



Ziggy Harris  
Baritone

# FAREWELL RECITAL

June 10th, 2023

Armidale Uniting Church

*Accompanied by*  
Dr. Robert Manley

# The Artists

Australian baritone Ziggy Harris has been awarded funding to return to the Lyric Opera Studio Weimar for their 2023 season and take on the notorious title role in W. A. Mozart's Don Giovanni under direction of Greek-American buffo-baritone, Damon Nestor Ploumis. He played Papageno in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* with the studio last year, also singing as a guest artist at galas across Thuringia, Germany.

Immediately following, Ziggy has been awarded Fellowship Scholarships to undertake a Masters of Music (Operatic Performance / Thesis) at the Schulich School Of Music within McGill University, Montreal, Canada. His vocal training will take place within the studio of Canadian-Italian lyric baritone, Brett Polegato. His residency in Canada will last two years. Afterwards, he already has plans for other international affairs.

Through 2021-2022 Ziggy was a choral scholar for the choir of Christ Church St. Laurence, Sydney CBD, directed by Sam Allchurch, singing as a cantor, chorister and soloist for several mass settings including Allegri's Miserere Mei and Mozart's Coronation Mass in C Major. Ziggy has been a guest artist in concert with the Armidale Symphony Orchestra, the Blue Mountains' Phoenix Choir directed by Amy Moore, and has recently played the role of Pilate in Bach's Johannes-Passion with Fiori Musicali Armidale.

## Ziggy Harris



## Dr Robert Manley



Dr Robert Manley is a multi-instrumentalist, music teacher, and emerging academic. After completing a postdoctoral research fellowship at the University of Queensland in 2022, Rob commenced as a piano teacher and resident accompanist at New England Conservatorium of Music in January 2023.

Currently serving as President of the Accompanists' Guild of Queensland, Rob previously worked as a regular pianist at Queensland Ballet, the University of Queensland, and the Australian Concerto and Vocal Competition.

Rob studied the piano with Veronica Berry in Rockhampton, Joyce Skelton in Brisbane, and later the cello with Howard Penny in Melbourne at the Australian National Academy of Music. As a cellist, Rob has worked with the Queensland Symphony Orchestra, Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra, Melbourne Chamber Orchestra, and Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra. Rob's experience across a range of instrument groups informs his special interest in working with orchestral reductions as a piano accompanist.

Rob's work as a researcher and composer focusses on engaging audiences with classical music in regional Australia. His PhD thesis drew on social capital as a theoretical framework to investigate the music identities and engagement strategies of chamber musicians in a regional Queensland community.



# PROGRAM

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"Dormo Ancora"  
from *Il Ritorno D'Ulisse In Patria*, SV. 325 (1641)  
by Claudio Monteverdi (1567 - 1643)

"Hai Già Vinta La Causa?"  
from *Le Nozze Di Figaro*, K. 492 (1786)  
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)

"Papagena, Papagena, Papagena!"  
from *Die Zauberflöte*, K. 620 (1791)  
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)

"Wie Todesahnung... O Du Mein Holder Abendstern"  
from *Tannhäuser* (1845)  
by Richard Wagner (1813 - 1883)

"Son Io, Mio Carlo... Per Me Giunto"  
from *Don Carlo* (1867)  
by Giuseppe Verdi (1813 - 1901)

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"Or Dove Fuggo Io Mai... Ah, Per Sempre!"  
from *I Puritani* (1835)  
by Vincenzo Bellini (1801 - 1835)

"O Sainte Médaille... Avant De Quitter Ces Lieux"  
from *Faust* (1859)  
by Charles Gounod (1818 - 1893)

"Mab! La Reine Des Mensonges!"  
from *Roméo Et Juliette* (1867)  
by Charles Gounod (1818 - 1893)

"Vy Mnye Pisali"  
from *Eugene Onegin*, Op. 24 (1879)  
by Pytor Illyich Tchaikovsky (1840 - 1893)

"Vy Takk Pechalny... Ya Vas Lyublyu"  
from *Pique Dame*, Op. 68 (1890)  
by Pytor Illyich Tchaikovsky (1840 - 1893)

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**"Dormo Ancora"**  
from *Il Ritorno D'Ulisse In Patria, SV. 325 (1641)*  
by Claudio Monteverdi (1567 - 1643)

**ULISSE**

Dormo ancora, o son desto?  
Che contrade rimiro?  
Qual aria, oimè, respiro?  
E che terren calpesto?  
Dormo ancora, o son desto?

Chi fece in me?

Chi fece il sempre dolce e lusinghevole  
Sonno ministro de' tormenti?  
Chi cangiò il mio riposo in ria sventura?  
Qual deità de' dormienti ha cura?

O sonno... o mortal Sonno,  
Fratello della Morte altri ti chiama.  
Solving, transportation, deluso et ingannato,  
Ti conosco, ti conosco ben io,  
Padre d'errori!

Pur degli errori miei son io la colpa,  
Ché se l'Ombra è del Sonno sorella, o pur  
compagna,  
Chi si confida l'Ombra perduto al fin contro  
ragion si lagna.

O! O Dei, sempre sdegnati,  
Numi non mai placati,  
Contro Ulisse che dorme anco severi,  
Vostri divini Imperi contra l'uman voler sian  
fermi e forti,  
Ma non tolghino oi mè, la pace ai morti.

Feaci ingannatori!  
Voi! Voi! Voi pur mi promettete di ricondurmi  
salvo in Itaca mia patria,  
Con le ricchezze mie, co' miei tesori.  
Feaci mancatori!

Hor non so com' ingrati mi  
lasciate in questa riva aperta,  
su spiaggia erma,  
E deserta, misero, abbandonato,  
E vi porta fastosi, e per l'aure, e per l'onde, così  
enorme peccato.

Se puniti non son tigravi erori,  
Lascia Giove, deh, lascia de' fulmini la cura,  
Ché la legge del caro è più sicura.

Sia delle vostre vele, falsissimi Feaci,  
Sempre Borea inimicò,  
E sian qual piuma al vento, scoglio in mare le  
nostre in fide navi,  
Leggere agli Aquiloni, all'aure gravi.

**ULYSSES**

Do I still sleep, or am I awake?  
What land do I see before me?  
What air, alas, do I breathe?  
And what ground do I walk on?  
Do I still sleep, or am I awake?

Who entered into my soul?

Who has changed sleep, always sweet and  
tranquil, into a minister of torment?  
Who has changed my repose into misadventure?  
What deity, who cares for those who sleep, is  
responsible?

Oh sleep... oh mortal Sleep,  
Others call you the brother of Death.  
Shipwrecked, alone, deluded and deceived,  
I know you, I know you very well,  
Father of errors!

Although, my errors have been of my own making,  
For if the Shadow is a sister to sleep, or a  
companion,  
Whoever trusts in the Shadow cannot complain  
when they become lost

Oh! Oh Gods, always indignant,  
Never appeased,  
Severe even against a sleeping Ulisses,  
Let your divine decree be strong against human  
will,  
But do not disturb the peace of the dead.

Phaecian deceivers!  
You! You! You promised to take me safely back  
to my homeland, Itaca,  
With my riches, with my treasures.  
Phaecian thieves!

I don't know how you wretched bastards could  
have left me abandoned me on  
Hermes' empty beach,  
Deserted, miserable, abandoned,  
Guiltless, you travel carefree through the winds  
and waves.

If such grave crimes go unpunished,  
Let Jove abandon his thunderbolts,  
For the law has become cursedly weak.

Curse your sails, Phaecian liars,  
Keep antagonising Borea,  
And your ships will be feathers in the wind and  
rocks in the sea,  
Swept up like kites and plunged to a watery grave.

**"Hai Già Vinta La Causa?"**  
from *Le Nozze Di Figaro*, K. 492 (1786)  
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)

**IL CONTE**

"Hai già vinta la causa"?  
Cosa sento?  
In qual laccio io cadea?  
Perfidi! Io voglio...  
Io voglio di tal modo punirvi;  
A piacer mio la sentenza sarà!

Ma s'ei pagasse  
La vecchia pretendente-  
Pagarla! In qual maniera!?  
E poi v'è Antonio,  
Che a un incognito Figaro ricusa  
Di dare una nipote in matrimonio.  
Coltivando l'orgoglio di questo mentecatto...  
Tutto giova a un raggiro...  
Il colpo è fatto.

Vedrò mentre io sospiro,  
Felice un servo mio?  
E un ben ch'invan desio,  
Ei posseder dovrà?  
Vedrò per man d'amore  
Unita a un vile oggetto  
Chi in me destò un affetto  
Che per me poi non ha?

Ah no, lasciarti in pace,  
Non vo' questo contento,  
Tu non nascesti, audace,  
Per dare a me tormento,  
E forse ancor per ridere di mia infelicità.  
Già la speranza sola  
Delle vendette mie  
Quest'anima consola,  
E giubilar mi fa.

**THE COUNT**

"You've already won the case"?  
What do I hear?  
What trap have I fallen into?  
Bastards! I would like to...  
I would love to punish them;  
At my pleasure, their sentence will be decided!

But, perhaps, he has paid off  
the old bat's claims-  
Paid! With what money!?  
And then there's Antonio,  
Who, unto that suspicious Figaro, refuses  
To give away his niece in marriage.  
By manipulating the arrogance of this lunatic...  
Everything adds to the plot...  
The deed is done.

Will I see, while I sigh,  
The joy of my servant girl?  
And that treasure, which I desire in vain,  
Should he possess that?  
Will I see, by the hand of love,  
Her united with a commoner like him?  
Her who awakened in me a passion,  
Which, for me, she does not reciprocate?

Ah no, I won't let  
This happiness get away from me,  
You were not born - audacious brat -  
To give me torment,  
And to make a joke out of my misfortune.  
Already, the single hope  
Of my revenge  
Gives counsel to this soul,  
And fills me with joy.

**"Papagena, Papagena, Papagena!"**  
from *Die Zauberflöte*, K. 620 (1791)  
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)

**PAPAGENO**

Papagena... Papagena, Papagena!  
Weibchen! Täubchen! meine Schöne!  
Vergebens! Ach! Sie ist verloren!  
ich bin zum Unglück schon geboren!  
Ich plauderte, und das war schlecht,  
und drum geschieht es mir schon recht!  
Seit ich gekostet diesen Wein...  
Seit ich das schöne Weibchen sah,  
So brennt's im Herzenskammerlein,  
So zwicket's hier, so zwicket's da!

**PAPAGENO**

Papagena... Papagena, Papagena!  
Little lady! My dove! My beauty!  
It's no use! Ach! She is gone!  
I was destined to be unlucky!  
I yammered on, and that was bad,  
And so it serves me right!  
Since I drank all of that wine...  
Since I saw that beautiful girl,  
My soul burns so much,  
It stings here, it stings there!



Papagena... Herzensweibchen!  
Papagena liebes Täubchen!

S'ist umsonst, es ist vergebens,  
müde bin ich meines Lebens!  
Sterben macht der Lieb' ein End,  
wenn's im Herzen noch so brennt.

Diesen Baum da will ich zieren,  
mir an ihm den Hals zuschnüren!  
Weil das Leben mir mißfällt,  
gute Nacht, du falsche Welt!  
Weil du böse an mir handelst,  
mir kein schönes Kind zubandelst,  
so ist's aus, so sterbe ich.  
Schöne Mädchen, denkt an mich!

Will sich eine um mich Armen,  
eh' ich hänge, noch erbarmen  
wohl, so laß ich's diesmal sein!  
Rufet nur, Ja oder Nein!  
Keine hört mich. Alles stille...  
Also ist es euer Wille!  
Papageno frisch hinauf,  
ende deinen Lebenslauf.  
Nun! Ich warte noch! Es sei  
bis man zählet: eins, zwei, drei!

Eins! Zwei? Drei...

Nun wohlan... es bleibt dabei.  
Weil mich nichts zurücke hält,  
gute Nacht, du falsche Welt!

#### *DIE KNABEN*

*Halt ein! Oh Papageno, und sei klug!  
Man lebt nur einmal, dies sei dir genug!*

#### **PAPAGENO**

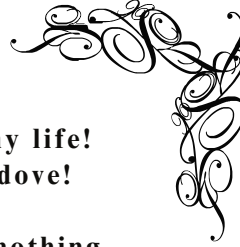
Ihr habt gut reden, gut zu scherzen;  
doch brennt es euch, wie mich im Herzen,  
ihr würdet auch nach Mädchen geh'n.

#### *DIE KNABEN*

*So lasse deine Glöckchen klingen,  
dies wird dein Weibchen zu dir bringen!*

#### **PAPAGENO**

Ich Narr vergaß der Zauberdinge!  
Erklinge, Glockenspiel, erklinge,  
ich muß mein liebes Mädchen seh'n!



Papagena... Love of my life!  
Papagena my lovely dove!

It's no use, it's all for nothing,  
I am tired of my life!  
Death will put an end to Love,  
Even if it still burns in my heart.

I want to decorate this tree,  
By tying my throat to it!  
Because I've soured on life,  
Good night, you bogus world!  
Because you treat me wrongly,  
You don't bless me with a beautiful gir,  
So it's over, so I die.  
Beautiful girls, think of me!

If someone wants to hold me in their arms,  
and before I hang, take pity on me,  
well, I just might spare myself!  
just call out, yes or no!  
No one hears me! Everything is quiet...  
So it is all of your will!  
Papageno toughen up,  
and end your joke of a life.  
Hold up! I'll wait still!  
Until I count: one, two, three!

One! Two? Three...

Well then... it then remains.  
Because nothing is holding me back,  
Good night, you bogus world!

#### *THE CHILD SPIRITS*

*Stop! Oh Papageno, and be reasonable!  
You only live once, this is enough for you!*

#### **PAPAGENO**


It's easy for you to say, to joke about;  
if you were also as hormonal as myself,  
you would be going crazy for girls too!

#### *THE CHILD SPIRITS*

*So let your magic bells ring,  
they will bring your little dove to you!*

#### **PAPAGENO**

I'm an idiot, I forgot about the magic thingy!  
Ring out, magic bells, ring out,  
I need to see my beautiful beloved!





"Wie Todesahnung... O Du Mein Holder Abendstern"  
from *Tannhäuser* (1845)  
by Richard Wagner (1813 - 1883)



**WOLFRAM**

Wie Todesahnung

Dämmerung deckt die Lande,  
umhüllt das Tal mit schwärzlichem Gewande;  
der Seele, die nach jenen Höhn verlangt,  
vor ihrem Flug durch Nacht und Grausen bangt.

Da scheinst du, o lieblichster der Sterne,  
dein sanftes Licht entsendest du der Ferne;  
die nächt'ge Dämmerung teilt dein lieber Strahl,  
und freundlich zeigst du den Weg aus dem Tal.

O du, mein holder Abendstern,  
wohl grüsst' ich immer dich so gern:  
vom Herzen, das sie nie verriet,  
grüsse sie, wenn sie vorbei dir zieht,  
wenn sie entschwebt dem Tal der Erden,  
ein sel'ger Engel dort zu werden!

**WOLFRAM**

Like a premonition of death

Dusk covers the land,  
encases the valley in a black, hazy cloak;  
the soul, that yearns for those heights,  
trembles for its flight through night and horror.

Then you appear, oh most beautiful of stars,  
your soft light propels you through the distance;  
The nightly twilight is split by your lovely rays,  
and, gladly, you show the way out of the valley.

Oh you, my holy evening star,  
You always greet me so gladly:  
from the heart that she has never betrayed,  
she greets if she passes by,  
if she floats away from the valley of the Earth,  
there, she will turn into a blessed angel!

"Son Io, Mio Carlo... Per Me Giunto"  
from *Don Carlo* (1867)  
by Giuseppe Verdi (1813 - 1901)

**RODRIGO**

Son io, mio Carlo.

Uscir tu dei da quest'orrendo avel.  
Felice ancora son se abbracciar te poss'io!  
Io ti salvai!  
Convien qui dirci addio!  
O, mio Carlo...

Per me giunto è il dì supremo,  
No, mai più ci rivedremo;  
Ci congiunga Iddio nel ciel,  
Ei che premia i suoi fedel'.  
Sul tuo ciglio il pianto io miro;  
Lagrimar così, perché?  
No, fa cor, l'estremo spiro.  
Lieto è a chi morrà per te.

**RODRIGO**

It's me, my dear Carlo.

To get you out of this horrendous place.  
I will be happy again if I can embrace you!  
I will save you!  
It is convenient here to say goodbye!  
Oh, my dear Carlo...

For me, my last day has arrived,  
No, we will never see each other again;  
May God join us in heaven,  
He who rewards the loyal and faithful.  
For you, I fill my eyelids with tears;  
So much weeping, what for?  
No, be brave for the last breath.  
Happy am I, in dying for you.

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**15 MINUTE  
INTERVAL**

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"Or Dove Fuggo Io Mai... Ah, Per Sempre!"  
from *I Puritani* (1835)  
by Vincenzo Bellini (1801 - 1835)

**RICCARDO**

Or dove fuggo mai? ...  
Dove mai celo gli orrendi affanni miei?  
Come quei canti  
mi risuonano all'alma amari pianti!  
O Elvira, Elvira, o mio sospir soave,  
per sempre, per sempre, io ti perdei!  
Senza speme ed amor, in questa vita  
or che rimane a me?

Ah! Per sempre io ti perdei,  
Fior d'amore, o mia speranza;  
Ah! La vita che m'avanza  
Sarà piena di dolor!  
Quando errai per anni ed anni  
in poter della ventura,  
io sfidai sciagura e affanni  
nella speme del tuo amor.

**RICCARDO**

Where might I run away to? ...  
Where ever might cure my horrible struggles?  
Like those songs  
they resonate bitter tears through my soul!  
O Elvira, Elvira, oh my sweet sigh,  
forever, forever, I've lost you!  
Without spice and love, in this life  
what remains to me?

Ah, forever now I've lost you,  
flower of love, oh, my hope;  
Ah! The life left to me  
will be full of sorrow!  
While I wandered for years and years  
in the power of fortune,  
I challenged misfortune and difficulties  
in the hope of your love.

"O Sainte Médaille... Avant De Quitter Ces Lieux"  
from *Faust* (1859)  
by Charles Gounod (1818 - 1893)

**VALENTIN**

O sainte médaille,  
qui me vient de ma soeur,  
au jour de la bataille,  
pour écarter la mort,  
reste sur mon coeur.

Avant de quitter ces lieux,  
sol natal de mes aïeux  
a toi, seigneur et Roi des cieux  
ma sœur je confie.  
Daigne de tout danger  
toujours, toujours la protéger  
cette sœur si chérie!

Délivré d'une triste pensée  
j'irai chercher la gloire,  
la gloire au seins des ennemis.  
Le premier, le plus brave  
au fort de la mêlée;  
j'irai combattre pour mon pays.

Et si vers lui, Dieu me rappelle,  
Je veillerai sur toi fidèle,  
O Marguerite!

**VALENTIN**

Oh holy medallion,  
who comes to me from my sister,  
on the day of the battle,  
so to guard me from death,  
stay here, upon my heart.

Before I leave this place,  
the native soil of my ancestors  
to you, sir and King of the sky  
I entrust my sister.  
I beg you, from all danger,  
to always protect  
this sister, so cherished!

Delivered from this harrowing thought,  
I will seek glory,  
glory within the chests of my enemies.  
The foremost, the bravest  
are now at the frontline of the carnage;  
I will fight for my country.

And if God calls me back to him,  
I will faithfully watch over you,  
Oh Marguerite!



"Mab! La Reine Des Mensonges"  
from *Roméo Et Juliette* (1867)  
by Charles Gounod (1818 - 1893)

MERCUTIO

Mab! La reine des mensonges,  
Préside aux songes.  
Plus légère que le vent décevant.  
À travers l'espace,  
À travers la nuit,  
Elle passe,  
Elle fuit!

Son char, que l'atôme rapide  
entraîne dans l'éther limpide,  
fut fait d'une noisette vide  
parver de terre, le charron!

Les harnais, subtile dentelle,  
ont été découpés dans l'aile  
de quelque verte sauterelle  
par son cocher, le moucheron!

Un os de grillon sert de manche  
à son fouet, dont la mèche blanche  
est prise au rayon qui s'épanche  
de Phébé rassemblant sa cour.

Chaque nuit, dans cet équipage,  
Mab visite, sur son passage,  
l'époux qui rêve de veuvage  
et l'amant qui rêve d'amour!

À son approche, la coquette  
rêve d'atours et de toilette,  
le courtisan fait la courbette,  
le poète rime ses vers!

À l'avare en son gîte sombre,  
elle ouvre des trésors sans nombre,  
et la liberté rit dans l'ombre  
au prisonnier chargé de fers.  
Le soldat rêve d'embuscades,  
de batailles et d'estocades.

Elle lui verse les rasades  
dont ses lauriers sont arrosés.  
Et toi, qu'un soupir effarouche,  
quand tu reposes sur ta couche,  
ô vierge! elle effleure ta bouche  
et te fait rêver de baisers!

MERCUTIO

Mab! The queen of lies,  
Presides in dreams.  
Lighter than the deceptive wind  
Through space,  
Through the night,  
She passes,  
She flees!

Her chariot, that swift atomic particle  
driven into the infinite cosmos,  
made out of an empty nutshell  
by an earthworm, the crafty fellow!

The harnesses, a subtle lacework,  
were cut from the wing  
of a green grasshopper  
by the coach driver, the ant!

A cricket bone serves as a handle  
to his whip, which the white candlewick  
is caught in the light that pours out  
of Phoebe gathering her court.

Each night with this equipment  
Mab visits, on her travels,  
the husband who dreams of widowhood  
and the lover who dreams of love!

At her approach, the flirt  
dreams of finery and of dressing up,  
the courtier bows,  
the poet rhymes his verses!

In front of the miser, in his dark shelter,  
she opens her treasures without number,  
and liberty laughs in the shadows  
at the prisoner burdened with irons.  
The soldier dreams of ambushes,  
of battles and charges.

She pours him glasses of wine  
with which his laurels are sprinkled.  
And you, whom a sigh startles  
when you lie on your couch,  
O you, virgin! She brushes your mouth  
and makes you dream of kisses!

**"Vy Mnye Pisali"**  
from *Eugene Onegin*, Op. 24 (1879)  
by Pytor Illyich Tchaikovsky (1840 - 1893)

ONEGIN

Vy mne pisali, ne at pirates!  
ya prachol dushi davyerchivai  
priznanya,  
lyubvi davyerchivai priznanya.  
Mne vasha eeskrennast myla,  
ana v'valnenye privela  
davno umolknufshiye chufstva.  
No vas hvalit ya nyekhachu,  
ya za niyo vam, atplachu,  
priznanyem tak zhe bezyskústva.  
Primitesh eespavet mayu  
sibya na sut vam addayu.

Kagda by zhiz'n damashnim krugam  
ya agranichit' zahatel,  
kagdap mne byt' attsom, suprugam  
priyatnyj zhrebi pavilél  
to verna krome vas ad-nóy  
ni-vés-ty ne ees-kál ee-noy.

No ya ne sozdan dlya blazhenstva,  
yemu chuzhda dusha maya;  
naprasny vashi savershenstva,  
eekh ne dastoin vofse ya.  
Paverte soves't ftom parukay,  
Supruzhestva nam budit mukay.

Ya, skol'ka ni lyubil by vas  
privyknuf razlyublyu totchas.  
Suditesh vy kakie rozy  
nam zagatovit Giminej,  
eel mozhet byt' na mnoga dney.

Michtam ee godam net vazvrata,  
akh, net vazvrata,  
ne abnavlju dushí maey.  
Ya vas lyublyu lyubov'yu brata  
lyubov'yu brata,  
eel mozhet byt eescho silney.  
Eel mozhet byt...  
eel mozhet byt...  
eescho, eescho silney.

Paslushaytesh minya bez gneva!  
Smenit ne ras mladaya deva  
michtami, michtami,  
lyohkie michty.

ONEGIN

**You wrote to me - do not deny it!  
I have read your trustful soul's  
confessions,  
the bold claims of your innocent love.  
Your sincerity touched me,  
it awakened within me  
feelings that I buried a long time ago.  
But I do not praise you,  
I will repay you, stranger,  
by giving you an equally artless avowal.  
So hear, now, what I have to say  
I submit myself to your judgment.**

**If I wished to limit my life  
to a domesticated family unit,  
if being a father or a spouse  
were things I aimed to be,  
then you, alone, would be my choice  
for a bride - no one else.**

**But I was not made for such delights,  
wedlock is against my very nature;  
your perfections are wasted on me,  
for I do not deserve such beauty.  
Believe me! God as my witness,  
our marriage would be torture.**

**I, no matter how deeply in love with you,  
once settled, would lose all passion.  
Imagine how thorny the roses are that  
Hymen would scratch and scar us with,  
perhaps endlessly, forever.**

**My dreams and youth cannot return,  
oh cannot return,  
I cannot change who I am.  
I love you only as a brother,  
yes as a brother,  
perhaps more tenderly.  
Perhaps...  
perhaps...  
More... more tenderly.**

**Don't be mad at the truth!  
fickle young girls like you usually jump  
from one dream to another,  
something easier.**

**"Vy Takk Pechalny... Ya Vas Lyublyu"**  
*from Pique Dame, Op. 68 (1890)*  
by Pytor Illyich Tchaikovsky (1840 - 1893)

YELETSKY

Vy tak pechalny, dorogaya,  
kak budto gore yest u vas...

Dovertes mne!

Postoite na odno mgnovenye!  
Ya dolzhen, dolzhen vam skazat!

Ya vas lyublyu, lyublyu bezmerno,  
bez vas ne myslyu dnya prozhit,  
ya podvig sily bezprimerno  
gotov seichas dlya vas svershit.

No, znaite: serdtsa vashevo svododu  
nichem ya ne khochu stesnyat,  
gotov skryvatsya  
vam v'ugodu  
i pyl revnivyx chuvstv unyat,  
Na vsyo dlya vas gotov ya!

Ne tolko lyubyashchim suprugom,  
slugoi poleznym inogda,  
zhelal by ya byt vashim drugom  
i uteshitelem vseгда.

No yasno vizhu, chuvstvuyu teper ya,  
kuda sebya  
v'mechtakh zavlyok.  
Kak malo v'vas ko mne doverya,  
kak chuzhd ya vam  
i kak dalyok.

Akh! Ya terzayus etoi dalyu,  
Sostrazhdu vam ya vsei dushoi!

Pechalyus vashei ya pechalyu  
I plachu vasheyu slezoi!

Akh! Ya terzayus etoi dalyu,  
Sostrazhdy vam ya vsei dushoi!

Ya vas lyublyu, lyublyu bezmerno,  
bez vas ne myslyu dnya prozhit,  
ya podvig sily bezprimerno  
gotov seichas dlya vas svershit.

O, milaya, dovertes mne!

YELETSKY

You look so downcast, my love,  
as though you held some grief within...

Confide in me!

Please wait one moment!  
I must, must speak with you!

I love you, with love beyond all measure,  
I cannot conceive a day without you,  
I am ready to accomplish, for our sake  
a heroic task asking matchless strength.

But be assured, I do not wish, in any way  
To restrict the liberty of your heart,  
I am ready to suppress my wants  
if that is best for you.  
And master the heat of jealousy,  
I would do anything, anything for you!

I don't just want to be a loving husband  
or sometimes a useful servant,  
but your best friend too,  
and always your consoler.

Yet I see clearly and feel it now  
how I allowed myself  
to be misled by my dreams,  
How little trust you have in me,  
how alien I seem to you,  
and how remote.

Oh! I am tormented by this remoteness.  
My entire soul can feel your suffering!

Your sadness is mine.  
Your tears, I weep them too!

Oh! I am tormented by this remoteness.  
My entire soul can feel your suffering!

I love you, love you beyond all measure,  
I cannot conceive a day without you,  
I am ready to accomplish for our sake  
a heroic task asking matchless strength.

Oh, my love, confide in me!

END OF RECITAL



# THANK YOU



Almost twenty years ago, during a TAS Junior School Assembly, Diedre Rickards stood me out the front of the TAS Transition choir after a performance, and declared:

*"This little boy has a lovely voice, and he will play the violin!"*

My parents believed this to be a prophecy of sorts, and weren't about to tempt the powers that be! So, I commenced violin lessons with the late, great Marian Barford.

Ever since, I have experienced an unwavering urge to pull at the thread, and slowly unravel this ball of yarn that is a life consumed by art, performance, theatre, music... which has been revealing itself bit by bit over the years.

The recital that you have just heard tonight is a condensed presentation to you all of my discoveries, and of the cumulative belief, energy, time and support poured into me by the countless educators, performers and entities of the Armidale Community.

This concert is for those people (alphabetically listed):

Corrine Arter, Marian Barford, Robin Bradley,  
Florence Champion de Crespigny, Jeannie Cole, Laura Curotta, Connie Dunham, Warwick Dunham, Mark Harrison, Robert Jackson, Joanna Fairs-Wu, Robert Manley, Bruce Menzies, Sue Metcalfe, Alexander Negerevich, Andrew O'Connor, Jan Paterson,  
Diedre Rickards, Leanne Roobol, Stephen Tall, George Torbay,  
The ADMS,  
The Music and Drama Departments at The Armidale School,  
& The New England Conservatorium Of Music.

To Robert Manley, thank you for taking on this monstrous project, and for learning all of this new music and bringing your unique style and flair to it all. We've made some pretty cool music tonight.


To my mums, Kath & Jen, who have given me unconditional love, endless support in my creative pursuits, and everything they possibly could, I love you so much, and will be back before you know it.

To my best friend, Jordan, thank you for being my counsel, and someone I can look up to every day.

I heard it on the grapevine that you're in town tonight.

To all of you who attended tonight, thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for your support, and for being here.

Having someone to sing for is always nice.



Love, Zig

