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Susanne Mecklenburg - I came to singing rather late in life, consequently my vocal training did not follow the usual route. I grew up in a family where music was present in every day life, if not to professional standards, but it became part of the family's routine. I learned classical Spanish guitar at an early age but when I went to university to study natural sciences I took a break from music for some years. After moving to Zurich, a friend arranged a lesson with her singing teacher for me and from then on I sang in various music ensembles, for example *colla voce*, which I greatly enjoyed.



I moved to England to follow my career and was introduced to Dartington International Summer School, where I met William Hancox, now my singing teacher and accompanist, with whom I have been studying ever since. His professionalism and enthusiasm to discover the different levels of communication between voice and piano are a great joy and real inspiration. Our collaboration has changed my musical aspirations and I have gravitated towards singing as a soloist. We have successfully given a number of song recitals over the last two years in Oxford, London and Rome.

I like the luxury of creating my own concert programmes, centering an evening on a theme. The process often begins with one or two songs which mesmerise me to an extent that I have to find an 'excuse' to perform them, and so I begin by 'weaving' a tale around them. This often leads to unusual combinations of styles, composers, musical periods, geographical origins, rhythms, stories, lyrics etc but is always motivated by the desire to tell a story. The searching for and discovering of new repertoire is one of the most enjoyable parts of this process and often we include rarely performed songs in our programmes.

For further information: www.susanhemecklenburg.info

Pianist **William Hancox** has performed as a solo pianist, chamber musician and accompanist throughout the UK and abroad. He has played in all London's major concert halls, and broadcast for Classic FM and the BBC.

His teaching activities have included positions at London's Guildhall School of Music and Drama, Trinity College of Music, the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh and visits to Iceland and China, where he taught, recorded and performed, as well as conducting master classes for accompanists and singers.

Recent concert activities have included duo recitals at the Cheltenham International Festival of Music and the Purcell Room on London's South Bank, giving world premieres of song cycles by Roxanna Panufnik and Richard Blackford and a second visit to China to perform Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande* in the Forbidden City Concert Hall in Beijing. A recent disc of contemporary music for cello and piano, in collaboration with international cello virtuoso Rohan de Saram, will be released in 2009.

Ein Sommernachtstraum im Alten Botanischen Garten zu Zürich

Ein Sommernachtstraum von Shakespeare - eine fantastische Geschichte um die Irrungen und Verwirrungen verliebter (und weniger verliebter) Paare zwischen Feenland und Realität. Die Geschichte? - Zu kompliziert, sie in allen Teilen wiederzugeben, drum hier in Kürze die Hauptpersonen ...

... Titania und Oberon - das königliche Feenpaar, sich gegenseitig der Untreue bezichtigend und in permanentem Streit um einen kostbaren Knaben, ...

... Hippolyta und Theseus - ein weiteres Königspaar - ein bisschen näher an der Realität aber ähnlich verwirrt in ihren Gefühlen,

... Hermia und Lysander und Helena und Demetrius - vier junge Athener, wechselseitig ineinander verliebt, jenachdem wem ...

Puck, Oberon's Hofnarr und Zeremonienmeister aller Verwirrungen, gerade den Liebestrank im Feenland verpasst hat.

Nicht zu vergessen - der Theaterverein, mit Nicolaus Zettel (dem unverwüstlichen Star der Truppe) der zur Hochzeitsfeier von Hippolyta und Theseus für Unterhaltung sorgen soll und heimlich im Feenwald probt.

Psssst! Lassen Sie sich von Puck durch den Feenwald leiten!

PROGRAMM

Puck - He, du da, Waldgespenst, wo geht die Reise hin?

Elfe - Über Täler und Höhn, durch Dornen und Steine ... Wenn Du nicht ganz Dich zu verstehen weisst, so bist Du jener schlaue Poltergeist? ... Wer Dich freundlich grüssst, Dir Liebes tut, dem hilfst Du gern und ihm gelingt es gut. Bist Du der Kobold nicht?

Puck - Du hast mich gut erkannt. Ich werd der Schabernack der Nacht genannt. Selbst Oberon lacht über meine Witze.

Und der Traum beginnt ...

Juan de Anchieta (1462-1523)

Con amores, la mi madre

Georg Friedrich Händel (1685-1759)

Ariodante

Qui d'amor, nel suo linguaggio

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Vocalise-Étude

(En forme de Habanera)

In seinem Zorn über Titania hat Oberon beschlossen sie mit Hilfe eines Zaubertranks, den Puck verabreichen soll, sich in das erste verliebt zu machen, das sie beim Erwachen erblickt. Leider ist das ausgerechnet Nicolaus Zettel mit einem Eselskopf als Verkleidung, auf seinen Einsatz in der Probe wartend ...

Oberon - Bringst Du die Blume schon? Willkommen, Wandrer.

Puck - Jawohl, ich hab sie hier.

Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757)

Sonata K544

(piano)

Sonata K545

Astor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Oblivion

Jaime Ovalle (1894-1955)

Azulão

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Cantilena, Bachianas Brasileiras no.5, Aria

Titania - Ich bitte dich, du holder Sterblicher, Sing noch einmal! Mein Ohr ist ganz verliebt In deine Melodie; auch ist mein Auge Betört von deiner lieblichen Gestalt; Gewaltig treibt mich deine schöne Tugend, Beim ersten Blick dir zu gestehn, zu schwören: Daß ich dich liebe.

Nicolas Zettel (als Esel verkleidet) - Mich dünkt, Madame, Sie könnten dazu nicht viel Ursache haben. Und doch, die Wahrheit zu sagen, Vernunft und Liebe gehen heute selten Hand in Hand.

Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

Poema en Forma de Canciones

Dedicatoria (piano)
Nunca olvida
Cantares
Los dos miedos
Las locas por amor

Puck - Herr, meine Fürstin liebt ein Ungeheuer!

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

From Goyescas
Quejas o La Maja y el Ruiseñor

Inzwischen verabreicht Puck Hermia, Lysander, Helena und Demetrius wechselseitig den Zaubertrank, nur unglücklicherweise wachen sie immer beim Auftritt des oder der Falschen auf und sind furchtbar enttäuscht über die scheinbare Untreue ihres oder ihrer Angebeteten ... und Puck ist der Verzweiflung nahe!

Puck - Das Mädchen ist es, aber nicht der Mann!

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Youkali

R. Chapi (1851-1909)

From Las hijas del Zebedo
Carcelas

Carlos Gardel (1887-1935)

Cuando tu no estas

Puck -

Auf dem Grund, Schlaf gesund.
Bin so frei, Tropfe drei
Propfen von der Arzenei.

(Träufelt den Saft auf Lysanders Augen)

Dann erwacht
Gib nur acht,
Bist entzückt,
Wirst verrückt
Nach der alten Liebelei.
Das ich alte Sprüche klopf:
Jeder Deckel kommt zum Topf.
Morgen früh brummt Euch der Kopf.
Gleich und gleich gesellt sich gern,
Alles Böse sei Euch fern.
Jeder Hengst kriegt seine Stute - alles Gute.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Après un rêve

Reynaldo Hahn (1875-1947)

À Chloris

Jesús Guridi (1886-1961)

Seis canciones castellanas
Mañanita de San Juan

Puck -

Wenn wir Schatten Euch beleidigt,
ist der Fehler schnell beseitigt:
Denkt, dass Euch der Schlaf befiehl
während unserm Schemenspiel.
Diesen Firlefanz, der kaum
mehr Gehalt hat als ein Traum,
tadeln nicht über Gebühr.
Seid Ihr gnädig, lernen wir.
Und verschont Ihr uns dazu
Mit dem wohlverdienten "Buh",
Gibt's hier bald ein bessres Stück -
Andernfalls das Geld zurück.
Ich heiss Puck und halte Wort.
Nun, gut Nacht, ihr alle dort.

Rogers and Hammerstein

From Carousel
What's the use of wond'rin'

Sondheim

The girls of summer

TEXTE

Juan de Anchieta

Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí;
Así dormida soñaba
Lo que el corazón velaba,
Que el amor me consolaba
Con más bien que merecí.

Adormeciόme el favor
Que amor me dió con amor;
Dió descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le serví
Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí!

Georg Friedrich Händel

Qui d'amor, nel suo linguaggio
Parla il rio, l'erbetta, e l'faggio
Al mio core inammarato.

Jaime Ovalle

Vai, Azulão, Azulão, companheiro,
vai! Vai ver minha ingrata. Diz que
sem ela o serlão não e naub serlão!
Ai! Voa Azulão vai contar
companheiro, vai!

Heitor Villa-Lobos

Tarde, uma nuvem rosea lenta e
transparente, sobre o espaço
sonhadora bela! Sure no infinito
a lua docemente, enfeitando a
tarde, qual meiga donzela.
Que se a presta e linda
sonhadoramente, emanseios

Con amores, la mi madre

With love in my heart, my dear mother,
with gladness, I fell asleep. As I slept I
dreamt of what my heart hid, and love
consoled me more than I deserved.

Ariodante

Qui d'amor, nel suo linguaggio

Here the stream, the grass, the trees
Each in their own way speak of love
To my enamoured heart.

Azulão

Go, bluebird, companion, go! Go to my
ingrate. Say that without her the fores
tis no longer the forest! Ah, go,
bluebird, go tell her, companion, go!

Cantilena, Bachianas Brasileiras no.5

Aria

Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent
cloud over the space dreamy and
beautiful. The Moon sweetly appears in
the horizon, decorating the afternoon
like a nice damsel, who rushes and
dreamy adorns herself with an anxious
soul to become beautiful. Shout all

d'alma para ficar bela, grita ao céo e a terra, toda a natureza!

Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes, e reflete o mar toda a sua riqueza. Suave luz da lua desperta agora. A cruel saudade que rie chora!

Tarde, uma nuvem rosea lenta e transparente, sobre o espaço sonhadora bela!

Joaquín Turina

Dedicatoria (piano)

Nunca olvida

Ya que este mundo abandono
antes de dar cuenta a Dios,
aquí para entre los dos
mi confesión te diré.
Con toda el alma perdonó
hasta a los que siempre he odiado.
A ti que tanto te he amado
Nunca te perdonaré!

Nature to the Sky and to the Earth!

All birds become silent to the Moon's
complains And the Sea reflects its
great splendor. Softly, the shining
moon just awakes the cruel missing
that laughs and cries.

Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent
cloud over the space dreamy and
beautiful!

Poema en Forma de Canciones

Since I am leaving this world,
and before I give my account to the
lord, I will confess to you,
here, between the two of us.
With all my soul I forgive those
whom I have always hated.
You, whom I have deeply loved,
I will never forgive!

Cantares

Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuanto más huyo de tí
Pues tu imagen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.

Flee as I may your embraces,
closer forever I'm caught;
my ev'ry dream, ev'ry thought
your haunting vision retraces.

Vuélvemelo a decir
Pues embelesado ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír
Y te miraba sin ver.

Speak more to me,
for yesterday, as I was enraptured,
I listened to you without bearing,
I looked at you without seeing.

Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
Ella lejos de mí:
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? Me
decía, tengo miedo de ti.

Y después que la noche hubo
pasado. Dijo, cerca de mí:
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi
lado? ¡Tengo miedo sin ti!

Las locas por amor

Te amaré, diosa Venus, si
prefieres que te ame mucho
tiempo y con cordura. Y respondió
la diosa de Citeres: Prefiero como
todas las mujeres que me amen
poco tiempo y con locura. Te
amaré diosa Venus, te amaré.

Kurt Weill

C'est presqu'au bout du monde, ma
barque vagabonde, errant au gré
de l'onde, m'y conduisit un jour.
L'île est toute petite, mais la fée
qui l'habite, gentiment nous invite,
a en faire le tour.

Youkali - C'est le pays de nos
désirs, Youkali - C'est le bonheur,
c'est le plaisir, Youkali - C'est la
terre où l'on quitte tous les
soucis. C'est dans notre nuit,
comme une éclaircie, l'étoile qu'on
suit - C'est Youkali.

Youkali - c'est le respect de tous
les vœux échangés, Youkali - C'est
le pays des beaux amours
partagés, C'est l'espérance, qui
est au cœur de tous les humains,
la délivrance, que nous attendons

With the onset of that night,
she, remote from me, said:
Why do you come so close to me?
I am afraid of you.

And after the night had passed,
she, close to me, said:
Why do you move away from me?
I am afraid without you!

I will love you, Divine Venus, if you
desire that I love you eternally and
with discretion. The goddess of
Cythera replied to me: I prefer, as all
women do, that you love me for a short
time and passionately. I will love you,
Divine Venus, I will love you.

Youkali

It was almost to the end of the world,
that my wandering boat, straying at the
will of the waves led me one day. The
isle is very small but the kind fairy that
lives there invites us to take a look
around.

Youkali - Is the land of our desires.
Youkali - Is happiness, pleasure
Youkali - Is the land where we forget
all our worries. It is in our night, like a
bright rift, the star we follow - It is
Youkali.

Youkali - Is the respect of all vows
exchanged. Youkali - Is the land of
love returned. It is the hope that is in
every human heart. The deliverance we
await for tomorrow. Youkali - Is the
land of our desires Youkali - Is

tous pour demain, Youkali - C'est le pays de nos désirs, Youkali - C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir, Mais c'est un rêve, une folie, il n'y a pas de Youkali !

Et la vie nous entraîne, lassante, quotidienne, mais la pauvre âme humaine, cherchant partout l'oubli. A, pour quitter la terre, su trouver le mystère, où nos rêves se terrent, en quelque Youkali.

R. Chapi

Al pensar en el dueño de mis amores, siento unos mareos encantadores. Bendito sea aquel picaronazo que me marea.

A mi novio yo le quiero, porque roba corazones con su gracia y su salero. El me tiene muy ufana porque hay muchas que lo quieren y se quedan con las ganas. Caprichosa yo nací, y lo quiero solamente, solamente para mí.

Que quitarme a mí su amor es lo mismo que quitarle las hojitas a una flor. Yo me muero de gozo cuando el me mira, y me vuelvo jalea cuando suspira.

Si me echa flores siento el corazoncito morir de amores. Porque tiene unos ojillos que me miran entornados, muy gachones y muy pillos, y me dicen ay lucero, que por esa personita me derrito yo y me muero.

happiness, pleasure. But it is a dream, a folly. There is no Youkali.

And life carries us along, tediously, day by day. But the poor human soul, seeking forgetfulness everywhere has, in order to escape the world managed to find the mystery in which our dreams burrow themselves in some Youkali.

From *Las hijas del Zebedo Carcelas*

When I think about the beeper of my Herat, my senses reel enchanted. Blessed be that little rascal who makes me dizzy.

I love my sweet Herat because he steals hearts with his elegant, winning ways. I have much to boast about because so many girls want him and are left hungry. I was born selfish, and I want him all, all to myself.

To take his love from me is the same as taking the petals off a flower. I die of joy when he looks at me, and turn to jelly when he sighs.

If he tosses me a flower I feel my little heart die with desire; because he gives me tiny glances, watching me through half-closed eyes, very sweet and very sly, that say to me, ay! Venus, for this little individual I melt and die.

Carlos Gardel

Solo en la ruta de mi destino
 Sin el amparo de tu mirar
 Soy como un ave que en el camino
 Rompió las cuerdas de su cantar.

Cuando no estás la flor no
 perfuma. Si tú te vas me en vuelve
 la bruma; El zorzal la fuenta las
 estrellas; Pierden para mi su
 seducción. Cuando no estas muere
 mi esperanza

Gabriel Fauré

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton
 image, je rêvais le bonheur,
 ardent mirage. Tes yeux étaient
 plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
 Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé
 par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la
 terre. Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers
 la lumière, les cieux pour nous
 entr'ouvriraient leurs nues,
 splendeurs inconnues, lueurs
 divines entrevues.

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des
 songes. Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends
 moi tes mensonges, reviens,
 reviens radieuse. Reviens ô nuit
 mystérieuse!

Reynaldo Hahn

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu
 m'aimes, mais j'entends, que tu
 m'aimes bien. Je ne crois point
 que les rois mêmes, aient un
 bonheur pareil au mien.

Cuando tu no estas

Si tu te vas mi vas illusion
 Oje mi lamenta, que confido al viento
 Todos dolor cuando tu no estas.

Nace la aurora resplandeciente,
 Clara mañana bello rosal;
 Brilla la estrella, canta la fuente
 Rie la vida, porque tú estás.

Après un rêve

In a slumber which held your image
 spellbound I dreamt of happiness,
 passionate mirage, your eyes were
 softer, your voice pure and sonorous,
 You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth to
 run away with you towards the light,
 the skies opened their clouds for us,
 unknown splendours, divine flashes
 glimpsed.

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams.
 I call you, O night, give me back your
 lies, return, return radiant night.
 Return, O mysterious night.

À Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that thou lovst
 me (and I understand that thou dost
 love me well), I do not believe that even
 kings could know such happiness as
 mine.

Que la mort serait importune
de venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux! Tout ce
qu'on dit de l'ambroisie
ne touche point ma fantaisie
au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

Jesús Guridi

Mañanita de San Juan,
levántate tempranito
y en la ventana verás
de hierbabuena un poquito.
Aquella paloma blanca
que pica en el arciprés,
que por dónde la cogería,
que por dónde la cogeré;
si la cojo por el pico
se me escape por los fries.
Coge niño la enramada,
que la noche está serena
y la música resuena
en lo profundo del mar.

Rogers and Hammerstein

What's the use of wond'ring
if he's good or if he's bad,
or if you like the way he wears his
hat? Oh, what's the use of
wond'ring if he's good or if he's
bad? He's your feller and you love
him, that's all there is to that.

Common sense may tell you
that the ending will be sad,
and now's the time to break and
run away. But what's the use of
wond'ring if the ending will be
sad? He's your feller and you love
him, there's nothing more to say.

How unwelcome death would be,
if it came to exchange my fortune with
the joy of heaven! All that they say of
ambrosia does not fire my imagination
like the favour of thine eyes.

Mañanita de San Juan

In the morning in San Juan
you will arise early and you will see in
the window a little of the mint.
That white dove
that picks the leaves,
perhaps I will catch it there,
yes, I will catch it there.
If I grasp it by its beak,
it is nevertheless able to escape
through my legs.
Boy, go to the harbour,
for the night is serene
and the music resounds
in the depths of the sea.

From Carousel
What's the use of wond'rin'

Something made him the way that he is,
whether he's false or true, and
something gave him the things that are
his, one of those things is you.

So when he wants your kisses, you will
give them to the lad, and anywhere he
leads you, you will walk. And anytime he
needs you, you'll go running there like
mad. You're his girl and he's your feller
And all the rest is talk.

Sondheim

The girls of summer - get burned.
They start the summer
unconcerned. They get undone by
a touch of sun in June, and a
touch of the moon

The girls of summer - get fooled.
'Cause soon the summer heat has
cooled. And come September they
can't remember why things were
hot in July.

The girls of summer

Not me! It's too easy to fall. The
moonlit sand a far away band and that's
all. Not me! I don't easily thrill. Never
did, never will.

The end of summer's at hand. I thought
the summer - was grand. And here I am
with the same undamaged heart that I
had at the start.

The girls of summer forgot to run. The
girls of summer were bound to lose.
The girls of summer have all the fun
I have nothing - but blues.

