

Love Stories

Chalium Poppy, bass-baritone

Chalium S. P. Poppy began his earliest musical training as a choir boy in the UK. While still a pupil, he was accepted to study organ at the Royal College of Organists in London. Chalium accepted the offer of a scholarship to study music at the Universtat fur Musik und darstellende in Vienna, culminating in a Masterstudium in Protestant Church Music with Honours.

His unique education and experience allows him to enjoy an extremely versatile career as a professional church musician, conductor, oratorio soloist, occasional operatic singer, music commentator, clinician, and teacher. He has performed as an oratorio soloist extensively throughout Europe and North America appearing alongside some of the world's finest orchestras including the Fretwork Ensemble, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, the Freiburger Barockorchester, Les Musiciens du Louvre, and Tafelmusik. He has worked with famed early music interpreters Marc Minkowski, Ton Koopman and Christopher Hogwood.

Following a successful career in Europe as a singer, Chalium relocated to North America. While in Canada, he appeared as a soloist with many of Canada's leading choirs and orchestras including the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, the Victoria Symphony Orchestra, the Victoria Chamber Orchestra, the Vancouver Island Symphony Orchestra, and the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra to name a few, producing recordings with many of these ensembles. For two years he served as producer and host of his own weekly program on national radio, "Classic Examples". He also founded his own orchestra, the Nanaimo Chamber Orchestra, that, while under his leadership specialised in music of the Italian Baroque.

After meeting and marrying a New Zealander in 2009, Chalium relocated to Mount Maunganui where he works as a full-time musician. He has appeared as a guest soloist with the Tauranga Civic Choir, Hamilton's Cantando and Civic Choirs, City of Dunedin Choir, Rotorua Civic Choir, the Bay of Island Singers, and Auckland's Handel Consort and Quire, Viva Voce, Graduate Choir, The South Auckland Choral Society, as well as the Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra, The Trust Waikato Symphony Orchestra, the Bay of Plenty Sinfonia, the Southern Symphonia of Dunedin, Opus Orchestra and NZBarok. He has performed in many New Zealand premieres of works by Handel, Rameau, Charpentier, and others. In 2011, Chalium recorded the bass solos in New Zealand's first recordings of Handel's *Messiah* and Bach's *Easter Oratorio* to feature baroque-period instruments. He has also recorded two of Bach's cantatas for the Auckland Philharmonia Orchestra. He currently has seven operatic roles in his repertoire.

He is currently the Organist and Choirmaster for the Anglican Parish of Mount Maunganui. He founded the Chancel Choir of St. Peter's which sings sacred choral music spanning the Middle Ages to the 21st Century weekly for Choral Eucharist and monthly for Choral Evensong. He is also the Founding Artistic and Musical Director of the Scholars Baroque Aotearoa – a chamber choir dedicated to informed performances of early music with an emphasis on stylistic excellence. With the Scholars Baroque, Chalium has conducted the New Zealand premieres of works by Jean-Philippe Rameau and Michael Haydn to critical acclaim.

As a conductor, Chalium has appeared as a guest conductor of the Tauranga Civic Choir, the Bay of Plenty Sinfonia, Opus Orchestra, and NZBarok.

Chalium has received national accolades and recognition of his commitment and dedication to musical excellence and in particular for his exploration of lesser-known choral works. In 2010, he received a commendation from the French Consulate to New Zealand in gratitude for his efforts in championing the music of the French Baroque.

Catherine Smalberger, piano

Catherine Smalberger was born in Derbyshire in England and trained as a doctor at the Medical College of St Bartholomew in the University of London. She worked as a doctor in England, South Africa and Canada before coming to live in Tauranga in 2002. She was involved in setting up the first AIDS clinics in Cape Town and now works in palliative care at Waipuna Hospice. She holds a Masters degree in palliative care and has published a paper on spirituality in the dying.

Catherine began playing the piano at the age of six, attaining a distinction at Grade 8 and a High Distinction in her licentiate diploma in performance piano. She played as the soloist in concerti with the university orchestra and has given many recitals over the years. She has been the accompanist for both soloists and choral groups in London, South Africa and here in New Zealand, and has played as rehearsal pianist for the Scholars Baroque Aotearoa choir.

Catherine is married to a Tauranga anaesthetist and they have four children. She enjoys cooking and travel, especially - when Covid 19 doesn't prevent it - attempting long hiking trails such as the Anapurna Circuit and the pilgrimage trails in Italy.

Today she will be playing two pieces from the Romantic era. In the first half of the programme, she plays the Nocturne No 8 in D flat major, Op 27, No2 by Frederic Chopin. This piece is one of a set of two written in 1836 and dedicated to the Countess Appony, who was one of Chopin's pupils. The poetic quality of this work makes it an archetypal piece of Romantic era piano music. In the second half, Catherine plays the Impromptu No 3 in G flat major, D899 Op 90 by Franz Schubert. This work, written in 1827 was one of a set of four, the first of two such sets. With its lyrical melody and free flowing style it is one of the first works of solo piano music to break away from the Classical style to the more emotional spirit of the Romantic era.

PROGRAMME

An die ferne Geliebte, Opus 98

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770 – 1827)

1. Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
2. Wo die Berge so blau
3. Leichte Segler in den Höhen
4. Diese Wolken in den Höhen
5. Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
6. Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Adelaide, Opus 46

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770 – 1827)

Ich liebe dich

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770 – 1827)

Nocturne No. 8 in D Flat Major, Op 27, No. 2

Frederic Chopin (1810 – 1849)

INTERVAL

Dichterliebe, Opus 48

Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

- 1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- 2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- 3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
- 4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
- 5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- 6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- 7. Ich grolle nicht
- 8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
- 9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
- 10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
- 11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- 12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
- 13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
- 14. Allnächtlich im Traume
- 15. Aus alten Märchen
- 16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Impromptu No. 3 in G Flat Major, D.899, Op 90

Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828)

Translations

An Die Ferne Geliebte

1.

I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the blue expanse of sky,
Searching the far-off mists to see,
Where I can find you, my beloved.

Far from you have I been parted,
Mountain and vale separate us,
Dividing us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.

Ah, you cannot see my gaze,
That hastens so passionately to you.
Nor the sighs I squander
On the void that parts us now.

Is there nothing more that can reach you,
Nothing to bear my love's message to you?
I want to sing, to sing songs,
Which remind you of my pain!

Because before love's lament
Every mile and every hour vanishes,
And a loving heart attains
What a loving heart has consecrated.

2.

Where the blue mountains
Rise from the lowering skies
Peering at where the sunsets,
Where the clouds spread,
There would I like to be! there would I like to
be!

There in that quiet vale
Which silences pain and woe.
Where in rocky spaces softly sleep the
primroses,
And sweeps so gently the wind,
There would I like to be! there would I like to
be!

My love's longing

Draws me to the shadowy wood'
Inner pain, inner pain.
Ah, nothing would ever tempt me from here,
If I could faithfully stay by your side
Forever! forever by your side!

3.

Graceful sailor of the
heights,
And you, tiny, narrow
brooklet,
Should my little love spy you
Greet her for me a thousand
times.

Look, you clouds, at her,
As she goes wandering
through the quiet vale,
Let my image greet her
In your airy, heavenly place.

Should she linger near the
bushes,
Which now are yellow and
bare,
Tell her what has befallen
me,
Tell her, little bird, of my
suffering!

Silent breezes, flutter
To my heart's beloved,
My sighs which sink
Like the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my love's
entreaty,
Let her, tiny, narrow
brooklet,
See clearly in your ripples,
My numberless tears, my
numberless tears!

4.

These clouds on the heights,
These birds in merry passage
Will see you, my beauty.
Take me with you in your flight!

These breezes will playfully caress
Your cheek and breast,
Toying with your silken locks.
If I could but share this pleasure!

Toward you, my love, every little hill
Every little brook busily hastens.
When your face is mirrored there,
Then flow back without delay.

Flow back without delay, yes, without delay!

5.

Maytime returns, the meadows are in bloom
The breezes waft so gently and so mildly.
The murmuring brooks flow by.

The swallow who returns to her home in the eaves,
She builds her bridal bower industriously,
So love may dwell there, so love may dwell there.

Flitting from here to there,
She busily brings soft lining to her bridal bed,
Much warm material for the little ones.

Now the couple lives together faithfully,
What winter has divided, now May rejoins,
Lovers he knows to reunite, to reunite.

Maytime returns, the meadows are in bloom,
The breezes waft so gently, so mildly,
But I cannot stray from here.

Though everywhere all who are in love, are joined by
spring,
Only our love knows no springtime
And tears are our only reward, our only reward.

6.

Take my songs,
The songs I sang you, my love,
And sing them nightly on the lute
With sweetest tone!

When the twilight wanes
On the still blue lake,
And the last sun's rays sink
Beyond the mountain tops.

And you sing, you sing,
What I have sung from deep within
What has sprung artlessly from me,
Only conscious of longing, only conscious of longing.

Then before these songs fades,
What has divided us so long and far,
And a loving heart attains what a loving heart has
consecrated.

Then before these songs reclaim
all that was separated by lonely hours,
And a loving heart attains
what a loving heart has earned.

Then surely does my soul regain
all we lost in lonely times,
And a loving heart attains what a loving heart has
earned, ay,
What a loving heart has earned.

Adelaide

Alone does your friend wander in the Spring garden,
Mildly encircled by magic light
That quivers through swaying, blossoming boughs,
Adelaide!

In the mirroring stream, in the snow of the Alps,
In the dying day's golden clouds,
In the fields of stars, your image shines,
Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves,
Silvery lilies-of-the-valley rustle in the grass,
Waves murmur and nightingales pipe:
Adelaide!

One day, o wonder! upon my grave will bloom
A flower from the ashes of my heart;
And clearly on every purple leaf will gleam:
Adelaide!

Ich liebe dich

I love you as you love me,
In the evening and the morning,
Nor was there a day when you and I
Did not share our troubles.

And when we shared them
They became easier to bear;
You comforted me in my distress,
And I wept in your laments.

Therefore, may God's blessing be upon you,
You, my life's joy.
God protect you, keep you for me,
And protect and keep us both.

Dichterliebe

1. In beautiful May, when the buds sprang, love sprang up in my heart: in beautiful May, when the birds all sang, I told you my desire and longing.
2. Many flowers spring up from my tears, and a nightingale choir from my sighs: If you love me, I'll pick them all for you, and the nightingale will sing at your window.
3. I used to love the rose, lily, dove and sun, joyfully: now I love only the little, the fine, the pure, the One: you yourself are the source of them all.
4. When I look in your eyes all my pain and woe fades: when I kiss your mouth I become whole: when I recline on your breast I am filled with heavenly joy: and when you say, 'I love you', I weep bitterly.
5. I want to bathe my soul in the chalice of the lily, and the lily, ringing, will breathe a song of my beloved. The song will tremble and quiver, like the kiss of her mouth which in a wondrous moment she gave me.
6. In the Rhine, in the sacred stream, great holy Cologne with its great cathedral is reflected. In it there is a face painted on golden leather, which has shone into the confusion of my life. Flowers and cherubs float about Our Lady: the eyes, lips and cheeks are just like those of my beloved.
7. I do not chide you, though my heart breaks, love ever lost to me! Though you shine in a field of diamonds, no ray falls into your heart's darkness. I have long known it: I saw the night in your heart, I saw the serpent that devours it: I saw, my love, how empty you are.
8. If the little flowers only knew how deeply my heart is wounded, they would weep with me to heal my suffering, and the nightingales would sing to cheer me, and even the starlets would drop from the sky to speak consolation to me: but they can't know, for only One knows, and it is she that has torn my heart asunder.

9. There is a blaring of flutes and violins and trumpets, for they are dancing the wedding-dance of my best-beloved. There is a thunder and booming of kettle-drums and shawms. In between, you can hear the good cupids sobbing and moaning.
10. When I hear that song which my love once sang, my breast bursts with wild affliction. Dark longing drives me to the forest hills, where my too-great woe pours out in tears.
11. A youth loved a maiden who chose another: the other loved another girl, and married her. The maiden married, from spite, the first and best man that she met with: the youth was sickened at it. It's the old story, and it's always new: and the one whom she turns aside, she breaks his heart in two.
12. On a sunny summer morning I went out into the garden: the flowers were talking and whispering, but I was silent. They looked at me with pity, and said, 'Don't be cruel to our sister, you sad, death-pale man.'
13. I wept in my dream, for I dreamt you were in your grave: I woke, and tears ran down my cheeks. I wept in my dreams, thinking you had abandoned me: I woke, and cried long and bitterly. I wept in my dream, dreaming you were still good to me: I woke, and even then my floods of tears poured forth.
14. I see you every night in dreams, and see you greet me friendly, and crying out loudly I throw myself at your sweet feet. You look at me sorrowfully and shake your fair head: from your eyes trickle the pearly tear-drops. You say a gentle word to me and give me a sprig of cypress: I awake, and there is no sprig, and I have forgotten what the word was.
15. The old fairy tales tell of a magic land where great flowers shine in the golden evening light, where trees speak and sing like a choir, and springs make music to dance to, and songs of love are sung such as you have never heard, till wondrous sweet longing infatuates you! Oh, could I only go there, and free my heart, and let go of all pain, and be blessed! Ah! I often see that land of joys in dreams: then comes the morning sun, and it vanishes like smoke.
16. The old bad songs, and the angry, bitter dreams, let us now bury them, bring a large coffin. I shall put very much therein, I shall not yet say what: the coffin must be bigger than the 'Tun' at Heidelberg. And bring a bier of stout, thick planks, they must be longer than the Bridge at Mainz. And bring me too twelve giants, who must be mightier than the Saint Christopher in the cathedral at Cologne. They must carry the coffin and throw it in the sea, because a coffin that large needs a large grave to put it in. Do you know why the coffin must be so big and heavy? I will also put my love and my suffering into it.