



ZIGGY HARRIS

NOV 22ND 2022
GRADUATING RECITAL

PERFORMING WITH ALAN HICKS & JOANNA TONDYS



ALAN HICKS

Alan Hicks is a pianist, opera and diction coach, and former Head of Voice at ANU. He has worked for Opera Australia, Opera Queensland and Melbourne Opera, recorded for ABC Classics and the Australian War Memorial, appeared in theatrical productions at the Street Theatre, Canberra, Riverside Theatre Parramatta and the Butterfly Club, Melbourne, and has shaken hands with Queen Elizabeth II and Steve Waugh. Alan is a Life Member of Art Song Canberra.

JOANNA TONDYS

Joanna studied piano in her native Poland where she graduated with a Diploma of Music from the Music High School at Zdunska Wola. While studying there she became interested in early music. After moving to Australia she commenced her harpsichord studies with Monika Kornel and continued with Neal Peres da Costa at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music. In 2007 she received a scholarship from the University of Sydney to study at the Royal College of Music in London with harpsichordist Terence Charlston. She completed her Bachelor of Music (Performance) in June 2009.

Joanna's knowledge and experience in historical performance has grown by attending many masterclasses in both Australia and Europe. She has performed with many groups on both harpsichord and chamber organ in Australia and Europe. Joanna is always eager to discover and learn as much as she can about the music of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. To add to it she loves cooking and sharing the food with family and friends.



PROGRAM

"DORMO ANCORA"

from *IL RITORNO D'ULISSE IN PATRIA*, SV. 325 (1640)
Claudio Monteverdi (1567 - 1643)

"OI VOI DEL L'EREBO"

from *LA RESURREZIONE*, HWV. 47 (1708)
George Frideric Handel (1685 - 1759)

SELECTIONS FROM

MÖRIKE-LIEDER (1888)

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)

DER FEUERREITER

VERBORGENHEIT

ER IST'S

SELECTIONS FROM

SONGS AND PROVERBS OF WILLIAM BLAKE, OP.74 (1965)

Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

PROVERB 4

THE TYGER

PROVERB 5

THE FLY

PROVERB 6

DANSE MACABRE

(1872)

&

REVERIE

(1851)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835 - 1921)

ВЫ МНЕ ПИСАЛИ

from *EUGENE ONEGIN*, Op. 24 (1879)

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840 - 1893)

WHERE IS THE LIFE THAT LATE I LED?

from *KISS ME, KATE* (1948)

Cole Porter (1891 - 1964)



DR. SIMON LOBELSON

With a career that has spanned 4 continents and 85 operatic roles from the baroque to the contemporary and the lyric to the dramatic, high respect as a pedagogue, superlative press reviews and a Helpmann Award nomination, Dr. Simon Lobelson has established himself as one of the most versatile baritones of his generation. Since graduating with first class honors from Sydney University and distinction from The Royal College of Music, Simon has worked as a soloist with companies such as Royal Opera House Covent Garden, English National Opera, Opera Australia, Opera Queensland, Pinchgut Opera, Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Queensland Symphony Orchestra, Sydney Philharmonia, English Chamber Orchestra, Asko/Schönberg Ensemble, Israel Camerata and the Lucerne Festival, under some of the world's leading conductors. He has appeared on several commercial recordings and is full-time lecturer in voice and opera at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music. He regularly adjudicates for the Sydney and Queensland Eisteddfods and has given master classes in both Australia and China. He very recently returned from performing the world premiere of *Antarctica* for the Holland Festival and from Vienna, where he was invited to present his research on vocalism in contemporary opera.

ZIGGY HARRIS

Armidale born-and-bred baritone, Ziggy Harris, began his stint at Sydney Conservatorium in 2018, in the Music Education department, majoring in violin. After a fateful five years full of plot twists, Ziggy is looking upon the sunrise of a career in opera as a lyric baritone, and will be graduating with a Bachelor of Music (Performance) majoring in Classical Voice, under several scholarships. Since receiving a scholarship to travel to the Lyric Opera Studio Weimar, Germany, in June/July 2022 for his operatic debut to play the beloved vogelfänger, Papageno, in Mozart's *"Die Zauberflöte"*, Ziggy has been training rigorously to audition for opera programs internationally, in places such as London, Malmö, Amsterdam, Helsinki and Massachusetts. In recent years, Ziggy has been a choral scholar for the choir of Christ Church St. Laurence under the direction and mentorship of Sam Allchurch. Here, as a chorister, he has sung weekly in High Masses, several orchestral Masses, recordings for an album of settings and motets from the 16th to the 21st century, cantored, performed as a soloist, and discovered a passion for Renaissance polyphony. Ziggy's coach and mentor, Dr. Simon Lobelson, has been monumental to his development as a performer, guiding Ziggy to sing fearlessly and honestly, and embrace all things weird. In August of 2022, Ziggy performed as the featured baritone in concert with the Armidale Symphony Orchestra, and is returning to sing several concerts with them in 2023, including the role of Pilate in Bach's *Johannes-Passion*. Ziggy has also been invited back to Weimar's 2023 summer program to play in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.



DORMO ANCORA

from *Il RITORNO D'ULISSE IN PATRIA*, SV. 325 (1640)

Claudio Monteverdi

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.
Solingo, 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
lasciaste 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.

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, you
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 dragged down
into a watery grave.

O VOI DEL L'EREBO

from LA RESURREZIONE HWV 47 (1708)

Claudio Monteverdi

O voi, dell'Erebo
Potenze orribili,
Su, meco armatevi
D'ira e valor!

E dell' Eumenidi
Gli angui terribili,
Con fieri sibili Ai cieli mostrino
Ch'hanno i suoi fulmini gli abissi ancor!

O voi, dell'Erebo, etc.

Oh, you wretched people of Erebus,
With your dreaded power,
Come! And arm yourselves
with rage and courage!

And let the God of Vengeance,
Harness your anguish,
Proudly and fiercely so that Heaven
Will feel the thunders of Hell!

Oh, you wretched people of Erebus, etc.

Interval

DER FEUERREITER

No. 44 from MÖRIKE-LIEDER (1888)

Hugo Wolf

Sehet ihr am Fensterlein?
Dort! Die rote Mütze wieder?
Nicht geheuer muß es sein,
Denn er geht schon auf und nieder.

Und auf einmal welch Gewühle
Bei der Brücke, nach dem Feld!
Horch! das Feuerglöcklein gellt!
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Schaut! da sprengt er wütend schier
Durch das Tor, der Feuerreiter,
Auf dem rippendürren Tier,
Als auf einer Feuerleiter!

Querfeldein! Durch Qualm und
Schwüle,
Rennt er schon und ist am Ort!
Drüben schallt es fort und fort:
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg,
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Der so oft den roten Hahn
Meilenweit von fern gerochen,
Mit des heiligen Kreuzes Span
Freventlich die Glut besprochen -

Weh! dir grinst vom Dachgestühle
Dort! Der Feind im Höllenschein.
Gnade Gott der Seele dein!
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg,
Rast er in der Mühle!

Keine Stunde hielt es an,
Bis die Mühle borst in Trümmer;
Doch den kecken Reitersmann
Sah man von der Stunde nimmer.

Do you see that, at the window,
There! That red flash again?
Something isn't right,
For it's wobbling up and down.

And suddenly comes a throng of fire
Across the bridge, heading to the fields!
Listen! The fire-bell is ringing!
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill
The mill's on fire!

Look! There he gallops ferociously,
Through the gates, the fire-rider,
Straddling his skeletal beast,
As if it were a fire ladder!

Across the fields! Through thick smoke
and heat
He rides and reaches his target!
The distant bell echoes on and on:
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill
The mill's on fire!

He can always smell a fire
From many miles away,
And conjures infernos using
Cursed splinters of the holy cross-

Ah! He's leering down from the rafters,
There! The Devil in the flames of hell.
May God have mercy on your soul!
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill
He's raging in the mill!

No an hour passes,
Before the mill bursts into rubble;
But from that hour the infamous rider
Was never seen again.

Volk und Wagen im Gewühle
Kehren heim von all dem Graus;
Auch das Glöcklein klinget aus:
Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg,
Brennts! -

Nach der Zeit ein Müller fand
Ein Gerippe samt der Mützen
Aufrecht an der Kellerwand
Auf der beinern Mähre sitzen...

Feuerreiter, wie so kühle
Reitest du in deinem Grab!
Husch! da fällt's in Asche ab.

Ruhe wohl,
Ruhe wohl
Drunten in der Mühle!

Waves of crowds and carriages
Flee home from all the horror;
And the bell stops ringing too:
Behind the hill,
Behind the hill
Fire! -

After some time a miller found
A skeleton, marked with Satan's print,
Upright against the cellar wall,
Still straddling its fleshless beast...

Fire-rider, how coldly
You ride in your grave!
Hush! It has all flaked into ash.

Rest in peace,
Rest in peace
Down there in the mill!

VERBORGENHEIT

No. 12 from MÖRIKE-LIEDER (1888)

Hugo Wolf

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Leave, oh world, oh leave me be!
Do not taunt me with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep, for itself,
Its wonder, its pain!

What I suffer, I do not know,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always there, through a veil of tears
I can see the sun's loving light.

Often, I am lost in thought,
And, suddenly, bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing euphoria to my breast.

Leave, oh world, oh leave me be!
Do not taunt me with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep, for itself,
Its wonder, its pain!

ER IST'S

No. 6 from MÖRIKE-LIEDER (1888)

Hugo Wolf

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern,
Ein leise Harfenton!

Frühling, ja, du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!
Ja! Du bist's!

Spring is letting its blue streamers
Flutter through the breezes again;
Sweet, nostalgic scents
Drift eagerly across the land.

Little violets, already dreaming,
Want to come out and bloom soon.
Listen, from far away,
The quiet ring of a harp!

Spring, that must be you!
I have heard you!
Yes! It's you!

SONGS AND PROVERBS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

Op. 74, 1965

Benjamin Britten

PROVERB 4

*Think in the morning.
Act in the noon.
Eat in the evening.
Sleep in the night.*

THE TYGER

*Tyger Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?*

*In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare sieze the fire?*

*And what shoulder, & what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat
What dread hand? & what dread feet?
What the hammer? what the chain
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!*

*When the stars threw down their
spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make
thee?*

*Tyger Tyger burning bright
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?*

PROVERB 5

*The tygers of wrath are wiser
Than the horses of instruction.
If the fool would persist in his
folly,
He would become wise.
If others had not been foolish,
We should be so.*

THE FLY

*Little Fly
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away*

*Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?*

*For I dance
And drink & sing:
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.*

*If thought is life, and strength,
and breath,
And the want of thought is
death,
Then, am I a happy fly
If I live, or if I die.*

PROVERB 6

*The hours of folly are measured
by the clock,
But of wisdom no clock can
measure.
The busy bee has no time for
sorrow.
Eternity is in love with the
productions of time.*

Interval

DANSE MACABRE

Camille Saint-Saëns

Zig et zig et zig! La mort en cadence
Frappant une tombe avec son talon,
La mort à minuit joue un air de danse,
Zig et zig et zag, sur son violon.

Le vent d'hiver souffle, et
la nuit est sombre,
Des gémissements sortent des tilleuls;
Les squelettes blancs vont à travers l'ombre
Courant et sautant
sous leurs grands linceuls.

Zig et zig et zig, chacun se trémousse,
On entend claquer les os des danseurs,
Un couple lascif s'assoit sur la mousse
Comme pour goûter d'anciennes douceurs.

Zig et zig et zag! La mort continue
De racler sans fin son aigre instrument.
Un voile est tombé! La danseuse est nue!
Son danseur la serre amoureusement.

La dame est, dit-on, marquise ou baronne.
Et le vert galant un pauvre charron—
Horreur! Et voilà qu'elle s'abandonne
Comme si le rustre était un baron!

Zig et zig et zig! Quelle sarabande!
Quels cercles de morts se donnant la main!
Zig et zig et zag, on voit dans la bande
Le roi gambader auprès du vilain!

Mais psit! tout à coup on quitte la ronde,
On se pousse, on fuit, le coq a chanté...
Oh! La belle nuit pour le pauvre monde!
Et vive la mort et l'égalité!

Zigga zigga zig! Death is rhythmically
Rattling on a tomb with his stilettoes,
It's midnight and Death plays a jiggy,
Zigga zigga zag! On his violin.

The Winter wind is blowing and
the night is dark,
Spooky moans can be heard from the trees;
Bleached skeletons emerge from the shadows,
Scurrying and bouncing
under their large shrouds.

Zigga zigga zig! Everyone is grooving,
The dancer's bones clatter and clink,
A lustful couple sits together on the moss,
As if to taunt ancient temptations.

Zigga zigga zag! Death continues,
Endlessly scraping on his squeaky violin.
A veil has slipped off! The dancer's naked!
Her partner embraces her amorously.

This lady is said to be a baroness,
And that arrogant oaf a dense wheelwright.
Oh no! And now she gives herself to him,
As if this bozo were a baron!

Zigga zigga zig! What a saraband!
Circles of corpses all holding hands!
Zigga zigga zag! in the crowd you can see
The king and the peasant dancing together!

But sshh! Suddenly the dance ends,
They hustle and flee—the rooster has sung...
Ah! A beautiful night for this sickly world!
And long live death and equality!

RÊVERIE

Camille Saint-Saëns

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme
Donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique, sa flamme,
Ou son parfum;

Puisqu'ici toute chose
Donne toujours
Son épine ou sa rose
À ses amours;

Puisque l'air à la branche
Donne l'oiseau;
Que l'aube à la pervenche
Donne un peu d'eau;

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive
S'y reposer,
L'onde amère à la rive
Donne un baiser;

Je te donne à cette heure,
Penché sur toi
La chose la meilleure
Que j'aie en moi!

Since here earth each soul
Gives someone
Its music, its passion,
Or its essence;

Since here all things
Will always give
Their thorns or roses
To those they love;

Since the breeze gives
A bird to the branch;
And the dawn gives
A drop of dew to the lavender;

Since when they come
To rest there,
The salty waves
Give the shore a kiss;

I give to you, at this hour,
Yearning,
The best things
I have in me!

Reçois donc ma pensée,
Triste d'ailleurs,
Qui, comme une rosée,
T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,
Ô mes amours!
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre
De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,
Purs de soupçons!
Et toutes les caresses
De mes chansons!

Mon esprit qui sans voile
Vogue au hasard,
Et qui n'a pour étoile
Que ton regard!

Reçois mon bien céleste,
Ô ma beauté,
Mon cœur dont rien ne reste -
L'amour ôté!

Accept my thoughts, then,
As sad as they are,
Which like, droplets of dew
Come to you as tears!

Accept my infinite vows,
Oh, my love!
Accept the passion and the calm
Of all my days!

I move: drunk with rapture,
Devoid of all distrust,
And with all the caresses
Of my songs!

My soul, without sails,
Drifts randomly,
And my lonely star,
Is for your gaze!

Accept, oh my sweet angel,
Oh my beauty,
My heart, of which nothing remains -
All the love was stolen!

"ВЫ МНЕ ПИСАЛИ"

from EUGENE ONEGIN, OP. 24 (1879)

Pytor Illyich Tchaikovsky

RECITATIVE:

*Вы мне писали, не отрицайтесь,
Я прочёл души доверчивой
признанья,
Любви невинной излиянья.
Мне Ваша искренность мила,
Она в волненье привела
Давно умолкнувшие чувства.
Но вас хвалить я не хочу,
Я за неё вам отплачу
Признаньем, так же без искусства.
Примите ж исповедь мою,
Себя на суд Вам отдаю.*

ARIA:

*Когда бы жизнь домашним кругом
Я ограничить захотел,
Когда б мне быть отцом, супругом
Приятный жребий повелел,
То, верно, кроме Вас одной
Невесты не искал иной.*

*Но я не создан для блаженства,
Ему чужда душа моя;
Напрасны Ваши совершенства,
Их не достоин вовсе я.
Поверьте, совесть в том порукой
Супружество нам будет мукой,*

*Я сколько ни любил бы Вас,
Привыкнув, разлюблю тотчас
Судите ж вы какие розы
Нам заготовит Гименей
И может быть на много дней*

RECITATIVE:

*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.*

ARIA:

*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,
Endlessly, perhaps, for many days.*

Мечтам и годам нет возврата
Ах, нет возврата,
Не обновлю души моей,
Я Вас люблю любовью брата,
Любовью брата
Иль, может быть, ещё нежней
Иль, может быть,
иль, может быть,
Ещё, ещё нежней.

Послушайте ж меня без гнева,
Сменит не раз младая дева
Мечтами, мечтами легкие мечты

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!
Fickle young girls like you usually jump
From one dream to another, easier,
lighter dream.

WHERE IS THE LIFE THAT LATE I LED?

from *KISS ME, KATE* (1948)

Cole Porter

Since I reached the charming age of
puberty
And began to finger feminine curls,
I became the Chad of my vicinity,
For I've always a multitude of girls,
But now that a married man,
at last, am I,
How aware of my
dear, departed past am I.

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now? Totally dead.
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone?
Gone with the wind.
A married life may all be well,
But raising an heir
Could never compare
With raising a bit of hell,
So I repeat what first I said,
Where is the life that late I led?

In dear Milano,
where are you, Momo,
Still selling those pictures of the
Scriptures in the Duomo?
And, Carolina, where are you, Lina,
Still peddling your pizza in the
streets o' Taormina?
And in Firenze,
where are you, Alice,
Still there in your
pretty, itty-bitty Pitti Palace?
And sweet Lucretia,
so young and gay-ee?
What scandalous doin's in
the ruins of Pompeii!

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now? Totally dead.
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone?
Gone with the wind.
The marriage game is quite all right,
Yes, during the day
It's easy to play
But, oh, what a bore at night,
So I repeat what first I said
Where is the life that late I?

Where is Rebecca, my Becki-weckio,
Again is she cruising that amusing
Ponte Vecchio?
Where is Fedora, the wild virago?
It's lucky I missed her gangster
sister from Chicago.
Where is Venetia,
who loved to chat so,
Could still she be drinkin' in
her stinkin' pink palazzo?
And lovely Lisa, where are you, Lisa?
You gave a new meaning to the
leaning tow'r of Pisa.

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now? Totally dead.
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone?
Gone with the wind.
I've oft been told of nuptial bliss,
But what do you do,
A quarter to two,
With only a shrew to kiss?
So I repeat what first I said,
Where is the life that late I led?

ABOUT THE MUSIC

"DORMO ANCORA"

from *IL RITORNO D'ULISSE IN PATRIA*, SV. 325 (1640)

Claudio Monteverdi (1567 - 1643)

"Dormo Ancora", the Waking Aria, is one of Monteverdi's most exquisite gems of recitar cantando (also known as monady), a style of operatic composition driven by the rhythms and intentions of speech patterns, and a pulse in the continuo that stabilises the ensemble. These two elements exist like a double helix, the impassioned lyrics spiralling around the anchored pulse with deliberate rubato, the two merging at even intervals to create steadiness as the story unfurls. Monteverdi was a master at maximising the overflowing drama expressed in speech emphasis, as is particularly evident in Giacomo Badoaro's rich and colourful libretto, *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*. This style is what blossomed into the recitative heard in Mozart's operas, Händel's oratorios, and so forth.

Here, Ulisse awakens on a desert beach, dazed and confused, but vaguely recalls someone abandoning him here... but who? Who? After blaming the gods, he realises that he has, in fact, been ditched by the Phaecians, who were quested by Giove and Nettuno to return him to Patria where he may resume the throne after several years of fighting the Trojan War. Instead, they got bored of him, drugged him, dragged him ashore, dumped him whilst still knocked out cold, fled back out to sea, and, minutes later, were turned to stone by the gods. Within this aria, Ulisse questions his reality, curses the gods, blames himself, curses the Phaecians, shakes his fists at the wind, sky and sea, and ultimately condemns the Phaecians to a watery grave for this dramatic inconvenience to his royal timeline.

"OI VOI DEL L'EREBO"

from *LA RESURREZIONE*, HWV. 47 (1708)

George Frideric Handel (1685 - 1759)

Händel's set this sacred extended poem by Carlo Sigismondo Capece to be performed for Easter Sunday at the Ruspoli Palace in Rome, as it dramatises the events of the Passion, whilst interestingly omitting Jesus from the roles sung. The Italian poetry of *La Resurrezione* is teeming with drama which results in characters one might see on the opera stage, particularly *Luciferio* (Lucifer), a smug, imposing, charismatic villain.

Lucifer's air follows a fervid quarrel with The Angel, who demands he repent so he may be saved before it is too late. To this, Lucifer scoffs, begging the question - "do you know who I am?" He turns to the peoples of Erebus, the deity of darkness, and rallies them to harness their rage and ferocity, as he declares war upon heaven.

DER FEUERREITER

No. 44 from MÖRIKE-LIEDER (1888)

Hugo Wolf

Eduard Mörike wrote this poem as a student of theology, to dramatise the Deutsch-fable of a fiend that appears where a fire breaks out, and, for schadenfreude, exacerbates what might be a manageable flame into a cataclysmic inferno. This fiend is an arsonist. The poem depicts alternating perspectives between onlookers and an omniscient narrator as they watch a mill burst into flames as the fire-rider (Feuerreiter) wreak havoc. Wolf reflects essential turning points in the story's environment in the piano part, where one can hear the fire bell shrilling, the mill exploding, the fire-rider's lecherous brutality, and later on, the ashes of the wreckage flaking into the sky like the wonderment of the townsfolk as to where the fire-rider may have disappeared to.

VERBORGENHEIT

No. 12 from MÖRIKE-LIEDER (1888)

Hugo Wolf

Mörike's poem describes the frustration, exhaustion, and unwavering desire for solitude that comes with depression. In Wolf's setting, the piano reflects this affliction's cyclic nature, then moves to build and soar as the hermit experiences some semblance of joy for a split second by the sheer force of the sunlight that penetrates into his hideaway. The vocal style required to deliver Wolf's lieder are often compared to that of Wagner's opera's, who was his contemporary, and colleague. Both composers demand the singer to balance upon a tightrope of emotional depth, vocal delicacy, and near technical perfection in slower, more exposed songs such as "Verborgenheit".

ER IST'S

No. 6 from MÖRIKE-LIEDER (1888)

Hugo Wolf

In this charming little tune, Wolf underpins Mörike's joyous images of springtime with a soft flurrying piano accompaniment that builds upon the excitement that comes with sunnier days, full of energy. The triumphant piano coda marks the certainty that life is about to become happier, and that patience and hope are virtues worth upholding.

SELECTIONS FROM

SONGS AND PROVERBS OF WILLIAM BLAKE, OP.74 (1965)

Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

William Blake was an English poet of the Romantic era whose works delve into religion, enlightenment, consciousness, imagination, and commentary upon the upper class' malpractice and abuse of power. Benjamin Britten's setting pairs instalments from Blake's Proverbs of Hell with instalments from Songs of Experience, to create a seamless commentary upon the cruelty of humankind, and questioning of humankind's sanity. Originally composed for and performed by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and accompanied by Britten himself, these modern English art songs conceptually take compositional inspiration from early-romantic lieder, as the piano parts embody the song's environments and take on characters of their own. For example, listen for the buzzing of a fly in "The Fly" and a "busy bee" in "Proverb 6", and listen for a tiger bounding through "the forests of the night" in "The Tyger".

DANSE MACABRE

Camille Saint-Saëns

There is an old French folklore that, on halloween night, Death incarnate will summon the corpses of a smorgasbord of backgrounds and cultures to reanimate and dance upon each others' graves as an act of defiance to the living's stigmatisation of dying. The common reading of this tale was utterly mortifying to most people, and a caution to those living their lives in vain. This is the tale of the Dance of Death - Danse Macabre. Henri Cazalis' playful depiction of this as a roaring, raunchy, party of skeletons dancing in a cemetery was originally set by Camille Saint-Saëns as the art song for voice and piano that you hear today, but was later reworked in 1874 as a tone poem for solo violin and orchestra.

I strongly believe this song would fit perfectly into either of Tim Burton's *The Nightmare Before Christmas* or *Corpse Bride*, and cannot sing it without imagining I'm Jack Skellington giving mortals a tour of one of the best parties in Halloween Town. The final stanza evokes revolutionary undertones, topical to France's society still finding its feet seven decades post-monarchy.

RÊVERIE

Camille Saint-Saëns

This poem of Victor Hugo's is a textbook high-romantic era outpouring of love, sentiment, vulnerability and devotion through vivid portraits of nature's beauty and magnitude. Saint-Saëns' setting splits the ten stanzas into two groups of five that follow the same musical symmetry, reaching two major climaxes where the protagonist, overwhelmed, proclaims his love for this special someone.

"ВЫ МНЕ ПИСАЛИ"

from EUGENE ONEGIN, OP. 24 (1879)

Pytor Illyich Tchaikovsky

In the late 1870s, orchestras were growing in size, harmonies were expanding in scope and Tchaikovsky was in his prime, as he increasingly involved tropes of grand orchestral symphonies into his operas, painting lavish ballrooms of melodies dancing and interplaying with one another. Eugene Onegin, based upon the canonic novel by the renowned Alexander Pushkin, boasts some of Tchaikovsky's most famous and recognisable arias for their melodic opulence.

"ВЫ МНЕ ПИСАЛИ" comes amidst the tangles of the drama. Prior, Tatyana - a starry-eyed, young romantic - wrote a letter to Onegin - a suave, cold dandy - professing her devout love and undying passion for him, depicted in the iconic Letter Aria. Granted, this can be read as a tad manic by Tatyana, having only met this chap once before. Here we stand at the end of Act 1, as Onegin confronts Tatyana, "do not deny it", proceeding to patronise her feelings and belittle her character in a rather superfluous manner. As a staple aria in any lyric baritone's repertoire, "ВЫ МНЕ ПИСАЛИ" embodies Tchaikovsky's legendary melodic richness, and is a treat to sing.

CREDITS

There is a famous proverb that comes from several African cultures:

"It takes a village to raise a child."

Today, you watched a lot more than Ziggy Harris sing some songs. You witnessed countless hours and unspeakable amounts of belief poured into me by a village of beautiful people who all deserve mention and thanks today.

Firstly, to my mums, Kath and Jen. My parents bore countless mornings where, at 5AM a five-year-old Ziggy would barge into their room screeching proudly away at his violin. My parents came to every show I ever played or sung in growing up. To this point, my parents have invested over a decade and a half of time, money, laughs, tears, and more into my penchant for the performing arts, and they deserve all the praise in the world for never doubting in me, even when I have been ready to give up on my own dreams. Your patience, generosity and unwavering love have made me into who I am today, and I love you both so, very much.

Another who deserves rounds of applause is Dr. Simon Lobelson, who took me under his wing as I entered what would become one of the most formative years of my life in 2021, and has taught me not only how to sing, but has been a well-humoured, well-adjusted, formidable and wise role-model to me who embodies integrity. Our lessons have been sanctuaries of calm, fun, artistic nitpicking and pure comedy, and have been a highlight of my time in Sydney.

I would not have been able to perform today's recital without my accompanists: Alan and Joanna. Alan, we have had several laughs over the past year and will continue to do so, thank you for always making our rehearsals one of the most exciting parts of my week. Joanna, thank you for teaching me to begin understanding a whole new world of music, our rehearsals have been mind-blowing and so much fun.

Many thanks to Dr. David Greco for our intensive coaching sessions on the Monteverdi - what an absolute blast and privilege to learn from someone so passionate and hilarious!

To my dear friends, Jordan, Kris, Maddie and Alex: I deeply believe that one is the average of the people they spend most time with, and I am so lucky that you all have been some of the most positive, grounding and inspiring influences I have ever had.

To the Sydney Conservatorium and the Vocal Department, thank you for taking a chance on this over-zealous kid who had only ever sung one classical song before the age of 18. Thank you for bolstering my abilities to perform and to take on the next challenges that emerge.

Lastly, it's a pleasure to sing for an audience made up of friends and family! So, thank you all for coming!