



Live at the Gallery

A song for the spring

The program "A song for the spring" is an ode to spring. With texts by some of the finest poets of the 19th century, like Heine, Rückert, Mörike, Uhland Koltsov, de Lisle, Moore, Barnes, Polemis, Colette etc., each song is dedicated to a flower or to spring and connects images of the nature with human experience and emotion.

Anthia Papadopoulou and Anna Alvizou, have carefully selected the songs presented in the program to welcome spring.

Short bios of the artists

Anthia Papadopoulou, soprano

She was born in 1997 in Athens. She graduated from the «Experimental Musical Lyceum of Pallini» in 2015 and has showed interest in music since childhood. She acquired her «Applied Harmony Niveau B'» diploma in 2015. She had singing lessons (classical singing) with Ludmila Bodarenko. She attended since 2016 until 2022, courses of monody (classical singing) with Christina Giannakopoulou at the «Athenaeum Conservatoire». In June 24, 2022, she received the diploma of Monody from the «Athenaeum Conservatoire», with Honorable Mention, First Prize and the Conservatory's Gold Medal. She continues her studies in the Master program of Vocal Studies/Classical Singing in the Royal Conservatoire of Antwerp with Professor Susanne Schimmack. She was a member of the choir of the cultural charity «Lykion ton Hellinidon», of the «Rosarte» Youth - Children's Choir. She was one of the first members of the then newly-founded children's choir of the «Greek National Opera», under the conductor Mata Katsouli. As a member of the above choirs she participated in events, Choral Festivals and concerts in the Conservatory of Herodes Atticus, the Concert Hall of Athens, the Greek National Opera etc. She participated as a student in seminars with renowned artists such as Dimitris Kavrakos, Don Marrazzo, Myrto Papathanasiou, Marlis Petersen, Dimitris Plataniyas, Susanne Schimmack, Dimitris Tiliakos, Tassis Christoyannis, Aris Christofellis, Ioannis Aeriniotis, Dr. Pantelis Polychronidis, Ulrich Rademacher, Panagiotis Adam, Rodula Gaitanou. She participated in the OperaLab workshop-lyric theatre workshop founded by Mr Dimitris Tiliakos in collaboration with the International ArtCenter and

Conservatory Athenaeum in the opera Don Giovanni by W.A.Mozart in the role of Zerlina in the period 2018-2019.

Anna Alvizou, pianist

Anna Alvizou was born in Greece. She has obtained a Bachelor's degree with the highest distinction from the Ionian University, from the class of Piano Performance of Professor Lambis Vassiliadis. She was a scholar of the Athens Megaron Music Hall and was distinguished in competitions as a solo pianist. She decided to emphasize further in Lied/Art song and opera repertoire and playing with singers by pursuing a Master's degree in Liedgestaltung in the Musikhochschule Trossingen in the class of Lied Pianist Peter Nelson. She obtained a second Master's degree in Piano Performance, both degrees with the highest distinction. After her Master studies she had a year of traineeship as a collaborative pianist in the Royal Conservatoire of Antwerp, under the guidance of Jeanne Minette Cilliers. She also had lied accompaniment lessons with pianist Aaron Wajnberg. She has worked as a singers' accompanist in the Musikhochschule Trossingen and in the Royal Conservatoire of Antwerp. In April 2022 she was selected to participate in the International Lied Festival Zeist in the Netherlands with her lied-duo partner, having masterclass with Elly Ameling, Robert Holl, Iain Burnside, Roderick Williams etc. She has also participated in masterclasses of important lied pianists Malcolm Martineau and Hans Eijsackers. In November 2022 she participated in the Triomphe de l'art international music competition in the Lied-duo category and was awarded with the "best lied pianist" special prize. She had concerts in Germany, Greece, Austria and Belgium. Future collaborations include lied recitals with singers like Colline Dutilleul and Katherine Dein.

Concert program - Part 1

F. Schubert: Frühlingsglaube, D.686b

R. Schumann: Die Blume der Ergebung, op. 62, n. 12

R. Schumann: Aus den östlichen Rosen, op. 25, n. 5

R. Schumann: Die Lotosblume, op. 25, n. 7

H. Wolf: Der Gärtner

R. Strauss: Mädchenblumen, op. 22:

1. Kornblumen
2. Mohnblumen
3. Epheu (Efeu)

Concert program - Part 2

M. Ravel: Toi, le coeur de la rose

C. Debussy: Fleur de bles

G. Faure: Les roses d'Ispahan, op. 39, n. 4

G. Faure: Le papillon et la fleur, op. 1, n. 1

Th.Spathis: Den m'agapas(I asked all the flowers)

S. Rachmaninoff: You are like a flower, op. 8, n. 2

R. Korsakov: The nightingale and the rose, op. 2 n. 2

S. Samaras: Anixis

Part 1

Frühlingsglaube, D.686b

Faith In Spring

Composer: F. Schubert

Text: J. L. Uhland

Balmybreezes are awakened;

they stir and whisper day and night,

everywhere creative.

O fresh scents, O new sounds!

Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.

Now all must change.

The world grows fairer eachday;

we cannot know what is still to come;

the flowering knows no end.

The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.

Now, poor heart, forget your torment.

Now all must change.

Die Blume der Ergebung, Op. 62, No. 12

The flower of submission

Composer: R. Schumann

Text: F. Rückert

I am the flower in the garden,
And must wait in silence
To see when and in what guise
You come to me.
If you come as a ray of sunlight
I shall silently open my heart to you
And bask in the
Warmth of your gaze.
If you come as dew and rain
Then I shall preserve
Your blessing
In my chalice for ever.
If you pass gently
Over me in the breeze
I shall bow before you,
Saying: I am yours alone.

Aus den östlichen Rosen, Op. 25, No. 5

From 'Eastern Roses'

Composer: R. Schumann

Text: F. Rückert

I send a greeting like the scent of roses,
I send it to a rose-like face.
I send a greeting like spring's caressing,
I send it to eyes that brim with spring's light.
From anguished storms that rage through my heart
I send a breath—may it cause you no harm!
When you think of me in my sadness,

The sky of my nights will then be made bright.

Die Lotosblume, Op. 25, No. 7

The Lotus-Flower

Composer: R. Schumann

Text: H. Heine

The lotus-flower fears

The sun's splendour,

And with bowed head,

Dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,

And wakes her with his light,

And to him she tenderly unveils

Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,

And gazes silently aloft—

Fragrant and weeping and trembling

With love and the pain of love.

Der Gärtner

The Gardener

Composer: H. Wolf

Text: E. Mörike

On her favourite mount,

As white as snow,
The loveliest princess
Rides down the avenue.

On the path her horse
Prances so sweetly along,
The sand I scattered
Glitters like gold.

You rose-coloured bonnet,
Bobbing up and down,
O throw me a feather
Discreetly down!

And if you in exchange
Want a flower from me,
Take a thousand for one,
Take all in return!

Mädchenblumen, Op. 22

“Girl-flowers”

Composer: R. Strauss

Text: F. Dahn

1. Kornblumen

Cornflowers

Cornflowers are what I call those girls,
Those gentle girls with blue eyes,

Who simply and serenely impart
The dew of peace, which they draw
From their own pure souls,
To all those they approach,
Unaware of the jewels of feeling
They receive from the hand of Heaven:
You feel so at ease in their company,
As though you were walking through a cornfield,
Rippled by the breath of evening,
Full of devout peace and gentleness.

2. Mohnblumen

Poppies

Poppies are the round,
Red-blooded, healthy girls,
The brown and freckled ones,
The alwaysgood-humoured ones,
Honest and merry as the day is long,
Who never tire of dancing,
Who laugh and cry simultaneously
And only seem to be born
To tease the cornflowers,
And yet often conceal
The gentlest and kindest hearts
As they entwine and play their pranks,
Those whom, God knows,
You would have to stifle with kisses,

Were you not so timid,
For if you embrace the minx,
She will burst, like smouldering timber,
Into flames!

3. Epheu (Efeu)

Ivy

But ivy is my name for those
Girls with gentle words,
With sleek fair hair
And slightly arched brows,
With brown soulful
Fawn-like eyes that well up
So often with tears—which are
Simply irresistible;
Without strength and self-confidence,
Unadorned with hidden flowers,
But with inexhaustibly deep,
True and ardent feeling,
They cannot, through their own strength,
Rise from their roots,
But are born to twine themselves
Lovingly round another's life:—
Their whole life's destiny
Depends on their first love-entwining,
For they belong to that rare breed of flower
That blossoms only once.

Part 2

Toi, le coeur de la rose

You heart of the rose

Opera: L'enfant et les sortilèges: Fantaisie lyrique en deux parties (The Child and the Spells:
A Lyric Fantasy in Two Parts)

Composer: M. Ravel

Librettist: Colette

You heart of the rose

You heart of the rose,

you perfume of white lillies,

your hands and your crown,

your blue eyes and your jewels.

You have left me nothing

but, like a ray of the moon,

a golden hair upon my shoulder

and the rest of a dream

Fleur de bles

Flowers of wheat

Composer: C. Debussy

Text: A. Girod

From the tall corn that ripples

And undulates under the breeze

In coquettish disarray

I have found the good idea
To gather a nosegay for you.
Place it on your bosom, quickly;
It was not only gathered for you,
But also created in your image,
And I'll warrant your little finger
Has already told you why.
These golden ears of corn are like the waves
Of your own fair tresses,
Spun from gold and sunlight;
This insolent poppy
Is the red blood of your lips.
And these cornflowers (you'll never guess!),
These azure dots that nothing can change,
These cornflowers are your eyes,
So blue that they look like two pieces of heaven
Fallen down upon this earth.

Les roses d'Ispahan, Op. 39, No. 4

The roses of Ispahan

Composer: G. Faure

Text: Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle

The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths,
The jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossom
Have a fragrance less fresh and a scent less sweet,
O pale Leilah, than your soft breath!

Your lips are of coral and your light laughter
Rings brighter and sweeter than running water,
Than the blithe wind rocking the orange-tree boughs,
Than the singing bird by its mossy nest ...
O Leilah, ever since on light wings
All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,
And the heavenly scent of moss-clad roses...
Oh! may your young love, that airy butterfly,
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once more,
To scent again the orange blossom,
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths!

Le papillon et la fleur, Op. 1, No. 1

The butterfly and the flower

Composer: G Faure

Text: V. Hugo

The humble flower said to the heavenly butterfly:
Do not flee!
See how our destinies differ. Fixed to earth am I,
You fly away!
Yet we love each other, we live without men
And far from them,
And we are so alike, it is said that both of us
Are flowers!

But alas! The breeze bears you away, the earth holds me fast.

Cruel fate!

I would perfume your flight with my fragrant breath

In the sky!

But no, you flit too far! Among countless flowers

You fly away,

While I remain alone, and watch my shadow circle

Round my feet.

You fly away, then return; then take flight again

To shimmer elsewhere.

And so you always find me at each dawn

Bathed in tears!

Ah, that our love might flow through faithful days,

O my king,

Take root like me, or give me wings

Like yours!

Den m'agapas

**You don't love me – I asked all the
flowers**

Composer: Th.Spathis

Text: D.Solomos

I asked all the flowers that are

plucked in May,

And all of them answered to me

that you don't love me any more...

Ditja, kak cvetok ty prekrasna, Op. 8, No. 2

My child you are as beautiful as a flower

Composer: S. Rachmaninoff

Text: A. N. Pleshcheyev

My child, you are as beautiful as a flower,

As bright, and pure and sweet.

I look at you admiringly,

And once again, my soul is filled with life...

Willingly I would place my hands

On your dear little head;

Asking that God should keep you

Beautiful and pure forever.

Plenivšis' rozoj, solovej, Op. 2, No. 2

The nightingale and the rose

Composer: R. Korsakov

Poet: A. Koltsov

The Nightingale in fervent song

Doth woo the rose the whole night long,

But to his lay no ear she lendeth,

Her head in innocence she bendeth.

Thus oft the lover sings a strain,

To his guitar, of grief and pain,

With glowing love he hopeth, feareth,

But even if the maiden heareth,

She doth not know of whom he sings,

Or why his song so sadly rings.

Άνοιξις (Anixis)

Spring

Composer: S. Samaras

Text: I. Polemis

I will cut sweet-smelling roses

lilies, flowers and lilac

to spread them one-by-one

on your long hair.

And other flowers that bloom

Oh such smell they shed

I will spread them

on your silky apron.

And without being jealous of you

a butterfly will become

to kiss and caress you

As if you were a flower.

And then I will say:

“Even if the flowers all wither

the freshness of your beauty

May always bloom for me.