

# ANDREINA KASPER

**MASTER'S RECITAL**

**MAY 15 / 3:00 P.M.**

PICKMAN HALL

27 Garden St, Cambridge, MA 02138

**EXPERIENCE IS LIMITED,  
FIRST COME, FIRST SERVE**

**SENSORY JOURNEY**

**COCODRILLO**

PADMA NEWSOME  
(B.1961)

**ELEMENTALLY ILL**

1. AGUA
2. LE VENT
3. FUEGO

ANDREINA KASPER  
(1992-NOT DEAD)

**VIER GESÄNGE**

1. SCHLAFEN, SCHLAFEN (AUS DEM SCHMERZ SEIN RECHT)
2. SCHLAFEND TRÄGT MAN MICH IN MEIN HEIMATLAND (DER GLÜHENDE)
3. NUN ICH DER RIESEN STÄRKSTEN ÜBERWAND (DER GLÜHENDE)
4. WARM DIE LÜFTE (DER GLÜHENDE)

ALAN BERG  
(1934-1984)

**ERWARTUNG**

VIER LIEDER, OP. 2

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG  
(1874-1951)

**MUST THE WINTER COME SO SOON**

FROM VANESSA

SAMUEL BARBER  
(1910-1981)

**DER ERLKÖNIG**

FRANZ SCHUBERT  
(1797-1828)

15M-INTERMISSION

**SONATA IN G MINOR FOR CELLO SOLO**

BANTOCK, GRANVILLE  
(1868-1946)

**L'AMOUR EST UN OISEAU REBELLE (HABANERA)**

FROM CARMEN

GEORGES BIZET  
(1838-1875)

**AH, QUEL DÎNER!**

FROM LA PÉRICHOLE

JACQUES OFFENBACH  
(1819-1880)

**SWEET DANCER**

PETER ALDINS  
(B.1953-D.2050)

**MON CŒUR S'OUVRE À TA VOIX**

FROM SAMSON ET DALILA

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS  
(1835-1921)

M  
A  
R  
G  
O  
R  
P

P  
R  
O  
R  
A  
M



# SENSORY JOURNEY MAP

START  
HERE

## SIGHT

COCODRILLO

ELEMENTALLY ILL

## SOUND

VIER GESÄNGE

## TOUCH

ERWARTUNG

MUST THE WINTER COME SO SOON

DER ERLKÖNIG

## SMELL

BANTOCK CELLO SONATA

L'AMOUR EST UN OISEAU REBELLE (HABANERA)

END  
HERE

## TASTE

AH, QUEL DÎNER!

SWEET DANCER

MON CŒUR S'OUVRE À TA VOIX

I am overwhelmed with gratitude for each and every one of you who came out and supported me during this incredible journey. Your presence, encouragement, and unwavering belief in me have meant more than words can express.

To the phenomenal **musicians** who lent their talent to make every note shine brighter, thank you for sharing your artistry and elevating the music to new heights.

**Angela Gooch**, my voice teacher and guiding light for the past five years, Your support and tutelage have significantly contributed to my progress as a singer. I am endlessly thankful for your patience, wisdom, and belief in my potential.

**Peter Aldins**, your compositions are not only beautiful but also soul-stirring. Thank you for allowing me the privilege of interpreting your music and bringing it to life on stage.

**Dr. Terry King**, your profound knowledge, advice, and compassionate mentorship as my cello teacher have been invaluable. You have pushed me to strive for excellence and encouraged me to never settle for anything less than my best.

To my **husband**, my rock and constant source of strength, thank you for picking me up whenever I fall and keeping it real with me, even when it's tough. Your unwavering support means everything to me.

To my **family**, whose love knows no bounds, thank you for always being my pillars of support. Whether you traveled from far or near, your belief in me has been my greatest strength.

A heartfelt appreciation goes out to the amazing **tech crew**, Your dedication behind the scenes did not go unnoticed and contributed immensely to the success of the event. Thank you **Andreas** for taking on the role of producer and willing to help me out, **Daniela** for the amazing Designs, the drawings really captivated the vision for my piece.

To **Andrew** for the beautiful arrangement of Alfonsina y el Mar.

To all my **friends**, thank you for your unwavering support and for being there for me every step of the way. Your encouragement and friendship have been a source of comfort and inspiration throughout this journey.

I am deeply grateful to the incredible **teachers** at Longy School of Music whose passion and dedication have inspired me to become the best version of myself. Your knowledge and mentorship have been instrumental in my growth as a musician, and I am forever indebted to you all.

Lastly, to **Longy School of Music**, thank you for granting me the opportunity to pursue my master's degree on a full scholarship. I am beyond grateful for this privilege, and I never imagined I would be graduating with a master's degree. Thank you for believing in me and for helping me turn my dreams into reality.

With heartfelt appreciation,

♡ *Andreina Kasper*





# TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

**Cocodrillo**  
**Padma Newsome (b.1961-)**

Cocodrillo, rana, lucciola, siréna  
*Crocodile, frog, firefly, mermaid*



These are the creatures in Lady Walton's Garden

e un vecchio olivo  
*and an old olive tree*



## Elementally III

## Elementally III

Agua

Water

Escucha mi llanto

Hear my cry

Llevame al río

take me to the river

Para ver cómo te desvaneces

To watch you fade away

Agua

Water

A  
G  
U  
A

A  
G  
U  
A

## LE VENT

## THE WIND

Le vent arrive avec un murmure  
Je n'arrive pas à comprendre  
Plus je me rapproche, plus ça avance

The wind comes in with a whisper  
I cant seem to understand  
The closer I get the further It moves

Le vent arrive avec un murmure

The wind comes in with a whisper

Je peux l'entendre

I can hear it

Je peux l'entendre maintenant !

I can hear it now!

Il dit : La mort est au coin de la rue

It says: Death is round the corner

La MORT EST LA

It says DEATH IS HERE

# FUEGO

# FIRE

En llamas me veo ardiendo,  
Incendio implacable,  
despiadado,  
Nutrido por dudas y temores incesantes.  
Cada centello-un recordatorio contundente-  
De la eterna lucha contra ellos.  
El auto-odio coce a fuego lento mi mente,  
Dejándome destrozada, incinerada a la deriva,  
impotente.  
En la oscuridad, el deseo de arder, de rendirme,  
De dejar que las llamas me envuelvan, de cesar la  
lucha.  
Sin embargo, en medio de todo eso,  
aparece un destello tenue,  
En medio de la furia y el tormento,  
Quizás, solo quizás, haya alguna esperanza.

In the flames I see,  
A reflection of me, consuming me.  
Burning within, like a relentless fire,  
Fed by doubts and fears that never tire.  
Each flicker a reminder,  
As I battle against them  
The self-loathing, scorching my mind,  
Leaves me broken, out of control,  
useless  
In darkness, I want to burn burn burn  
let the flames consume me, end the  
fight.  
in the midst of It all  
I see a glimmer  
My rage and and torture,  
There might be hope....



## 4 Gesänge, Op.2 Alan Berg 1934-1984

### Schlafen, schlafen (Aus Dem Schmerz sein Recht)

Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als Schlafen!  
Kein Erwachen, keinen Traum!  
Jener Wehen, die mich traf, en,  
Leisestes Erinnern kaum.  
Daß ich, wenn des Lebens Fülle  
Niederklingt in meine Ruh',  
Nur noch tiefer mich verhülle,  
Fester zu die Augen tu'!

German source: Christian Friedrich Hebbel

### Sleep, sleep

Sleep, sleep, nothing but sleep!  
No awakening, no dream!  
Of the pains I had to bear  
Scarce the faintest memory -  
So that when life's plenitude  
Echoes down to where I rest,  
I enshroud myself more deeply still,  
Press my eyes more tightly shut!

English translation © Richard Stokes

**Schlafend trägt man mich in mein Heimatland (Der Glühende)  
(1896)**

Schlafend trägt man mich  
in mein Heimatland.  
Ferne komm' ich her,  
über Gipfel, über Schlünde,  
über ein dunkles Meer  
in mein Heimatland.

**German source: Alfred Mombert**

**I am borne in sleep**

I am borne in sleep  
to my homeland.  
I come from afar,  
over peaks, over gorges,  
over a dark sea  
to my homeland.

**English translation © Richard Stokes**

**Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand (Der Glühende)**

Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand,  
mich aus dem dunkelsten Land  
heimfand  
an einer weißen Märchenhand -  
Hallen schwer die Glocken.  
Und ich wanke durch die Gassen  
schlafbefangen.

**German source: Alfred Mombert**

**Now I've conquered the strongest of giants**

Now I've conquered the strongest of giants,  
and from the darkest land  
have found my way home  
guided by a white faerie hand -  
The bells sound heavily.  
And I stagger through the streets,  
drunk with sleep.

**English translation © Richard Stokes**

**Warm die Lüfte (Der Glühende) (1896)**

Warm die Lüfte,  
es sprießt Gras auf sonnigen Wiesen.  
Horch! -  
Horch, es flötet die Nachtigall...  
Ich will singen:

Droben hoch im düstern Bergforst,  
es schmilzt und glitzert kalter Schnee,  
ein Mädchen im grauen Kleide  
lehnt am feuchten Eichstamm,  
krank sind ihre zarten Wangen,  
die grauen Augen fiebern  
durch Düsterriesenstämme.  
"Er kommt noch nicht. Er läßt mich warten"...  
Stirb!  
Der Eine stirbt, daneben der Andere lebt:  
Das macht die Welt so tiefschön.

**German source: Alfred Mombert**

**Warm the breezes**

Warm the breezes,  
grass grows on sunlit meadows.  
Listen! -  
Listen, the nightingale is singing...  
I shall sing:  
High in the gloomy mountain forest,  
cold snow melts and glitters,  
a girl dressed in grey  
leans against the damp trunk of an oak,  
her tender cheeks are sick,  
her grey eyes stare feverishly  
through the gloom of giant trunks.  
'Still he does not come. He keeps me waiting!...  
Die!  
One dies, while another lives:  
That makes the world so profoundly beautiful.

**English translation © Richard Stokes**



**Vier Lieder, op. 2**  
**Arnold Schoenberg 1874-1951**

**Erwartung**

**Expectation**

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche  
neben der roten Villa  
unter der toten Eiche  
scheint der Mond.

From the sea-green pond  
near the red villa  
beneath the dead oak  
the moon is shining.

Wo ihr dunkles Abbild  
durch das Wasser greift,  
steht ein Mann und streift  
einen Ring von seiner Hand.

Where her dark image  
gleams through the water,  
a man stands, and draws  
a ring from his hand.

Drei Opale blinken;  
durch die bleichen Steine  
schwimmen rot und grüne  
funken und versinken.

Three opals glimmer;  
among the pale stones  
float red and green sparks  
and sink.

Und er küßt sie, und  
seine Augen leuchten  
wie der meergrüne Grund:  
ein Fenster tut sich auf.

And he kisses her,  
and his eyes gleam  
like the sea-green depths:  
a window opens.

Aus der roten Villa  
neben der toten Eiche  
winkt ihm eine bleiche  
Frauenhand.

From the red villa  
near the dead oak,  
a woman's pale hand  
waves to him.

**German source: Richard Dehmel 1863-1920-**

**English translation © Richard Stokes**

**Must the Winter Come so Soon**  
**From Vanessa by Samuel Barber (1910-1981)**  
**Libretto: Gian Carlo Menotti**

Must the winter come so soon?  
Night after night,  
I hear the hungry deer  
Wander weeping in the woods,  
And from his house of brittle bark  
Hoots the frozen owl.

Must the winter come so soon?  
Here in this forest,  
Neither dawn nor sunset  
Marks the passing of the days.  
It is a long winter here.  
Must the winter come so soon?



**Der Erlkönig**  
**Franz Schubert 1797-1828**  
**poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1749-1832**

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Who rides, so late, through night and wind?  
It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy well in his arm  
He holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

“Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?” –  
“Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?” –  
“Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.”

“My son, why do you hide your face in fear?”  
“Father, do you not see the Elfking?  
The Elfking with crown and cape?”  
“My son, it’s a streak of fog.”

“Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir;  
Manch’ bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.” –

“You dear child, come, go with me!  
(Very) beautiful games I play with you;  
many a colourful flower is on the beach,  
My mother has many a golden robe.”

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?” –  
“Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.” –

“My father, my father, and hearest you not,  
What the Elfking quietly promises me?”  
“Be calm, stay calm, my child;  
Through scrawny leaves the wind is sighing.”

“Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.” –

“Do you, fine boy, want to go with me?  
My daughters shall wait on you finely;  
My daughters lead the nightly dance,  
And rock and dance and sing to bring you in.”

“Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?” –  
“Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh’ es genau:  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.” –

“My father, my father, and don’t you see there  
The Elfking’s daughters in the gloomy place?”  
“My son, my son, I see it clearly:  
There shimmer the old willows so grey.”

“Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;  
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch’ ich Gewalt.” –  
“Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!” –

“I love you, your beautiful form entices me;  
And if you’re not willing, then I will use force.”  
“My father, my father, he’s touching me now!  
The Elfking has done me harm!”

Dem Vater grauset’s, er reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh’ und Not;  
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

It horrifies the father; he swiftly rides on,  
He holds the moaning child in his arms,  
Reaches the farm with great difficulty;  
In his arms, the child was dead.

# L'amour est un oiseau rebelle (Habanera)

Carmen by Georges Bizet 1838-1875

Libretto: Henri Meilhac (1831-1897)

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle  
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser,  
Et c'est bien in vain qu'on l'appelle  
S'il lui convient de refuser.

Love is a rebellious bird  
that nobody can tame,  
and you call him quite in vain  
if it suits him not to come.

Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière.  
L'un parle bien, l'autre se tait.  
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère.  
Il n'a rien dit mais il me plait.

Nothing helps, neither threat nor prayer.  
One man talks well, the other's mum;  
it's the other one that I prefer.  
He's silent but I like his looks.

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

Love! Love! Love! Love!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême,  
Il n'a jamais jamais connu de loi.  
Si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime.  
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

Love is a gypsy's child,  
it has never, ever, known a law;  
love me not, then I love you;  
if I love you, you'd best beware!

Si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime,  
Mais si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

love me not, then I love you;  
if I love you, you'd best beware!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre  
Battit d'aile et s'envola.  
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre.  
Tu ne l'attends plus, il est là.

The bird you thought you had caught  
beat its wings and flew away ...  
love stays away, you wait and wait;  
when least expected, there it is!

Tout atour de toi, vite vite,  
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient.  
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite.  
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient.

All around you, swift, so swift,  
it comes, it goes and then returns ...  
you think you hold it fast, it flees  
you think you're free, it holds you fast.

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

Love! Love! Love! Love!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême,  
Il n'a jamais jamais connu de loi.  
Si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime.  
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!  
Si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime,

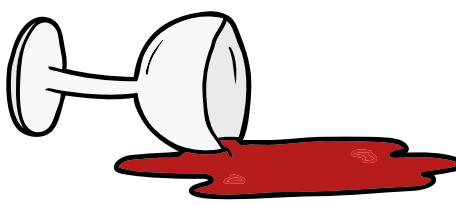
Love is a gypsy's child,  
it has never, ever, known a law;  
love me not, then I love you;  
if I love you, you'd best beware!  
love me not, then I love you;

Mais si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

if I love you, you'd best beware!







**Ah, quel dîner-La Périchole**

**Jacques Offenbach 1819-1880**

**Livret de Ludovic Halévy 1834-1908 et Henri Meilhac 1830-1897**

Ah! quel dîner je viens de faire!  
Et quel vin extraordinaire!  
J'en ai tant bu, mais tant tant, tant,  
Que je crois bien, que maintenant  
Je suis un peu grise, un peu grise.

Mais chut!

Faut pas qu'on le dise!

Chut!

Si ma parole est un peu vague,  
Si tout en marchant je zigzague,  
Et si mon oeil est égrillard,  
Il ne faut s'en étonner, car...  
Je suis un peu grise, un peu grise.

Mais chut!

Faut pas qu'on le dise!

Chut!

Ah! What a dinner, I have just had  
and what extraordinary wine,  
I have drunk, much so more and more,  
that I believe certainly that now  
I am a little tipsy.

but shush!

it's not necessary that one it says  
shush!

if my speech is a little slurred,  
if all when walking I zigzag,  
if all my eye is bawdy,  
it should not make one surprise because,  
I am a little drunk.

but shush!

it's not necessary that one it says  
shush!

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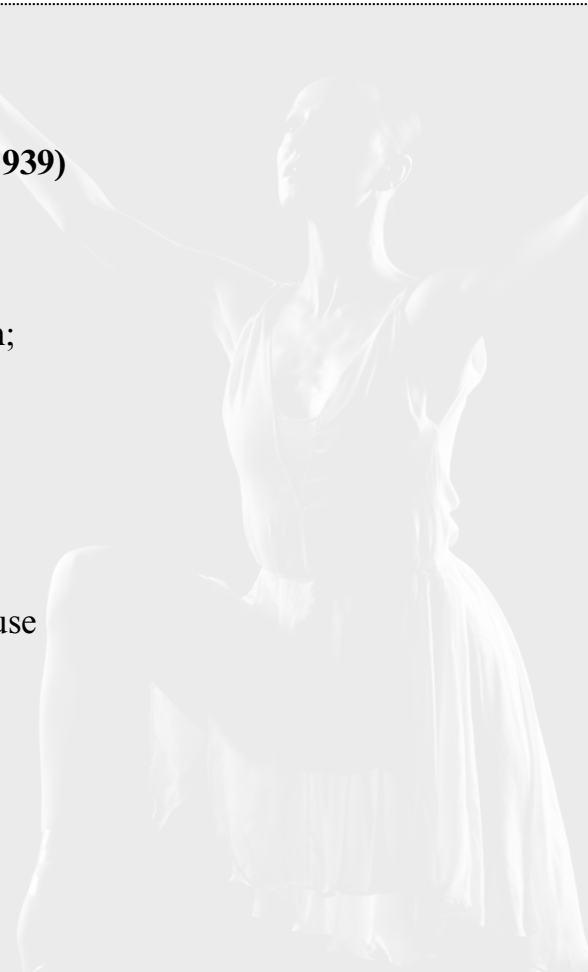
**Sweet Dancer**

**Peter Aldins ((b.1953-D.2050))**

**Poem: William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)**

The girl goes dancing there  
On the leaf-sown, new-mown,  
smooth Grass plot of the garden;  
Escaped from bitter youth,  
Escaped out of her crowd,  
Or out of her black cloud.  
Ah, dancer, ah, sweet dancer!

If strange men come from the house  
To lead her away, do not say  
That she is happy being crazy;  
Lead them gently astray;  
Let her finish her dance,  
Let her finish her dance.  
Ah, dancer, ah, sweet dancer!



**Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix,  
Samson et Dalila by Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)  
Libretto: Ferdinand Lemaire (1832–1879)**

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix,  
comme s'ouvrent les fleurs  
aux baisers de l'aurore!  
Mais, ô mon bienaimé,  
pour mieux sécher mes pleurs,  
que ta voix parle encore!  
Dis-moi qu'à Dalila  
tu reviens pour jamais.  
Redis à ma tendresse  
les serments d'autrefois,  
ces serments que j'aimais!  
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!  
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

Ainsi qu'on voit des blés  
les épis onduler  
sous la brise légère,  
ainsi frémit mon coeur,  
prêt à se consoler,  
à ta voix qui m'est chère!  
La flèche est moins rapide  
à porter le trépas,  
que ne l'est ton amante  
à voler dans tes bras!  
Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!  
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

My heart opens up to your voice,  
Like flowers open  
To the kisses of the dawn!  
But, oh my beloved,  
To better dry my tears,  
Let your voice speak again!  
Tell me that you'll return  
To Delilah forever.  
Repeat to me your tenderness,  
Your promises from before,  
Those vows that I loved!  
Ah! Respond to my tenderness!  
Pour into me, pour euphoria into me!

Just as you see the wheat,  
The grains wave  
Under the light breeze,  
So my heart trembles,  
Ready to console itself,  
At your voice that is so precious to me!  
The arrow does not bring death  
As quickly,  
As your lover  
would fly into your arms!  
Ah! Respond to my tenderness!  
Pour into me, pour euphoria into me!

**French source: Ferdinand Lemaire**

**English Translations: George Cooper**

# MUSICIANS

## PIANO

Angela Gooch

## VIOLINS

Viridiana Hernandez  
Tatiana Zhmendak

## VIOLA

Julian Matthew Bernal

## CELLO

Itzel Orellana Sierra

## BASS

Javier Avendano

## FLUTE

Maria Milano

## OBOE

Orlando Salazar

## BATAS

Enrique Navarro

## NARRATOR

Lina Sarmiento



# BIOGRAPHIES

**Alban Berg** was an Austrian composer active during the early 20th century. He is best known for the 12-tone and atonal compositions he used in different music, orchestras, and operas. When composing 12-tone pieces, a method of composition that uses a tone row as the basis for all harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic development, he brought innovation through Romantic lyricism and expressionism, infusing "human values" into the 12-tone system.

**Arnold Schönberg** (1874 – 1951) was an Austrian-American composer, music theorist, teacher, writer, and painter. He is widely considered one of the most influential composers of the 20th century. He was associated with the expressionist movement in German poetry and art, and leader of the Second Viennese School. As

a Jewish composer, Schoenberg was targeted by the Nazi Party, which labeled his works as degenerate music and forbade them from being published. He emigrated to the United States in 1933, becoming an American citizen in 1941. Schoenberg's approach, both in terms of harmony and development, has shaped much of 20th-century musical thought. Many composers from at least three generations have consciously extended his thinking, whereas others have passionately reacted against it.

**Charles-Camille Saint-Saëns** (1835-1921) was a French composer, organist, conductor and pianist of the Romantic era. His best-known works include Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (1863), and The Carnival of the Animals (1886). Saint-Saëns was a musical prodigy. As a young man, Saint-Saëns was enthusiastic for the most modern music of the day, particularly that of Schumann, Liszt and Wagner, although his own compositions were generally within a conventional classical tradition. He was a scholar of musical history, and remained committed to the structures worked out by earlier French composers. In the early years of the 20th century, the anonymous author of the article on Saint-Saëns in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians wrote: "Saint-Saëns is a consummate master of composition, and no one possesses a more profound knowledge than he does of the secrets and resources of the art; but the creative faculty does not keep pace with the technical skill of the workman. His incomparable talent for orchestration enables him to give relief to ideas which would otherwise be crude and mediocre in themselves ... his works are on the one hand not frivolous enough to become popular in the widest sense, nor on the other do they take hold of the public by that sincerity and warmth of feeling which is so convincing."

**Samuel Osborne Barber II** was an American composer of orchestral, opera, choral, and piano music. His Adagio for Strings is his most popular composition and widely considered a masterpiece of modern classical music. He was twice awarded the Pulitzer Prize for music, for his opera Vanessa and his Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. His Knoxville: Summer of 1915, a work for soprano and orchestra, was an acclaimed setting of prose by James Agee.

**Franz Schubert**, (born Jan. 31, 1797, Himmelpfortgrund, near Vienna—died Nov. 19, 1828, Vienna), Austrian composer. He learned violin from his schoolteacher father and piano from his brother. He joined the precursor of the Vienna Boys Choir (1808), making such quick progress that Antonio Salieri undertook to guide his training (1810–16). At his family’s insistence, he was trained as a schoolteacher. In 1815 he wrote 2 symphonies, more than 100 songs, and 4 stage works. In 1818, seeking independence, he quit teaching at his father’s school to tutor Johann Esterházy’s daughters. In 1819–20 he wrote the celebrated Trout Quintet and a mass. In 1821, 20 of his most popular songs were published with great success, and he wrote the three-act opera *Alfonso und Estrella*. Despite his first awareness of the disease (possibly syphilis) that would kill him, his amazing production continued in 1822, with the *Unfinished Symphony* and the *Wanderer Fantasy*. He was often ill during his last five years but continued his production of music, including the song cycles *The Miller’s Beautiful Daughter* and *Winter Journey*, the last three piano sonatas, and the *Great Symphony*. His last years were made miserable by illness, not poverty; in fact, his greatness was widely recognized. He died at 31, having produced more masterpieces by that age than almost any other composer in history. His 600 songs made the lied a serious genre and sparked its great development in subsequent decades.

**Granville Bantock** (1868-1946) was born in London. His father was an eminent Scottish surgeon. His younger brother was the dramatist and film director Leedham Bantock. Granville Bantock was intended by his parents for the Indian Civil Service but he suffered poor health and initially turned to chemical engineering. At the age of 20, when he began studying composers’ manuscripts, at South Kensington Museum Library, he was drawn into the musical world. His first teacher was Dr. Gordon Saunders at Trinity College of Music. In 1888 he entered the Royal Academy of Music where he studied harmony and composition with Frederick Corder, winning the Macfarren Prize in the first year it was awarded. Early conducting engagements took him around the world with a musical comedy troupe. With his brother Leedham Bantock he wrote a couple of music hall songs which met with some success. He founded a music magazine, *The New Quarterly Music Review*, but this lasted only a few years. In 1897, he became conductor at the New Brighton Tower concerts, where he promoted the works of Joseph Holbrooke, Frederic Hymen Cowen, Charles Steggall, Edward German, Hubert Parry, Charles Villiers Stanford, Corder and others, frequently devoting whole concerts to a single composer. He was also conductor of the Liverpool Orchestral Society with which he premiered Delius’s *Brigg Fair* on 18 January 1908. He became the principal of the Birmingham and Midland Institute School of Music in 1900. He was a close friend of fellow composer Havergal Brian. He was Peyton Professor of Music at the University of Birmingham from 1908 to 1934 (in which post he succeeded Sir Edward Elgar). In 1934, he was elected Chairman of the Corporation of Trinity College of Music in London. Bantock was knighted in 1930. His students included the conductor and composer Anthony Bernard and the composer Eric Fogg. In 1898 he married Helena von Schweitzer (1868-1961) who acted as a librettist for him. His music was influenced by folk song of the Hebrides (as in his 1915 *Hebridean Symphony*) and the works of Richard Wagner. Many of his works have an “exotic” element, including the choral epic *Omar Khayyám* (1906–09). Among his other better-known works are the overture *The Pierrot of the Minute* (1908) and the *Pagan Symphony* (1928).

Shortly after the composer’s death in London in 1946, a Bantock Society was established. Its first president was Jean Sibelius, whose music Bantock championed during the early years of the century. Sibelius dedicated his *Third Symphony* to Bantock.

Edward Elgar dedicated the second of his *Pomp and Circumstance* marches to Bantock.

**Georges Bizet** is considered to be a great French opera composer. Both of his parents were professional musicians. Georges' mother was a pianist. Georges' father was a composer and a singing teacher and gave Georges his first music lessons at the age of 4. Georges' talent for music was displayed early in his childhood. When Georges was 9, he entered the Paris Conservatory of Music. He studied harmony and composition and took lessons on the piano and the organ. He was considered a master of the piano at age 14, won a First Prize for piano, and was encouraged to write compositions for the piano. He wrote "Jeux d'enfants," a suite for piano featuring four hands (two people playing the same piano), as well as 150 other compositions for the piano. He won several awards while at the conservatory: the Offenbach First Prize for comic opera and also the Grand Prix de Rome in 1857. Georges went on to study in Italy, but returned to Paris to teach music. He composed music for a play by Daudet, called L'Arlesienne. This music is still popular today as a suite for orchestra. In 1875, he wrote Carmen, a four-act opera. The opera was based on a story by Merimee. Georges incorporated Spanish rhythms in his music specifically to set the stage for the story. Georges also composed a symphony, orchestral suites, other operas, and songs. His masterpiece, Carmen, is performed all over the world.

**Jacques Offenbach** (born Cologne 20 June 1819; died Paris 5 October 1880)

Offenbach is a French composer of German origins (he became a naturalised French citizen in 1860) who wrote some of the most attractive and melodious music for the stage during the middle years of the nineteenth century.

While his final work, the opéra fantastique The Tales of Hoffmann is one of the most significant French operas of the nineteenth century, Offenbach's main achievement is in the field of operetta in which he excelled, producing almost 100 examples. Several operettas continue to keep a place in the repertory, notably Orpheus in the Underworld and La belle Hélène which, though based on ancient myth, mercilessly satirise Napoleon III's Second Empire and Parisian society of the day.

**Peter Aldins** teaches at the Longy School of Music of Bard College. He has been the co-director of the Latvian folk music ensemble Kolibri and served as the music director, choral conductor and organist at the Latvian Lutheran Church of Boston. He was a Composer in Residence at the Latvian Academy of Music and his choral

compositions have been published by E. C. S. Publishing. Compositions and venues include: a shared composition recital in New York's Weill Recital Hall, a song-cycle in Boston's Jordan Hall and a choral cantata in Latvia's Dom Cathedral. His music has been broadcast by PBS stations in Minneapolis, Boston and New York.

**Padma Newsome** is an Australian composer, arranger, and performer based in Mallacoota, Victoria. His musical palette expresses colours of the coastal wilderness where he lives, blended with modernist avant garde, Hindusthani and folk elements from India, chamber music remnants, and the energy founded in the pop/rock world.

He composes for traditional large and small ensemble, the electro-acoustic medium, improvised chamber ensemble, music for dance and theatre, and rock bands. Padma is a community focussed musician. He currently directs and delivers Mallacoota's "Ashes to Music" post NYE 2019 Firestorm creative recovery programme. He is an embedded researcher in Arts recovery. (ANU)