

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark, possibly black, halter-neck dress. She is looking upwards and to the right with a slight smile. Her left arm is resting on her right leg, and she is wearing a ring on her finger. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Hymne à l'amour

Siobhan Stagg

Amir Farid

move

Siobhan Stagg and Amir Farid first met as music students at the University of Melbourne and joined forces in 2012 to compete in the national Mietta Song Competition. After several rounds, the duo was victorious: Siobhan winning First Prize and the Audience Choice Award, with Amir awarded the Prize for Best Pianist for the second time. This album **Hymne à l'amour** is an exquisite collection of art songs illustrating the frailty of the human condition through flirtation, deep love and heartbreaking truths. Composed specifically to highlight the importance of the partnership between singer and pianist, the genre of art song provides an ideal outlet through which to showcase Siobhan and Amir's individual talents, as well as their artistic warmth as a duo. This is their first studio album together.



Siobhan Stagg

soprano

With a voice of "ravishing tone" and "radiant" stage presence (The Age), Australian soprano Siobhan Stagg is a rising star on the brink of an international career. In 2013/14, Siobhan sings Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* für Kinder at the Salzburg Festival and several roles as an emerging artist at the Deutsche Oper Berlin, including Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*, Gretel in *Hänsel und Gretel* and the Woodbird in the Ring cycle, conducted by Sir Simon Rattle.

Born in 1987, Siobhan grew up in Mildura before moving to Melbourne to complete a Bachelor of Music (Honours) at the University of Melbourne where she studied singing with Merlyn Quaife. As an undergraduate, Siobhan sang in the Choir of Trinity College with Director of Music, Michael Leighton Jones. She was a founding director of youth opera initiative, Opera Down Under, and worked as a producer of the Live at the Convent radio program at Melbourne's 3MBS fine music station. In 2011, Siobhan was the recipient of Opera Foundation Australia's AIMS Award, allowing her to attend the American Institute of Musical Studies (AIMS) in Graz over the European summer. While there, Siobhan was awarded the jury's First Prize and the Audience Choice Award in the Meistersinger Vocal Competition. Upon

returning to Australia, Siobhan won First Prize in Melbourne's 'Singer of the Year' competition and was awarded the Acclaim Sleath Lowrey scholarship and B'nai B'rith Harold Fisher Prize from the University of Melbourne.

2012 proved to be a breakthrough year for Siobhan, earning success in several major competitions and increasingly glowing performance accolades.

Siobhan spent six weeks studying in New York on the Donovan Johnston Memorial Scholarship and made her New York recital debut performing 'Melba's Legacy; a tribute on Australia Day' with pianist Miloš Repický (Assistant Conductor, Metropolitan Opera). Siobhan completed a Master of Music (Performance) at the University of Melbourne under the supervision of Rosamund Illing and Dermot Tutty and furthered her studies in Australia on the Amelia Joscelyne Memorial Scholarship from the Dame Nellie Melba Opera Trust.

Siobhan has performed as soloist with some of Australia's finest ensembles including the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, Australian Brandenburg



Orchestra, Royal Melbourne Philharmonic, La Compañía, Ludovico's Band, Latitude 37, Melbourne Art Song Collective, Consort of Melbourne, the Orchestra of the Australian National Academy of Music and at several of Australia's major music festivals.

She was awarded First Prize and the Audience Choice Award in the Mietta Song Competition and won Sydney's Italian Opera Foundation Award before moving to Cardiff as winner of

the Australian International Opera Award towards the end of 2012. She was also awarded the University of Melbourne's Barbara Bishop Hewitt Scholarship and a prize from the Tait Memorial Trust. In 2013 Siobhan completes a Masters of Advanced Vocal Technique with Dennis O'Neill and Nuccia Focile at the Wales International Academy of Voice and studies in Italy as winner of the Italian Opera Foundation Award before making her mainstage operatic debut in Europe.

Please visit www.siobhanstagg.com.au for further information.

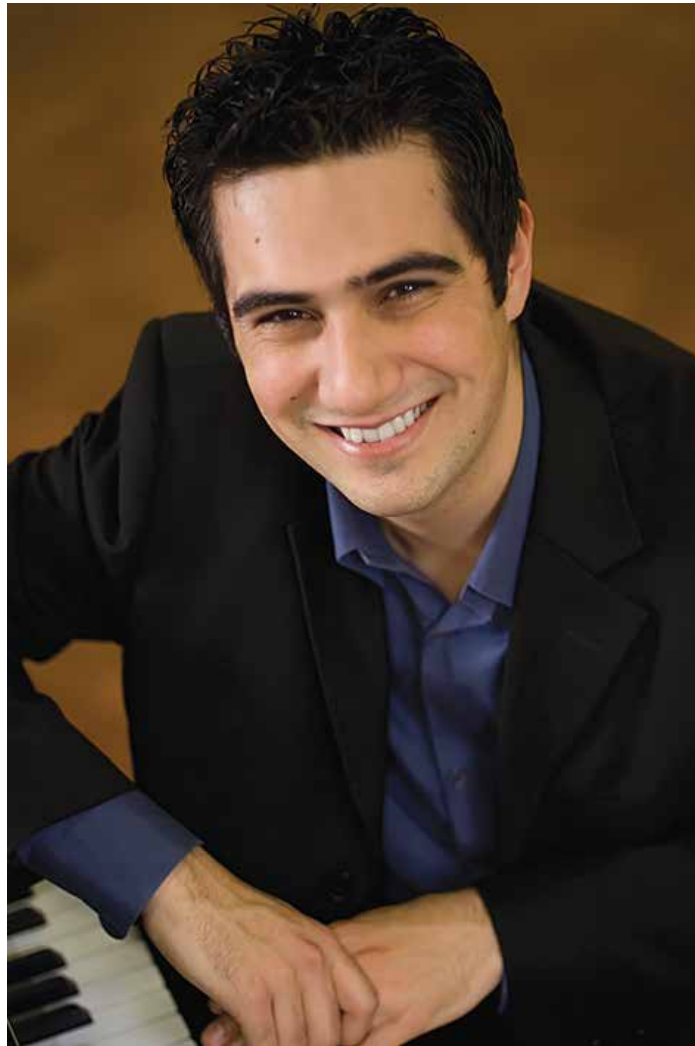
Amir Farid

piano

Winner of the 2006 Australian National Piano Award, pianist Amir Farid has been described as "a highly creative musician – a pianist of great intelligence and integrity. He brings strong musical substance to all that he does, imbuing it with his own particular experience and understanding", and who "in a well-populated field... distinguishes himself for all the right reasons".

Throughout his career, Amir has been working and developing under the guidance of Professor Ronald Farren-Price, with whom he completed a Bachelor of Music (Honours) and Master of Music degree at the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music, University of Melbourne. He also attended the Australian National Academy of Music where he studied with Rita Reichman, Geoffrey Tozer and Timothy Young. In 2009, he graduated with distinction as a Scholar supported by the Gordon Calway Stone Memorial Award at the Royal College of Music London, studying with Andrew Ball.

He has performed concerti with the Sydney Symphony, Melbourne Symphony, Melbourne Chamber Orchestra, Orchestra Victoria, Australian Youth Orchestra, Melbourne Youth and ANAM Orchestras, including Rachmaninoff's 2nd Piano



Concerto at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl with the Melbourne Symphony in front of a capacity 13,000 strong crowd.

As a chamber musician, Amir is pianist of the acclaimed Benaud Trio (www.benaudtrio.com), winning the Piano Trio prize at the 2005 Australian Chamber Music Competition, and with whom he undertook a residency at the Banff

Centre for the Arts in Canada. As an accompanist, he was winner of the prize for best pianist at the 2006 Mietta Song Recital award, and the 2007 Geoffrey Parsons Award. In 2013 he was awarded the inaugural Dame Nellie Melba Opera Trust Repetiteur scholarship.

Amir is the recipient of various awards and scholarships, including the Australian Music Foundation, the Ian Potter Cultural Trust, the Royal Overseas League, the Swiss Global Artistic Foundation, the Tait Memorial Trust and the University of Melbourne's Donovan Johnson Memorial Scholarship.

Please visit
www.amirfarid.com
for further information.

Les Filles de Cadix (*Sung in French*)

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes.
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes:
"Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine
Va bien, ce matin.
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...
Ah! Ah! Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.

Et nous dansions un boléro
Un soir, c'était dimanche.
Vers nous s'en vient un hidalgo
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et la poing sur la hanche:
"Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,
Cet or est à toi."
Passez votre chemin, beau sire...
Ah! Ah! Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela.

Du bist die Ruh (*Sung in German*)

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Music by Léo Delibes Words by Alfred de Musset

We came to see the bull,
Three boys, three young ladies.
Out on the lawn it was a beautiful day,
And we danced a bolero
To the sound of castanets;
"Tell me, neighbor,
If I look good,
And if my bodice
suits me this morning,
Do you find my figure attractive?
Ah! Ah! The girls of Cadiz like that very much.

And we danced a bolero
one evening, it was a Sunday.
Toward us came a dashing gentleman
dressed in gold with a feather in his cap,
and his hand on his hip:
"If you want me,
brunette with the sweet smile,
you have only to say
and this gold could be yours."
On your way, good sir.
Ah! The girls of Cadiz don't hear of such things.

Music by Franz Schubert Words by Friedrich Rückert

You are repose
And gentle peace;
You are longing
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling place here
My eyes and my heart.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz!

Return to me
And close softly
behind you
the gate.

Drive out all other pain
From this breast.
May this heart be full
of your joy.

The temple of my eyes
by your splendor
Alone is illuminated,
O, fill it completely!

Die liebe Farbe (Sung in English/German) *Words and music by Dermot Tutty (b. 1975, Melbourne)*

Note from the composer: "My father has often accused me of possessing a vivid imagination. Apparently, he is correct. Having taught young tenors and baritones for two decades, I have spent countless hours exploring the songs from Schubert's masterpiece, "Die schöne Müllerin". It's a predictable romantic scenario; a young softy leaves his family home to explore the world. He hears a babbling river, and, being easily led, follows the brooklet till he arrives at a mill. Our hero finds employment therein, but is soon frustrated by his weak arms and inability to impress the miller's beautiful daughter. He falls heavily for the blue-eyed girl, who in turn falls for a muscly hunter who happens by. The hunter is no softy. The young innocent is consumed with melancholy and, in Schubert's original "Die liebe Farbe", asks to be buried in the turf and for his grave to be covered in green; the maiden's "favourite colour". The youth then drowns himself in the very river which first brought him to the girl.

But, what if the beautiful maid of the mill had a younger sister? A sensitive soul with emerald-green eyes, and a soft spot for softies? Perhaps, in a cruel twist of fate, the young wanderer doesn't even notice her. Brokenhearted, the younger sibling feels as though her green eyes are lost amidst the cursed, bosky surrounds; not like the bewitching blue eyes of her vacuous sister. This new song transports us harmonically from the B minor key of Schubert's original, to the most distant F minor. Before the final stanza, the piano tells us that the young girl looks up and is struck with a new hope; if the grey sky were to clear, then perhaps her sister's seductive sapphires would be hidden by the expanse of blue. Then, would she finally be noticed?"

Dermot Tutty

O cursed bosky shades
O bloomless blades of green
'Twas once I'd hoped these eyes
Would by my love's be seen
But 'mid the twisted copse
Too easy to ignore
The emerald
Now crowned a jewel no more

Mein Schatz hat's Blau so gern
(My precious is so fond of blue)

Oh, sister's roving glass
Of shallow, pallid blue
Bewitches boys to stare
Where I can see straight
 through
So here by river's edge
My weeping eyes lost in willow
 streams
Cannot compare with the blue
 stars
That light his dreams

Mein Schatz hat's Blau so
 gern
(My precious is so fond of
 blue)

If you'd but lose your grey
When daylight dawns anew
Might sapphires fade away
Lost midst your boundless
 blue?

Oh! Quand je dor *(Sung in French)*

Music by Franz Liszt Words by Victor Hugo

Oh! quand je dors,
viens auprès de ma couche,
comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche...
Soudain ma bouche
S'entrouvrira!

O when I sleep,
Come to me by my bed,
As Petrarch appeared to Laura,
And in passing, your breath touches me...
At once my lips
Will part!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre s'élève...
Et soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera!

On my glum face, where perhaps ends
A dark dream which lasted far too long,
Your gaze rises like a star...
And suddenly my dream
Shines!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme...
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera!

Then on my lips where leaps a flame,
A flash of love that God himself made pure,
Place there a kiss, and angel becomes woman
Suddenly my soul
awakens!

Chanson Triste *(Sung in French)*

Music by Henri Duparc Words by Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,

In your heart sleeps a moonlight,
a soft summer moonlight,

Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresse[s]
Que peut-être je guérirai.

La Vie antérieure (*Sung in French*)

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,

Et que leurs grands piliers,
droits et majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
Les tout puissants accords de leur riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux...

C'est là, c'est là que j'ai vécu
dans les voluptés calmes
Au milieu de l'azur,
des vagues, des splendeurs
Et des esclaves nus tout imprégnés d'odeurs
Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,

And to escape this troublesome life
I drown myself in your light.

I will forget past sorrows,
my love, when you cradle
my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving calmness of your arms.

You take my aching head,
Oh! sometimes on your knee,
And tell me a ballad
that seems to speak of us;

And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eyes then I will drink
So many kisses and such tenderness
That perhaps I may heal.

Music by Henri Duparc Words by Charles Baudelaire

I have lived a long time under vast porticos
Which the sun's rays from the sea dyed a
thousand different colours,
And their pillars,
straight and majestic,
Made it like basaltic caves in the evening.

The swells, rolling images of heaven
Intermingled in a solemn and mystical way
The all-powerful chords of their rich music
With the sunset's hues reflected in my eyes...

It's there, it's there where I lived
in calm pleasures
Amidst the azure,
the waves, the splendors
And naked slaves imbued with scents,
Who refreshed my forehead with palm leaves,

Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

Zueignung (*Sung in German*)

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

And whose only concern was to deepen
The painful secret that made me languish.

Music by Richard Strauss Words by Hermann von Gilm

Yes, you know, dear soul,
that I am tormented far from you,
love makes the heart sick,
have thanks.

Once I, the one who revelled in freedom,
held high the amethyst cup
and you blessed the drink,
have thanks.

And you cleansed all the wickedness inside
until I, as I had never been before,
blessed, blessed, I sank onto your heart,
have thanks.

Kennst du das Land? (*Sung in German*) *Music by Hugo Wolf Words by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,
Im dunklen Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?

Do you know the place where the lemon
blossom blooms,
In dark foliage the golden orange glows,
a gentle breeze blows from the blue sky,
and the myrtle and laurel stay silent?
Do you know it well?
There! there
Would I go with you, oh my beloved.

Do you know the house with columns on its
roof?
Its hall gleams and the room shimmers,
And marble statues stand and gaze at me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it well?

Dahin! dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! dahin
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

La Zingara *(Sung in Italian)*

Fra l'erbe cosparse di rorido gelo,
coverta del solo gran manto del cielo,
mia madre esultando la vita me diè.

Fanciulla, sui greppi le capre emulai;

per ville e cittadi, cresciuta, danzai,
le dame lor palme distesero a me.
La ra la... ah! la zingara.

Io loro predissi le cose non note,
ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate,

segreti conobbi di sdegno, d'amor.
La ra la... ah! la zingara.

Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello;
mai visto non fummi garzone più bello:
oh! s'ei nella destra leggessemi il cor!

Ma rendi pur contento *(Sung in Italian)*

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,

There! There
Would I go with you, oh my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way through the fog;
In the cave lives an ancient dragons' brood;
The cliff rocks crash under the rushing flood!
Do you know it well?
There! There
Is our path! Oh father, let us go.

Music by Gaetano Donizetti Anonymous text

Among the dewy grass, sprinkled with frost,
Covered only by the great cloak of the sky
my mother, exulting, gave me life.

As a little girl, I lived on banks and emulated
goats,
Through towns and cities, I grew up, dancing,
And ladies reached their palms out to me.
La ra la...ah! The gypsy girl.

I predicted things unknown,
Sometimes making them sorrowful, other times
happy,
learning many of their secrets; of anger, of love.
La ra la... ah! The gypsy girl.

One day a young man reached out his palm;
I had never seen such a handsome guy:
Oh! if only he could read my hand and see the
love in my heart!

Music by Vincenzo Bellini Words by Pietro Metastasio

If only I could make happy
the heart of my beautiful beloved,

e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

I will forgive you, love,
If my own heart is not as happy.

I fear her troubles
more than I fear my own,
Because I am more alive in her
Than I am in myself.

Fair House of Joy *(Sung in English)*

Music by Roger Quilter Anonymous Elizabethan text

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'

I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee
much
That say thy sweet is bitter,

When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Like to the Damask Rose *(Sung in English)*

Music by Edward Elgar Words by Simon Wastell

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on a tree,
Or like a dainty flow'r of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
E'en such is man- whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes-
The man, he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
E'en such is man – who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long;
The swan's near death,
Man's life is done.

Kaddisch *(Traditional Jewish prayer)*

Music by Maurice Ravel

Hymne à l'amour

Le ciel bleu sur nous peut s'effondrer,
Et la terre peut bien s'écrouler,
Peu m'importe si tu m'aimes,
Je me fous du monde entier.

Tant qu'l'amour inondra mes matins,
que mon corps frémira sous tes mains,
Peu m'importe les grands problèmes,
Mon amour puisque tu m'aimes.

J'irais jusqu'au bout du monde,
Je me ferais teindre en blonde,
Si tu me le demandais.
J'irais décrocher la lune,
J'irais voler le fortune,
Si tu me le demandais.

Nous aurons pour nous l'éternité,
Dans le bleu de toute l'immensité,
Dans le ciel plus de problèmes,
Dieu réunit ceux qui s'aiment.

Music by Margherite Monnot Words by Edith Piaf

The blue sky may fall down on us,
And the earth may collapse beneath us,
Little else matters if you love me,
I don't care about the whole world.

As long as love floods my mornings,
As long as my body trembles at your touch,
The big problems don't bother me,
My love, because you love me.

I would go to the ends of the earth,
I would dye my hair blonde,
If you asked me to.
I would reach for the moon,
I would steal a fortune,
If you asked me to.

We will have for ourselves all of eternity,
In the immensity of the blue,
In heaven there'll be no more troubles,
God reunites those who love each other.

Hymne à l'amour

1	Les Filles de Cadix	Léo Delibes	3'09"
2	Du bist die Ruh	Franz Schubert	4'08"
3	Die liebe Farbe	Dermot Tutty (b. 1975, Melbourne)	5'45"
4	Oh! Quand je dor	Franz Liszt	5'02"
5	Chanson Triste	Henri Duparc	3'34"
6	La Vie antérieure	Henri Duparc	4'42"
7	Zueignung	Richard Strauss	1'48"
8	Kennst du das Land?	Hugo Wolf	6'36"
9	La Zingara	Gaetano Donizetti	3'59"
10	Ma rendi pur contento	Vincenzo Bellini	2'41"
11	Fair House of Joy	Roger Quilter	2'24"
12	Like to the Damask Rose	Edward Elgar	3'26"
13	Kaddisch	Maurice Ravel	5'08"
14	Hymne à l'amour	Edith Piaf	2'50"

Siobhan Stagg
SOPRANO

Amir Farid
PIANO

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