

Katherine Gregory, soprano and Dominika Mak, piano

Friday 31st May, 2024 | 8.00pm

Trinity College Chapel

PROGRAMME —
Ständchen, D. 889
Mondnacht, Liederkreis, Op. 39, No. 5
Wiegenlied, Op. 41, No. 1
3 Mazurkas, Op. 59
Orpheus with his lute
Vocalise, Op. 34, No. 14
Mazurkas, Op. 50, Nos. 1-4
I. Lullaby Songs and Dances of Death
Zdes' horosho, Op. 21, No. 7
En Svane, Op. 25, No. 2

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Texts & translations

Franz Schubert Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder Durch die Nacht zu Dir; In den stillen Hain hernieder, Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen In des Mondes Licht; Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen? Ach! sie flehen Dich, Mit der Töne süssen Klagen Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen, Kennen Liebesschmerz, Rühren mit den Silbertönen Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen, Liebchen, höre mich! Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen! Komm', beglücke mich! Softly my songs plead through the night to you; down into the silent grove, beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle in the moonlight; my darling, do not fear that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you; with their sweet, plaintive songs they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning, they know the pain of love; with their silvery notes they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved, beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Robert Schumann Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel, Die Erde still geküßt, Daß sie im Blütenschimmer Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder, Die Ähren wogten sacht, Es rauschten leis die Wälder, So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte Weit ihre Flügel aus, Flog durch die stillen Lande, Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Richard Strauss Wiegenlied

Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben, von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt. Blüten schimmern da, die beben von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen, von dem Tage, da die Blume sproß; von dem hellen Blütenmorgen, da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloß. It was as though Heaven Had softly kissed the Earth, So that she in a gleam of blossom Had only to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields, The corn swayed gently to and fro, The forests murmured softly, The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread Her wings out wide, Flew across the silent land, As though flying home.

Dream, dream, my sweet, my life, of heaven that brings the flowers; blossoms shimmer there, they live from the song your mother sings.

Dream, dream, bud born of my anxiety, of the day the flower unfolded; of that morning bright with blossom, when your soul opened to the world.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe, von der stillen, von der heilgen Nacht, da die Blume seiner Liebe diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht. Dream, dream, blossom of my love, of the silent, of the sacred night, when the flower of his love made this world my heaven.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS Orpheus with his lute

Orpheus with his lute made trees, And the mountain-tops that freeze, Bow themselves, when he did sing:

To his music, plants and flowers Ever sprung; as sun and showers There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play, Even the billows of the sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art: Killing care and grief of heart Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Modest Mussorgsky - Lullaby

Stonet rebjonok... Svecha, nagoraja, Tusklo mercajet krugom. Celuju noch' kolybel'ku kachaja, Mat' ne zabylasja snom. Ranym-ranjokhon'ko v dver' ostorozhno Smert' serdobol'naja stuk! Vzdrognula mat', ogljanulas' trevozhno... "Polno pugat'sja, moj drug! Blednoje utro uzh smotrit v okoshko... Placha, toskuja, ljublja, Ty utomilas', vzdremni-ka nemnozhko. Ja posizhu za tebja. Ugomonit' ty ditja ne sumela. Slashche tebja ja spoju." -"Tishe! rebjonok moj mechetsja, b'jotsja, Dushu terzaja moju!" "Nu, da so mnoju on skoro ujmjotsja. Bajushki, baju, baju." "Shchjochki blednejut, slabejet dykhan'e... Da zamolchi-zhe, molju!" -"Dobroje znamen'e, stikhnet stradan'e, Bajushki, baju, baju." "Proch' ty, prokljataja! Laskoj svojeju sgubish' ty radost' moju!"

A child moans... A candle, burning low, Casts its dull flicker all around. All through the night, as she rocks the cradle, A mother has not slept. Early in the morning comes the gentle knock of Death, the compassionate one, at the door! The mother shudders, anxiously looking around her... 'There's no need to be afraid, my friend! The pale morning is peeping through the window... You have worn yourself out with crying, longing, loving, So rest a while, my dear, And I will take your place at his side. You couldn't soothe the little child, But I can sing more sweetly than you.' 'Shhh! The child is tossing and turning, My heart grieves to see him thus!' 'Come now, with me he will soon calm down. Hushaby, hushaby-hush.' 'His cheeks are so pale, his breathing so shallow... Please be quiet, I beg you!' 'That's a good sign, his suffering will soon be over, Hushaby, hushaby-hush.' 'Be away with you, accursed woman! You will destroy my joy with your caresses!'

Net, mirnyj son ja mladencu naveju. Bajushki, baju, baju." -"Szhal'sja, pozhdi dopevat' khot' mgnoven'e, Strashnuju pesnju tvoju!" "Vidish', usnul on pod tikhoje pen'e. Bajushki, baju, baju." 'No, I will waft the sleep of peace over the infant,
Hushaby, hushaby-hush.'
'Have pity! Cease your singing for just a moment,
Cease your terrible song!'
'See now, my quiet song has sung him to sleep,
Hushaby, hushaby-hush.'

Edvard Grieg En Svane

Min hvide svane du stumme, du stille, hverken slag eller trille lod sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende alfen, som sover, altid lyttende gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet, da eder og øjne var lønlige løgne, ja da, da lød det!

I toners føden du slutted din bane. Du sang i døden; du var dog en svane! My swan, my silent one, With white plumage, Your delightful songs, No trill betrayed.

Fearfully mindful of The elves in the dell, You glided, listening, Always in circles.

And yet you forced Our final parting With false promises. Yes, there, there you sang!

Singing, you closed Your earthly course. You died, faded away. You were a swan nevertheless

Biographies

KATHERINE GREGORY



Katherine recently graduated from the University of Cambridge with a BA in Theology and Philosophy. During this time, she sang with Trinity College Choir, with whom she made many recordings including their award winning Duruflé Requiem (Hyperion Records) in Saint Eustache, Paris, in which she performed the mezzo-soprano Pie Jesu movement.

While at Cambridge, Katherine performed many operatic roles, including the Contessa in Le Nozze Di Figaro, Rosalinde in Johann Strauss' Die Fledermaus, and Queen of the Night in Mozart's The Magic Flute. She was also awarded first prize

in the prestigious Clare College Song Competition and was on the Pembroke Lieder Scheme 2022-23.

Katherine's recent solo highlights include Amy Beach's Canticle of the Sun (Bach Choir, Philharmonia Orchestra, David Hill, Royal Festival Hall), Duruflé's Requiem (The Bach Choir, David Hill, Holy Trinity Sloane Square & King's College Cambridge), Brahms' Requiem (Trinity College Choir, Stephen Layton and Three Spires Singers, Christopher Gray), Bach's St Matthew Passion (Westminster Abbey Choir, Andrew Nethsingha), Handel's Messiah (Truro Choral Society, Martin Palmer), Mendelssohn's Elijah (The Knightsbridge Festival Choir, Nicholas Danks), Mozart's Requiem (The Knightsbridge Festival Choir, Nicholas Danks), Bach's Ein Feste Burg and Scarlatti's Messa di Santa Cecilia (Three Spires Singers, Patrick Bailey)."

Katherine studies with Ann de Renais. In September she will begin her MA at the Royal Academy of Music, studying with Susan Waters.

Dominika Mak



Dominika Mak is a Polish classical pianist, currently undertaking the Master of Arts course at the Royal Academy of Music under the tutelage of Christopher Elton (Professor Emeritus). While completing her BA and MPhil in Music at Trinity College, Cambridge, Dominika became the Artistic Director of a Trinity College Music Society, a choral soprano

in Trinity College Choir, Cambridge under Stephen Layton OBE, a Chopin scholar, an avid accompanist, and a solo pianist. In the past, Dominika has benefited from tuition from professors Pascal Nemirovski at the Royal Birmingham Conservatoire, and Graham Caskie at Chethams' School of Music.

During her time as an undergraduate, Dominika became a laureate of various competitions, such as the National EPTA Competition, the Edith Leigh Prize, the Birmingham Conservatoire John Ireland Prize. The 'liquidity' of Dominika's performances of Chopin's works has been described as 'perfection.' Recent performances include Chopin's Concerto op. 21 in F minor with Sam Gray and TCMS Orchestra, Chopin's Preludes op. 28 and his Sonata in B Minor op. 58. Not limiting herself to the works of this particular composer, Dominika is a keen promoter of the works of Polish composers such as Szymanowski and Bacewicz, as well taking a keen interest in French composers from Rameau to Ravel, which suits her colourful and nuanced tone at the instrument. Dominika has given performances at St John's Smith Square, The Alexandria Theatre, St Martin-in-the-Fields, West Road Concert Hall in Cambridge and other venues. Dominika has benefitted from masterclasses from Yevgeny Subdin, Dina Parakhina, Katya Apekisheva, Julian Jacobson, Stephen Hough and other esteemed pianists.

A keen chamber player, Dominika has received coaching from Joseph Middleton as a scholar of the Arthur Bliss Lieder Scheme with baritone Florian Störtz. Other scholarships included the Instrumental Award Scholarship in Cambridge, and a choral scholarship in Trinity College Choir under Stephen Layton OBE, which led to accompanying Brahms' Requiem (piano duet) with Trinity College Choir and The Holst Singers in London and Cambridge.