

VAN DIEMEN'S BAND

pataway/BURNIE

LUNCHBOX CONCERTS

1.05pm
THURSDAY

4 MAY 2023

LEIDER AND LIGHT

JACQUELINE WARD VOICE
JANE EDWARDS PIANO

PROGRAM

Richard Strauss

Nichts, Op. 10, No. 2

Das Rosenband, Op. 36, No. 1

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel

Sehnsucht, Op. 9, No. 7

Richard Strauss

Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden, Op. 68, No. 2

Schön sind doch kalt, Op. 19, No. 3

Hugo Wolf

Der Knabe und das Immelein, from *Gedichte von Eduard Mörike*, No. 2

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel

Verlust, Op. 9, No. 10

Hugo Wolf

Nixe Binsefuss, from *Gedichte von Eduard Mörike*, No. 45

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel

Im Herbst, Op. 9, No. 5

Richard Strauss

Die Georgine, Op. 10, No. 4

Robert Schumann

Widmung, Op. 25, No. 1

Richard Strauss

Ich trage meine Minne, Op. 32

Hugo Wolf

Gebet, from *Gedichte von Eduard Mörike*, No. 28

Er ist's, from *Gedichte von Eduard Mörike*, No. 6

ABOUT THE COMPOSERS

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847) was born into a musical family in Germany. The relationship between Fanny and her brother Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy is famed and they are often mentioned side by side. She and her brother received training from the same piano and composition tutors, one of which believed that Fanny was gifted with particularly special talent. Mendelssohn's family upheld the same attitude that was common in society that frowned upon a woman being a published composer. Mendelssohn's father wrote to her that Felix would likely take up music as his profession but that for her it "must only be an ornament". Felix was privately supportive of his sister's work and amongst their friends he was her greatest champion, but publicly he supported the attitude of their family. Her works were performed regularly at the family's salon concerts and in 1830, *The Harmonicon* declared that Mendelssohn composed "with the freedom of a master".

It was arranged that six of Mendelssohn's songs would be published under Felix's name, contributing to his Op. 8 and 9. Mendelssohn's husband, on the other hand, encouraged her to publish her work. In 1846, the year before her death, she was approached by publishers and Mendelssohn published her Op. 1 under her married name. She subsequently received a touching 'professional blessing' in a letter from her brother.

After her death, in the 1860s, she began to be recognised in literature with British Scientist Francis Galton in his *Hereditary Genius* listing both siblings and describing her as "of high genius".

Musicologists in the 20th Century began to unravel and decipher which of the works published under Felix's name were in fact authored by Fanny, and many now believe she was the inventor of the piano style "songs without words" (a style for which Felix is known). Mendelssohn composed over 450 pieces of music, including works for trios and quartets, orchestras, choirs; cantatas, over 125 piano pieces and in excess of 250 Lieder. Musicologist Angela Mace observed that Mendelssohn was much more adventurous than Felix, noting that the "harmonic density is incredibly intense" and that "a one-page Lied can deliver the emotional charge of a much longer work".

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) was a German composer, conductor, concert pianist, and violinist. He is one of a handful of composers considered to be a 'bridge composer' as his works span the late Romantic and early Modern eras. His formal musical education began at age four and his flare for composition was apparent by age six. His earlier musical style was influenced by his father, a horn player and music professor, and by Schumann and Felix Mendelssohn, and Brahms, during the 'Brahmsschwärmerei' (Brahms adoration) period of his life. Later Wagner and Liszt would join those ranks. Strauss's late works (as an octogenarian composer) were modelled after "the divine Mozart at the end of a life full of thankfulness". In 1887, Strauss met soprano Pauline De Ahne, a voice student at the Munich Musikschule, who switched to private lessons with him. Later she would become his wife.

Strauss gained celebrity status as a conductor in Europe and the Americas. There were even Strauss Festivals held during his lifetime. He was conductor of Berlin and Vienna State Operas and Berlin Philharmonic, among others, and he co-founded the Salzburg Festival. In 1933, Strauss was appointed as president of the Reichsmusikkammer, a Nazi institution for the management and sanctioning of music. Although privately a critic of the Nazi regime and publicly apolitical, Strauss accepted the position to preserve and conduct the works of banned composers such as Mahler, Felix Mendelssohn, and Debussy (who married a Jew) and to protect his Jewish daughter-in-law and grandchildren. He was dismissed from the position in 1935, when a letter to his Jewish librettist was intercepted by the Gestapo. Despite his vigorous advocating on their behalf, many of his extended family lost their lives in concentration camps. In the denazification tribunals Strauss was found to be innocent of any wrongdoing during his tenure.

While Strauss is most widely known for his operas and orchestral 'tone poems', he composed in nearly every musical form. The Four Last Songs are among his most prominent Lieder. His wife was a great inspiration to him and throughout his collection of Lieder he preferred the soprano voice to any other.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) was an Austrian composer born in what is now Slovenia. His father taught him the piano and violin from the age of four, although he would be later disappointed that his son would pursue music as a profession. Wolf was another musical prodigy and had little interest in any other subject. High school was turbulent and Wolf was expelled for being "wholly inadequate". He

quit the next school following a conflict with a professor who remarked about his “damned music”. Even at the Vienna Conservatory he was considered rebellious and he became frustrated with the conservatory’s conservative approach to music. He was expelled because of his intense criticism of his professors.

In his earlier years, Wolf suffered with crippling bouts of depression and dramatic changes in mood. He was known to have a fiery temperament ill-suited to teaching. He was, nonetheless, engaging and charming, and with his talent this was sufficient to gain him patronage as a composer. Wolf took on a second Kapellmeister position in Salzburg; a brief and unimpressive tenure. After the death of Wagner, he often despaired that he had lost the guidance of his most admired composer. However, it was during this time that his own style matured. His Lieder caught Liszt’s attention, who encouraged him to write larger works and he composed his first symphonic ‘tone poem’. He took on a column as a music critic and was incredibly vicious toward composers he considered to be old-fashioned or simply inferior. His support was equally vehement for those whose genius he respected. His often caustic approach earned some enemies of the “Wild Wolf” and he struggled to get his works performed. After a few years, he left his critic work and resumed composition at a frenzied pace. In the spring of 1888, in the solitude of a friend’s vacation house, he composed the masterful *Mörike Lieder*. The collection of 53 songs on poems by Eduard Mörike (1804-1875) include themes of happy and unhappy love, fantasy, faith and philosophy—reflecting the variability of Wolf himself. The pieces are characterised by intricacy and nuance, and at times fiery drama; all with tonal complexity and rich word-painting. Later, 11 of them were orchestrated.

With his mental capacity declining due to syphilis, and after an unsuccessful suicide attempt, he committed himself to an insane asylum where he died in 1903. Wolf is particularly known for his Lieder and their intensity of expression. This rich concentration of expression along with a more chromatic tonality was characteristic of late Romanticism.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) is known particularly for his piano music, Lieder (songs), and orchestral music. His musical training began at a young age and he soon came to appreciate the influence of Franz Schubert. He enrolled to study law at university, however, his best energies were devoted to creative pursuits including literature and authoring novels. Following an injury to his hand, Schumann changed his focus from performance to composition.

In 1834, Schumann founded *Die Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (The New Journal for Music) in which his critiques were published. After a lengthy legal battle, Schumann married the daughter of his piano teacher, Clara Wieck, who was also an accomplished pianist and became a well-known composer in her own right. Musicologists suppose that the tenderness and despair portrayed in Schumann's Lieder can be attributed to his long courtship with Clara and the uncertainty of their future together. The passion of these emotions sees its outworking in *Widmung*, where the text by Friedrich Rückert and the music display contrasting and deeply felt themes (e.g. bliss and pain; heaven and grave). The music is full of movement and is ecstatic and sensual, then finishes with a quote from Schubert's *Ave Maria*, suggesting great reverence and admiration for the lover.

Widmung is one of 26 songs in Op. 25. Schumann's song cycles *Frauenliebe und -leben* (Life and Love of a Woman) and *Dichterliebe* (A Poet's Love) are also well-known and loved. Schumann suffered from mental illness and eventually committed himself to an asylum where he died two years later. There is speculation as to the cause of his symptoms, namely syphilis and mercury poisoning, and the possibility discovered in his autopsy of a brain tumour. After his death, Clara toured as a concert pianist and championed his works.

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

Nichts | Nothing

Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.
Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung
Ach, und was weiß ich davon?
Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Lichts?
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle?—nichts!

Das Rosenband | The Rose Garland

Friedrich Klopstock

Im Frühlingschatten fand ich sie
Da band ich Sie mit Rosenbändern;
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.
Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben;
Ich fühlt' es wohl, und wußt' es nicht.
Doch lispelt' ich ihr sprachlos zu
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern.
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.
Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick' an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward's Elysium.

Sehnsucht | Longing

Johann Gustav Droysen

Fern und ferner schallt der
Reigen
Wohl mir, um mich her ist
Schweigen
auf der Flur
Zu dem vollen Herzen nur
Will nicht Ruh' sich neigen
Horch! die Nacht schwebt
durch die Räume
Ihr Gewand durchrauscht die
Bäume
Lispelnd leis'
Ach! so schweiften liebeheiß
Meine Wünsch' und Träume
—

Distant and more distant rings
out the dance music
I'm content that around me
here is silence in the hall
Only upon the full heart will
peace not rest
Listen! Night is floating
through the
rooms
Her nightgown rustles through
the trees
Whispering quietly
Ah! In the same way, heated
with love
wander my desires and
dreams

Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden | I Meant to Make You a Posy
Clemens Brentano
- For Eden -

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden
Da kam die dunkle Nacht;
Kein Blümlein war zu finden
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.
Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee...
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh
Das wollt' ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee—
Da fing es an zu sprechen:
„Ach, tue mir nicht weh!
Sei freundlich im dem Herzen
Betracht dein eigen Leid
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!“
Und hätt's nicht so
gesprochen
Im Garten ganz allein
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen;
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.
Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben
Und kann nicht anders sein.
—

I meant to make you a posy
But the dark night came;
There were no flowers to be
found
Or I'd have brought you some.
Tears then flowed down my
cheeks
into the clover
Suddenly, I saw a flower
That had sprung up in the
garden
I intended to pick it for you
There in the dark clover
When it started to speak:
“Ah, do no hurt me!
Be kind in your heart
Consider you own suffering
And do not make me die
And suffer before my time!”
And had it not spoken these
words
In the garden all alone
I'd have picked it for you;
But now that cannot be.
My sweetheart is gone,
I am utterly alone.
In love dwells grief
And it cannot be otherwise.

Schön sind doch kalt | Beautiful but Cold

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Schön sind, doch kalt die
Himmelssterne,
Die Gaben karg, die sie
verleihn;
Für einen deiner Blicke
Gerne hin geb' ich ihren
goldnen Schein!
Getrennt, so daß wir ewig
darben,
Nur führen sie im Jahreslauf
Den Herbst mit seinen
Ährengarben,
Des Frühlings Blütenpracht
herauf.
Doch deine Augen—o, der
Segen
Des ganzen Jahres quillt
überreich
Aus ihnen stets als milder
Regen,
Die Blüte und Frucht zugleich.
—

Beautiful but cold are the stars
of heaven,
Meagre the gifts that they
bestow;
For just one of your glances
I'd gladly forego their golden
gleam!
Separated, so that we always
suffer,
Only throughout the times of
year [come]
The autumn with its sheaves
of corn
And springtime's splendid
flowering.
But your eyes—oh, the
blessing
The whole year flows
abundantly
Always as the gentlest rain
And the blossoms and fruit
appear together

Der Knabe und das Immelein | The Lad and the Bee

Eduard Mörike

Im Weinberg auf der Höhe
Ein Häuslein steht so windebang,
Hat weder Tür noch Fenster,
Die Weile wird ihm lang.
Und ist der Tag so schwüle,
Sind all verstummt die Vögelein,
Summt an der Sonnenblume
Ein Immelein ganz allein.
„Mein Lieb hat einen Garten,
Da steht ein hübsches
Immenhaus:
Kommst du daher geflogen?

On a high hill-top vineyard
There stands a wind-beaten hut
It has neither door nor window
And feels time dragging by
And when the day's so sultry
And every little bird is silent
Around a sunflower
Buzzes a solitary bee
“My sweetheart has a garden
With a pretty beehive in it;
Is that where you've flown from?

Schickt sie dich nach mir aus?“
„O nein, du feiner Knabe,
Es hieß mich niemand Boten
gehn;
Dies Kind weiß nichts von Lieben,
Hat dich noch kaum gesehen.
Was wüßten auch die Mädchen,
Wenn sie kaum aus der Schule
sind!
Dein herzallerliebstes Schätzchen
Ist noch ein Mutterkind.
Ich bring ihm Wachs und Honig;
Ade! – ich hab ein ganzes Pfund!
Wie wird das Schätzchen lachen,
Ihm wässert schon der Mund.“
„Ach, wolltest du ihr sagen,
Ich wüßte, was viel süßer ist:
Nichts Lieblichers auf Erden
Als wenn man herzt und küßt!“
—

Did she send you to me?“
“Oh no, you handsome boy
No one bade me bear messages
This child knows nothing of love
She has scarcely even noticed
you
What can a girl know
When barely out of school!
Your beloved sweetheart
Is still her mother's child.
I bring her wax and honey;
Farewell! – I've gathered a whole
pound!
How your beloved will laugh!
And here your mouth is already
watering.”
“Ah, if only you would tell her
I know of something much
sweeter:
There's nothing lovelier on earth
Than when one embraces and
kisses!”

Verlust | Loss Heinrich Heine

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die
kleinen
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz
Sie würden mit mir weinen
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.
Und wüssten's die
Nachtigallen
Wie ich so traurig und krank
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.
Und wüssten sie mein Wehe
Die gold'nen Sternelein
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.
Sie alle können's nicht wissen
Nur eine kennt meinen
Schmerz;
Er hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.
—

If the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is hurt
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.
If the nightingales knew
How sad and sick I am
They would joyfully make the
air
Ring with refreshing song.
And if they knew of my grief
Those little golden stars
They would come down from
the sky
And console me with their
words.
But none of them can know
My pain is known to one
alone;
For he it was who tore,
Tore my heart into pieces.

Nixe Binsefuss | The Water-Sprite, Reedfoot
Eduard Mörike

Des Wassermanns sein
Töchterlein
Tanzt auf dem Eis im
Vollmondschein
Sie singt und lachtet sonder
Scheu
Wohl an des Fischers Haus
vorbei
„Ich bin die Jungfer Binsefuss
Und meine Fisch wohl hüten
muss
Meine Fisch, die sind im Kasten
Sie haben kalte Fasten
Von Böhmerglas mein Kasten ist
Da zähl ich sie zu jeder Frist.
Gelt, Fischer-Matz? gelt, alter
Tropf,
Dir will der Winter nicht in Kopf?
Komm mir mit deinen Netzen!
Die will ich schön zerfetzen!
Dein Mädlein zwar ist fromm und
gut
Ihr Schatz ein braves Jägerblut.
Drum häng ich ihr, zum
Hochzeitsstrauss
Ein schilfen Kränzlein vor das
Haus
Und einen Hecht, von Silber
schwer
Er stammt von König Artus her;
Ein
Zwergen-Goldschmieds-Meisterst
ück
Wers hat, dem bringt es eitel
Glück
Er lässt sich schuppen Jahr für
Jahr
Da sinds fünfhundert Gröschlein
bar.
Ade, mein Kind! Ade für heut!
Der Morgenhahn im Dorfe
schreit.”

The water spirit's little daughter
Dances on the ice in the full moon
Singing and laughing without fear
Past the fisherman's house
"I am the maiden Reedfoot
And I must look after my fish
My fish are in this casket
Having a cold Lent
My casket's made of Bohemian
glass
And I count them whenever I want
Not so, Matt? Not so, foolish old
fisherman
You cannot understand it's
winter?
If you come near me with your
nets
I'll tear them all to shreds!
But your daughter is good and
devout
And her sweetheart's an honest
hunter.
That's why I'll hang a wedding
bouquet
A wreath of rushes outside her
house
And a pike of solid silver
From King Arthur's time;
The masterwork of a dwarf
goldsmith
Which brings its owner the best of
luck
Each year it sheds its scales
Worth five hundred groshen in
cash.
Farewell, child! Farewell for today!
The cock in the village cried
'morning.'"

Im Herbst | In Autumn
Karl Klingemann

Ach, wie schnell die Tage
fliehen
Wo die Sehnsucht neu
erwacht
Wo die Blumen wieder blühen
Und der Frühling wieder lacht!
Alle Wonne soll erstehen
In Erfüllung alles gehen;
Ach, wie schnell die Tage
fliehen
Wo die Sehnsucht neu
erwacht!
Seht, die Tage gehn und
kommen
Zieh'n vorüber blütenschwer
Sommerlust ist bald
verglommen
Und der Herbstwind rauscht
daher.
Ach, das rechte Blühen und
Grünen
Es ist wieder nicht erschienen!
Ach, wie schnell die Tage
fliehen
Wo die Sehnsucht neu
erwacht!

Ah, how quickly the days fly by
Where longing is newly
awakened
Where the flowers bloom
again
And the spring laughs once
more!
All delights shall come into
being
Everything finding fulfilment.
Ah, how quickly the days fly by
Where passionate longing is
newly awakened!
See, the days come and go
They pass by, heavy with
flowers
Summer's joy soon fades
away
And the autumn wind rushes
after.
Ah, the true and verdant
blooming
Has again failed to appear!
Ah, how quickly the days fly by
Where passionate longing is
newly awakened!

Die Georgine | The Dahlia

Hermann von Gilm

Warum so spät erst,
Georgine?
Das Rosenmärchen ist
erzählt,
Und honigsatt hat sich die
Biene
Ihr Bett zum Schlummer
ausgewählt.
Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese
Nächte?
Wie lebst du diese Tage hin?
Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling
brächte,
Du feuergelbe Träumerin,
Wenn ich mit Maitau dich
benetzte,
BegöÙe dich mit Junilicht,
Doch ach! dann wärest du nicht
die Letzte,
Die stolze Einzige auch nicht.
Wie, Träumerin, lock' ich
vergebens?
So reich' mir schwesterlich die
Hand,
Ich hab' den Maitag dieses
Lebens
Wie du den Frühling nicht
gekannt;
Und spät wie dir, du
Feuergelbe,
Stahl sich die Liebe mir ins
Herz;
Ob spät, ob früh, es ist
dasselbe
Entzücken und derselbe
Schmerz.

Why so late, dahlia?
The roses have told their tale
And the honey-sated bee
has chosen where to lay its
head.
Aren't these nights too cold for
you?
How do you survive these
days?
What if I brought you
springtime now
You fiery yellow dreamer?
What if I watered you with May
dew
Drenched you in the light of
June—
But ah! you would not be then
the last
Nor the only proud one.
How, O dreamer, do I entice
you in vain?
Then give me your sisterly
hand.
I've not known May-time in this
life
Just as you've not known the
spring.
And as with you, fiery yellow
dreamer
Love stole late into my heart
Late or early, it is the same
delight and the same pain.

Widmung | Devotion

Friedrich Rückert

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz
Du meine Wonn', o du mein
Schmerz
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe
Mein Himmel du, darein ich
schwebe
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der
Frieden
Du bist der Himmel, mir
beschieden
Daß du mich liebst, macht
mich mir werth
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir
verklärt
Du hebst mich liebend über
mich
Mein guter Geist, mein beßres
Ich!

You my soul, you my heart
You my bliss, O you my pain
You my world in which I live
My heaven you, in which I float
O you my grave, into which
my grief descends finally!
You are rest, you are peace
You are bestowed on me from
heaven
Your love for me gives me
worth
Your eyes transfigure me
You raise me lovingly above
myself
My good spirit, my better self!

Ich trage meine Minne | I Bear My Love

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 wear my 'mine' [My Love]
In bliss, silent
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.

Gebet | Prayer
Eduard Mörike

Herr! schicke, was du willst
Ein Liebes oder Leides;
Ich bin vergnügt, dass beides
Aus deinen Händen quillt.
Wollest mit Freuden
Und wollest mit Leiden
Mich nicht überschütten!
Doch in der Mitten
Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

Lord! send what Thou wilt
Pleasure or pain;
I am content that both
Can flow from Thy hands.
I ask that with joy
And with suffering
I wouldn't be overwhelmed;
But midway between
Lies a lovely contentment.

Er ist's | It's Here
Eduard Mörike

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 leiser
Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bists!
Dich hab ich vernommen!
Ja, du bists!

Spring sends its blue banner
Again fluttering on the breeze;
Sweet, well-remembered
scents
Drift promisingly across the
land.
Violets dream already
[They] will soon come.
– Listen, the soft sound of a
distant harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!
Yes, it's you!

ABOUT JACQUELINE WARD

Jacqueline Ward is an emerging Australian soprano, specialising in early music, sacred repertoire, and recital. She has a Bachelor of Music with commendation from the University of Newcastle and was recently engaged in a Master of Music at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music. Her research in historical performance focused on nineteenth-century vocal practice. Jacqueline joined the Conservatorium's Early music Ensemble as a guest artist for its 2018 season with Neal Peres Da Costa. Likewise, she appeared as a soloist for composer/conductor Paul Stanhope and with the Sydney University Symphony Orchestra in Karl Jenkins' epic work *The Armed Man: a Mass for Peace*.

Jacqueline recorded a selection from an early Australian songbook for the Museum of Sydney's exhibition "Songs of Home". She was awarded a scholarship by the Royal School of Church Music to attend its conference, Sydney InSpires, at which she premiered a new Australian vocal quintet and performed in *St Matthew's Passion* at Town Hall. Mozart's *Exsultate Jubilate* was performed in a collaborative concert with baritone Jeremy Boulton, in which they premiered (Australia) a little known duet cantata; *Regina Coeli* by Michael Haydn (1737-1806). At that time, she was engaged for the upcoming season with St George Chamber Orchestra (*Bach's Magnificat*, *Christmas Oratorio*, and *B Minor Mass*), a world premiere with Mosman Symphony Orchestra, and major works at St Stephen's Uniting Church, Sydney. These plans and her masters studies were dramatically halted when she sustained major spinal, chest, and leg injuries in a car accident.

During her convalescence, Jacqueline, also a composer, was commissioned by Hourglass Ensemble and for the Australian National Maritime Museum's 150th Anniversary. She is also a winner of the Australian Songwriting Contest. She was co-founder and Associate Director of acclaimed chamber choir *Aurora Choralis*, until relocating from Sydney. Now studying with soprano Jane Edwards, she previously trained with Maree

Ryan AM and took masterclass tutelage from Robert Toft. Jacqueline has presented at major conferences on the singing voice and historical performance. She is deeply inspired by her faith and by nature. Jacqueline now resides in Tasmania with her family and is elated to be returning to the stage in the re-launching of her career.

ABOUT JANE EDWARDS

Jane is a Hobart based singing teacher, specialising in both classical and music theatre voice. As a singer, she has performed at every major Australian festival, with all our symphony orchestras, and as a long time member of the Song Company. Career highlights include engagements with the Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, Australian Chamber Orchestra, Stockholm Bach Choir, Danish Radio Choir, Brodsky Quartet and Victoria State Opera. She also has a significant discography, and can be heard in the Oscar winning film Shine.

For many years, Jane was a Lecturer at Sydney Conservatorium, and prior to that at Wollongong University. Most recently she was Coordinator of Classical and Music Theatre Voice at the Conservatorium of Music, UTAS. Her teaching studio has produced many singers who have been finalists and winners in major Australian competitions, and a number have progressed to international success. Jane's studio continues to populate Australian conservatoria and music theatre schools with Tasmanian singers each year.

An accomplished pianist, Jane loves working with singers, and sharing the platform with them as associate artist. She is also a passionate choral conductor, having founded the UTAS Conservatorium Vocal Ensemble, and previously directing St Michael's Collegiate Singers and The Hutchins School Senior SATB Choir. Her latest choir, JESSA, launched in 2022.