versées

Et les armes désamorçées
Et les larmes mal effacées

I have crossed the bridges of Cé
It is there that everything began

A song of bygone days
Tells of a knight who injured lay

Of a rose upon the carriage-way
And a bodice with an unlaced stay

And the castle of an insane duke
And swans in castle moats

And of the meadow where
An eternal fiancée comes to dance

And I have drunk the long lay
Of false glories like icy milk

The Loire bears my thoughts away
With the overturned jeeps

And the unprimed arms
And the ill-dried tears

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Fêtes Galantes

Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon no.2

Text: Louis Aragon

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes
On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon
On voit des morveux avec des voilettes
On voit les pompiers brûler les pompoms

On voit des mots jetés à la voirie
On voit des mots élevés au pavois
On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie
On voit le dos des diseuses à voix

On voit des voitures à gazogène
On voit aussi des voutures à bras
On voit des lascars que les longs nez gênent
On voit des coïons de dix-huit carats

On voit ici ce que l'on voit ailleurs
On voit des demoiselles dévoyées
On voit des voyous On voit des voyeurs
On voit sous les ponts passer des noyés

On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures
On voit mourir d'ennui les mireurs d'œufs
On voit péricliter les valeurs sûres
Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux

You see fops on cycles
You see pimps in kilts
You see whipper-snappers with veils
You see firemen burning their pompoms

You see words hurled on the garbage heap
You see words praised to the skies
You see the feet of orphan children
You see the backs of cabaret singers

You see cars run on gazogene
You see handcarts too
You see sly fellows hindered by long noses
You see unmitigated idiots

You see here what you see everywhere
You see girls who are led astray
You see guttersnipes you see Peeping Toms
You see drowned corpses float beneath bridges

You see out-of-work shoemakers
You see egg-candlers bored to death
You see securities tumble
And life rushing pell-mell by.

Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

Crepuscolo (Twilight)

Deità Silvana no.5

Text: Antonio Rubino

Nell'orto abbandonato ora l'edace
Muschio contende all'ellere i recessi,
E tra il coro snelletto dei cipressi
S'addorme in grembo dell'antica pace
Pan.

Sul vasto marmoreo torace,
Che i convolvoli infiorano d'amplessi,
Un tempo forse con canti sommessi
Piegò una ninfa il bel torso procace.

Deità della terra, forza lieta!,
Troppo pensiero è nella tua vecchiezza:
Per sempre inaridita è la tua fonte.
Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra inquieta
Trema e s'attrista un canto d'allegrezza:
Lunghe ombre azzurre scendono dal monte...

In the abandoned garden, now the greedy moss
Fights with the ivy for every nook and cranny,
And in the sparse cluster of cypresses,
Sleeping in the womb of ancient peace
Lies Pan.

On the vast marble statue,
Wrapped with morning-glory flowers,
Perhaps someday with a gentle song
A nymph might bend over her lovely figure.

God of the earth, joyful force!
You have become too serious in your old age:
Your fountain is dry forever.
The day dies, and through the vast restless shade
A song of happiness trembles and saddens:
Long blue shadows descend from the mountains.

Ernest Charles (1895-1984)

When I have sung my songs

Text: Ernest Charles

When I have sung my songs to you I'll sing no more
T'would be a sacrilege to sing at another door
We've worked so hard to hold our dreams just you and I
I could not share them all again I'd rather die
With just the thought that I had loved so well so true
That I could never sing again
That I could never never sing again except to you!

BIOGRAPHIES:

KIANDRA HOWARTH (soprano)

Australian soprano Kiandra Howarth was a member of the prestigious Jette Parker Young Artist Programme at the Royal Opera House, 2013-15. Notable performances include: Erste Dame *Die Zauberflöte* for The Royal Opera House and Bayerische Staatsoper, Mimi *La Bohème* at Stadttheater Klagenfurt, Konstanze *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* for The Grange Festival, the title role of Mascagni's *Iris* for Scottish Opera, Zweiten Blumenmaedchen *Parsifal* with the Berlin Philharmonic, Pamina *Die Zauberflöte* at Teatro dell'Opera di Roma and Donna Anna *Don Giovanni* for Theater Basel, Opéra National de Lorraine, Grand Théâtre de Luxembourg and Guangzhou Opera House.

Kiandra performs regularly across the UK, Europe and Australia and was recently awarded first prize in The Grange Festival International Singing Competition, the Joan Sutherland & Richard Bonyngé Foundation Bel Canto Award, The Wagner Society Competition and placed third in the International Elizabeth Connell Prize for Dramatic Sopranos. She was also awarded the Culturarte Prize in the 23rd Edition of Plácido Domingo's Operalia- The World Opera Competition in 2015.

She has trained at the Queensland Conservatorium of Music, Opera Queensland Young and Developing Artist Programmes, Opera Australia Young Artist Programme, Salzburg Festival Young Singers Project and Samling.

Upcoming highlights in the 2020/21 seasons and beyond include; the title role in Handel's *Alcina* for the Stadttheater Klagenfurt, a return to the Royal Opera House, Agathe *Der Freischütz* for Staatsoper Hannover, Suzel *L'amico Fritz* for Opera Holland Park and Freia *Das Rheingold* at Opernhaus Zurich.

LAUREN FAGAN (soprano)

A graduate of Covent Garden's prestigious Jette Parker Young Artist Programme, Lauren Fagan has developed into one of today's most accomplished young sopranos and represented Australia in the 2019 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition.

Recent role debuts as Alcina for the Internationale Händel-Festspiele Karlsruhe, Mimì in Opera North's *La Bohème* and Violetta in Rodula Gaitanou's new production of *La Traviata* for Opera Holland Park were met with unanimous critical acclaim for both her richness of tone and compelling stage presence. Lauren's upcoming plans include Norma in Marina Abramović's new production *7 Deaths of Maria Callas* at the Bayerische Staatsoper as well as Giulietta in Andreas Homoki's new production of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* at Opernhaus Zürich.

In future seasons Lauren returns in a title role to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and makes her main stage debut at Glyndebourne. Notable highlights elsewhere have included Roxana (Szymanowski's *Krol Roger*) under Sir Antonio Pappano with the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Donna Elvira with the NHK Symphony Orchestra under Paavo Järvi, as well as Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*) and Musetta (*La Bohème*) for her company debuts with Opera Holland Park and Welsh National Opera, respectively.

FILIFE MANU (tenor)

Tongan New Zealander Filife Manu is a tenor on the Jette Parker Young Artist Programme with the Royal Opera House. Manu made his Royal Opera debut as Hippolyt in *Phaedra* and made his main stage debut as Gastone de Letorières (*La Traviata*).

Manu gained his Bachelor of Music and Postgraduate Diploma with Distinction from the University of Waikato, where he studied with Dame Malvina Major as a Sir Edmund Hillary scholar. He has been a Dame Malvina Emerging Artist with New Zealand Opera and was selected for both the inaugural Dame Malvina Major and the Dame Kiri Te Kanawa Foundation Singers' Development Programmes.

He graduated from the Opera Programme at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama with a Masters in Music; and he was the GSMD 2018/19 Independent Opera Voice Scholar and a Samling Artist. Operatic appearances include; Pilades (*Oreste*), Ferrando (*Così fan tutte*), Don Ramiro (*La Cenerentola*) and Lysander (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*).

Notable concert appearances as a tenor soloist include; Royal Albert Hall debut in the *Messiah*, Haydn's *Missa Sancti Nicolai* with the Southbank Sinfonia and *Messiah* with the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra under Nicholas McGegan.

SAMUEL SAKKER (tenor)

Aussie born, London based, freelance tenor, Samuel Sakker is a former Young Artist of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. He holds a BMus from Queensland Conservatorium and a Graduate Diploma of Commerce from RMIT.

Samuel's recent highlights include: Florestan (*Fidelio*, Lyric Opera of Ireland), Mahler's *Das Lied von Der Erde* (Stadttheater Klagenfurt), Ulrik (*Alwyn's Miss Julie*, BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chandos Records), Pollione (*Norma*, Melbourne Opera), and Erik (*Der fliegende Holländer*, Angers Nantes Opéra).

Other highlights include: Alfredo (*La traviata*, The Royal Opera, Covent Garden), Mozart *Requiem* with Sir Antonio Pappano and Joyce DiDonato (Royal Opera Japan Tour, Tokyo), Cpt. James Nolan (Grammy nominated *Doctor Atomic*, BBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by John Adams), Faust (Boulanger's *Faust et Hélène*, Royal Stockholm Philharmonic conducted by Alan Gilbert), Don Jose (*Carmen*, Danish National Opera).

Unfortunately, the collateral damage of the COVID 19 pandemic has seen some major debuts rescheduled including: Des Grieux (*Manon Lescaut*, The Grange Festival), Thibault (*Margot la Rouge*, Opera Holland Park), and Laca (*Jenůfa*, Opéra de Montreal).

Throughout the COVID 19 pandemic, Samuel has been working at St Thomas' Hospital as an Inventory Operative in the supply chain, stocking wards with medical equipment and PPE. He takes great delight in operationally telling people to put on masks in the lifts.

SERGEY RYBIN (pianist)

Sergey Rybin was born in the city of Tomsk in Siberia (Russia). He began playing the piano aged seven, studying at the specialised music school for gifted children, attached to the Conservatory of Novosibirsk. Subsequently, he studied at the Moscow State University of Culture and Arts, where having gained a Ph.D., he became Professor of Piano and taught for four years.

Since completing his studies the Royal Academy of Music in London under tutelage of Malcolm Martineau, Sergey has worked extensively for City of Birmingham Opera, English Touring Opera, Garsington Opera, Opera Holland Park and Grange Park Opera. As a recitalist he performed in Leeds Lieder+ Festival, Hampstead and Highgate Festival, Beaminster Festival and in other prominent venues in the UK alongside Joan Rodgers, Justina Gringyte, Katherine Broderick, Nelly Miricioiu, Sergey Leiferkus and others.

Sergey has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music, London and joined the coaching staff at Jette Parker Young Artists Programme at ROH, Covent Garden. After working as a chef repetiteur on the Royal Opera House's production of *Eugene Onegin* he joined the music staff team for the productions of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Nabucco*, *The Nose*, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* and *Der Rosenkavalier*.

During the past season Sergey participated in preparation of *Khovanschina* at Welsh National Opera, performed in Oxford Lieder Festival with Katherine Broderick, returned to the ROH for *Lucia di Lammermoor* and worked on *Der Rosenkavalier* at Glyndebourne Festival. Over the summer Sergey joined music staff at Mediterranean Opera Studio in Sicily, Oxenfoord International Summer School in Scotland, Scuola del Bel Canto in Urbania, Italy and The New Generation Festival in Florence.