

# Daylight Express

**ADELAIDE  
FESTIVAL** **AF**  
28 Feb – 16 Mar 2025

**Thu 6 March, 12:30pm**

**Title:** **Jenny Carlstedt: From the Bliss of Song and Lyre**

**Duration:** 1 hour, no interval

**Performers:** **Jenny Carlstedt**, mezzo-soprano  
**Michael Ierace**, piano

## Program:

<b>Claude Debussy</b> (1862–1918) Text: Pierre Louÿs (1870–1925)	Trois Chansons de Bilitis	10'
	I. La flute de Pan	
	II. La chevelure	
	III. Le tombeau des naïades	
<b>Ture Rangström</b> (1884–1947) Text: Bo Bergman (1869–1967)	Pan, from <i>Five Ballads</i> , No. 3	2'30
<b>Rangström</b> Text: Bo Bergman	Melodie	1'30
<b>Ralph Vaughan Williams</b> (1872–1958) Text: William Shakespeare (1564–1616)	Orfeus with his lute	3'
<b>Einojuhani Rautavaara</b> (1928–2016) Text: Rainer Maria Rilke 1875–1926)	5 Sonette an Orfeus	14'
	I. Da stieg ein Baum	
	II. Und fast ein Mädchen wars	
	III. Ein Gott vermags	
	IV. O ihr Zärtlichen	
	V. Errichtet keinen Denkstein	
<b>Henry Purcell</b> (b. circa 1659–1695) <b>arranged Benjamin Britten</b> (1913–1976) Text: Henry Heveningham (1651–1700) If music be the food of Love		4'
<b>Christoph Willibald Gluck</b> (1714–1787) Text: Ranieri de' Calzabigi (1714–1795)	Che faro senza Euridice	? 5'30
<b>Jean Sibelius</b> (1865–1957) Text: Arthur Hjalmar Borgström (1859–1927)	Hymn to Thais	2'
<b>Gunnar de Frumerie</b> (1908–1987) Text: Pär Lagerkvist (1891–1974)	Du är min Afrodite	1'30
<b>Oskar Merikanto</b> (1868–1924) Text: Larin Kyösti (1873–1948)	Ma elän!	1'30

# Claude Debussy: Trois Chansons de Bilitis

Text: Pierre Louÿs

## La flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une  
syrinx  
faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la blanche  
cire  
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais  
je  
suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si  
doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes  
près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se  
répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent  
sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui  
commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais  
que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma  
ceinture perdue.

## La chevelure

Il m'a dit: «Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure  
autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme  
un  
collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

«Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et nous  
étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même  
chevelure la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux  
lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres  
étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou  
que  
tu entrais en moi comme mon songe.»

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains  
sur  
mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si  
tendre,  
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

## The flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx made of  
carefully cut reeds, bonded with white wax which  
tastes sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but I am  
a little fearful. He plays it after me, so gently that I  
scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we one to  
another, but our songs try to answer each other,  
and  
our mouths join in turn on the flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs that  
begins with the night. My mother will never believe  
I stayed out so long to look for my lost sash.

## The tresses of hair

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had your  
tresses around my neck. I had your hair like a  
black  
necklace all round my nape and over my breast.

'I caressed it and it was mine; and we  
were united thus for ever by the same tresses,  
mouth on mouth, just as two laurels  
often share one root.

'And gradually it seemed to me, so intertwined  
were our limbs, that I was becoming you, or you  
were  
entering into me like a dream.'

When he had finished, he gently set his hands on  
my shoulders and gazed at me so tenderly that I  
lowered my eyes with a shiver.

## Le tombeau des Naiades

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?»—«Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.» Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.

«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.»

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.

## The tomb of the Naiads

Along the frost-bound wood I walked; my hair across my mouth, blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you seek?' 'I follow the satyr's track. His little cloven hoof-marks alternate like holes in a white cloak.' He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.

'The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there has not been so harsh a winter. The tracks you see are those of a goat. But let us stay here, where their tomb is.'

And with the iron head of his hoe he broke the ice of the spring, where the naiads used to laugh. He picked up some huge cold fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky, gazed through them.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford University Press, 2000)

## Ture Rangström: Pan from *Five Ballads*, No. 3

Text: Bo Bergman

Middagsstillhet och klöverånga  
Ljuset flammar  
och smälter i ro  
över åsarnas långa  
kammar,  
där molnen bo.  
Här i backen  
sitter Pan  
lat, med nacken  
mot en gran.  
När han börjar spela,  
spela träden,  
susar säden,  
lyssnar hela jorden till hans kväden.  
Livets stora hunger  
stiger stark och god,  
och mitt sommarblod  
sjunger.

Midday's stillness and the scent of clover.  
The light flames  
and melts into peace  
over the ridge's long  
slopes,  
where the clouds gather.  
Here on the hillside  
sits Pan  
idly, with his head  
against a spruce.  
When he begins to play  
the trees play,  
the cornfield whispers,  
all the earth hearkens to his song.  
Life's great hunger  
rises up strong and good,  
and my summer blood  
sings.

## Rangström: Melodie

Text: Bo Bergman

Bara du går över markerna,  
lever var källa,  
sjunger var tuva ditt namn.  
Skyarna brinna och parkerna  
susa och fälla  
lövet som guld i din famn.

Och vid de skummiga stränderna  
hör jag din stämmas  
vaggande vågsorl till tröst.  
Räck mig de älskade händerna.  
Mörkret skall skrämmas.  
Kvalet skall släppa mitt bröst.

Bara du går över ängarna  
bara jag ser dig  
vandra i fjärran förbi,  
darra de eviga strängarna.  
Säg mig vem ger dig  
makten som blir melodi?

You only have to walk over the fields,  
and every spring comes to life,  
every tuft sings your name.  
The clouds shine and the parks  
whisper and leaves fall  
like gold into your arms.

And on the dusky shores  
I hear the cradling  
wave-murmurs of your voice as a consolation.  
Give me your beloved hands.  
The dark shall take fright.  
Suffering shall let go of my breast.

You only have to walk over the meadows,  
I only have to see you  
wandering past in the distance,  
and the eternal strings begin to tremble.  
Tell me who gives you  
the power which becomes melody?

## Ralph Vaughan Williams: Orfeus with his lute

Text: William Shakespeare

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.

Every thing 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.

# Einojuhani Rautavaara: 5 Sonette an Orfeus

Text: Rainer Maria Rilke

## 1. Da stieg ein Baum. O reine Übersteigung!

Da stieg ein Baum. O reine Übersteigung!  
O Orpheus singt! O hoher Baum im Ohr!  
Und alles schwieg. Doch selbst in der  
Verschweigung  
ging neuer Anfang, Wink und Wandlung vor.

Tiere aus Stille drangen aus dem klaren  
gelösten Wald von Lager und Genist;  
und da ergab sich, daß sie nicht aus List  
und nicht aus Angst in sich so leise waren,

sondern aus Hören. Brüllen, Schrei, Geröhr  
schien klein in ihren Herzen. Und wo eben  
kaum eine Hütte war, dies zu empfangen,

ein Unterschlupf aus dunkelstem Verlangen  
mit einem Zugang, dessen Pfosten beben, --  
da schufst du ihnen Tempel im Gehör.

## 2. Und fast ein Mädchen wars und ging hervor

Und fast ein Mädchen wars und ging hervor  
aus diesem einigen Glück von Sang und Leier  
und glänzte klar durch ihre Frühlingsschleier  
und machte sich ein Bett in meinem Ohr.

Und schlief in mir. Und alles war ihr Schlaf.  
Die Bäume, die ich je bewundert, diese  
fühlbare Ferne, die gefühlte Wiese  
und jedes Staunen, das mich selbst betraf.

Sie schlief die Welt. Singender Gott, wie hast  
du sie vollendet, daß sie nicht begehrte,  
erst wach zu sein? Sieh, sie erstand und schlief.

Wo ist ihr Tod? O, wirst du dies Motiv  
erfinden noch, eh sich dein Lied verzehrte? --  
Wo sinkt sie hin aus mir? ... Ein Mädchen fast...

A tree was there! O pure and higher growing!  
O Orpheus sings! O tall tree in the ear!  
And all fell still. Yet even in the unknowing  
a new start grew, signal, an atmosphere.

Beasts of the silence moved out of the clearing,  
leaving behind their nests, their dens and lairs;  
Their quietness was not born of their fears  
nor did their calmness come from inborn cunning,

but from their listening. Their growls, their simple  
voices, stayed in their hearts. Where there had  
been  
nothing to hold their worship, no rough hut,

no crude, instinctive cave of their own want,  
its roof held up by timber, shaken, green, --  
You have built up for their true ears a temple.

Then she came out, and she was just a girl,  
out of the harmony of lyre and singing,  
shining clear through the mists of her spring,  
and made herself a bed in my ear's whorl.

She slept in me. Her sleep held everything,  
all the trees I ever marvelled at, those  
palpable distances, the felt meadows,  
the mysteries I thought I had in hiding.

She slept the world. O singing god, how first  
did you create her perfect, that her wish  
was not to be awake? At once she slept.

Where is her death? Will you invent the concept,  
the theme, even before the song finish? --  
Where does she fade to from me? ... A girl, just....

### 3. Ein Gott vermags. Wie aber, sag mir, soll

Ein Gott vermags. Wie aber, sag mir, soll  
ein Mann ihm folgen durch die schmale Leier?  
Sein Sinn ist Zwiespalt. An der Kreuzung zweier  
Herzwege steht kein Tempel für Apoll.

Gesang, wie du ihn lehrst, ist nicht Begehrt,  
nicht Werbung um ein endlich noch Erreichtes;  
Gesang ist Dasein. Für den Gott ein Leichtes.  
Wann aber *sind* wir? Und wann wendet er

an unser Sein die Erde und die Sterne?  
Dies *ists* nicht, Jüngling, Daß du liebst, wenn auch  
die Stimme dann den Mund dir aufstößt, - lerne

vergessen, daß du aufsangst. Das verrinnt.  
In Wahrheit singen, ist ein anderer Hauch.  
Ein Hauch um nichts. Ein Wehn im Gott. Ein Wind.

### 4. O ihr zärtlichen, tretet zuweilen

O ihr Zärtlichen, tretet zuweilen  
in den Atem, der euch nicht meint,  
laßt ihn an euren Wangen sich teilen,  
hinter euch zittert er, wieder vereint.

O ihr Seligen, o ihr Heilen,  
die ihr der Anfang der Herzen scheint.  
Bogen der Pfeile und Ziele von Pfeilen,  
ewiger glänzt euer Lächeln verweint.

Fürchtet euch nicht zu leiden, die Schwere,  
gebt sie zurück an der Erde Gewicht;  
schwer sind die Berge. Schwer sind die Meere.

Selbst die als Kinder ihr pflanztet, die Bäume,  
wurden zu schwer längst; ihr trüget sie nicht.  
Aber die Lüfte... aber die Räume....

A god could. But tell me how a man shall  
track him, follow him through the lyre's straits?  
His mind is split. And at the heart's red gates,  
where veins divide, Apollo has no temple.

Song, you tell us, is not a thing like want,  
an urgent chase of quarry to be caught.  
Song is Being. It's easy for a god.  
But when shall we *Be*? When will *he* present

the earth and constellations to our Being?  
It *isn't* Being, youth, is in your mouth,  
although your head is bursting with your singing.

Forget your song, ignore it. It will end.  
True singing needs a very different breath.  
An airless breath. A breath within the god. A wind.

O innocents, occasionally enter  
into that breath in which you have no place,  
let it divide against your upturned face,  
and join again behind, you at its centre.

O blessed ones, o you who are complete,  
in whose new flesh your hearts are newly shining,  
the arrows' targets and the arrows' aiming,  
tears will make your smiles for ever sweet.

So do not fear suffering, nor its size,  
return its heavy burden to the earth;  
the hills are heavy, heavy are the seas.

As children, you recall, you planted trees.  
You could not lift them now – their size, their girth!  
But, oh the air about you... oh, the space....

## 5. Errichtet keinen Denkstein. Laßt die Rose

Errichtet keinen Denkstein. Laßt die Rose  
nur jedes Jahr zu seinen Gunsten blühen.  
Denn Orpheus ist's. Seine Metamorphose  
in dem und dem. Wir sollen uns nicht mühen

um andre Namen. Ein für alle Male  
ist's Orpheus, wenn es singt. Er kommt und geht.  
Ist's nicht schon viel, wenn er die Rosenschale  
um ein Paar Tage manchmal übersteht?

O wie er schwinden muß, daß ihr's begriff't!  
Und wenn ihm selbst auch bangte, daß er  
schwände.  
Indem sein Wort das Hiersein übertrifft,

ist er schon dort, wohin ihr's nicht begleitet.  
Der Leier Gitter [zwingt] ihm nicht die Hände.  
Und er gehorcht, indem er überschreitet.

Erect no monument. Allow the rose  
to breathe each year the fragrance of his fame.  
For it is Orpheus. His metamorphosis  
is here and there. We have no other name

which can concern us. For once and for all time  
it's Orpheus when there's song. He comes and  
goes.

Isn't it enough that he from time to time  
stays longer than the perfume of a rose?

So he must vanish that you'll understand!  
Although he fears that he might go for ever.  
But as his word surmounts our time and land

he has already gone beyond your fever.  
The lyre's prison cannot hold his hand.  
And he obeys simply by stepping over.

Translated by Leslie Norris and Alan Keele

## Henry Purcell, arranged Benjamin Britten: **If music be the food of Love**

Text: Henry Heveningham, Colonel (1651–1700)

Note: the first line quotes Orsino's lines in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

## Christoph Willibald Gluck: Che farò senza Euridice?

Text: Ranieri de' Calzabigi

Che farò senza Euridice?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?  
Che farò, Dove andrò  
Che farò senza il mio ben?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?

Euridice! Euridice!  
Oh Dio! Rispondi!...Rispondi!

Io son pure il tuo fedel!  
Io son pure il tuo fedel!  
Io tuo fedel!

Che farò senza Euridice?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?  
Che farò, Dove andrò  
Che farò senza il mio ben?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?

Euridice! Euridice!

Ah! non m'avanza  
Più soccorso, più speranza,  
Nè dal mondo, nè dal ciel!

Che farò senza Euridice?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?  
Che farò, Dove andrò  
Che farò senza il mio ben?

Che farò, Dove andrò  
Che farò senza il mio ben?

What will I do without Euridice?  
Where will I go without my beloved?  
What will I do, where will I go,  
What am I going to do without my beloved?  
Where will I go without my beloved?

Euridice? Euridice?  
Oh, God! Answer me! Answer me!

I am surely ever faithful to you!  
I am surely ever faithful to you!  
Ever faithful to you!

What will I do without Euridice?  
Where will I go without my beloved?  
What will I do, where will I go,  
What am I going to do without my beloved?  
Where will I go without my beloved?

Euridice! Euridice!

Ah! I cannot go on.  
No longer help, no longer hope,  
Neither from the world nor the heavens!

What will I do without Euridice?  
Where will I go without my beloved?  
What will I do, where will I go,  
What am I going to do without my beloved?

What will I do, where will I go,  
What am I going to do without my beloved?



## **Sibelius: Hymn to Thais**

Text: Arthur Hjalmar Borgström

Thais, once Helen, of Zeus begotten,  
unforgettable unforgotten,  
doom'd to pass deathless  
through new incarnations,  
ever the wonder of new generations.

Thais, fair Thais, whose mystic smile  
still through ages us men doth beguile.  
Thais of Egypt and Helen of Troy,  
essence Olympic and earthly alloy.

Who saw thee incarnate,  
shall ne'er forget Thee.  
Thais, I would that I never had meet Thee.

## **Gunnar de Frumerie: Du är min Afrodite**

Text: Pär Lagerkvist

### **Du är min Afrodite**

Du är min Afrodite,  
den ur havet födda,  
så ljus som vågens driva  
av skumi solen lyftad.

Och mitt djupa, dunkla hav,  
mitt liv, min skumma grav,  
mitt hjärtas oro, tunga ro,  
allt som i solen ej fått bo.

### **You are my Aphrodite**

You are my Aphrodite,  
born of the ocean's foam,  
as fair as the white crested waves  
of ocean spray in the sunshine.

And my deep, dark ocean,  
my life, my dusky grave,  
my heart's unrest, ponderous rest,  
everything that never lived in the sun.

# Oskar Merikanto: Ma elän!

Text: Larin Kyösti

## Ma elän!

Ma elän, ah, mikä riemu,  
mikä riemu ja soitto nyt suonissa soi,  
näin sydän ei koskaan oo sykkinyt,  
mikä loisto ja hehku mun täyttää nyt,  
ma laulan, ma laulan, ma laulan,  
sillä Luoja mun laulamaan loi!  
Ma voisin jo olla vainaa,  
alla kalman kukkain ja tumman yön,  
ei, ei, minä elän, ma tunnen sen,  
kuinka sieluni kasvaa kamppailten  
kohti tähtiä kautta korkean työn!

Ma elän, ma elän, ma elän!  
Sulle, elämä, korkein lauluni soi!  
Pyhä kevät mun henkeni kruunatkoon,  
taas elämän nuori kuningas oon,  
ma laulan, ma laulan, ma laulan,  
sillä Luoja mun laulamaan loi!

## I Am Alive!

I am alive, ah, what joy,  
What joy and what music in my veins,  
My heart has never beat like this before;  
What glow and brilliance fills me,  
I sing, I sing, I sing,  
For the Lord made me for singing!  
I could be dead already,  
Under the grave-flowers and the dark night,  
But no, I am alive, I can feel it,  
How my soul aspires through tribulations  
To the stars, by its noble work!

I am alive, I am alive, I am alive!  
To thee, Life, my highest praise be sung!  
May sacred Spring crown my spirit,  
Now I am the young King of life again,  
I sing, I sing, I sing,  
For the Lord made me for singing!

## About Jenny Carlstedt

Finland-Swedish mezzo-soprano Jenny Carlstedt was born in the Åland Islands. She studied at the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki and at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. From 2002-2016, Jenny was an ensemble member with Oper Frankfurt where she developed a broad repertoire and had the privilege to work with the leading conductors and directors of European music life. She debuted with great success in many Mozart roles, but also sang bigger lyric Strauss parts such as Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier*. Recently she has debuted in more dramatic repertoire, including Brangäne in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* with the Helsinki City Orchestra under Susanna Mälkki, and in the spring of 2024 she sang the second Norna in Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* at the National Opera in Helsinki.

In 2015 Jenny made her acclaimed US debut as Mélisande in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with the Esa-Pekka Salonen as conductor. Jenny has also performed as a guest throughout Europe, including Glyndebourne Touring Opera, Theater an der Wien, Basel Opera, Staatsoper Hamburg, Royal Opera in Copenhagen, as well as the festivals in Nyslott, Vienna Berliner Festwochen, and Heidelberger Frühling. Jenny has also been in demand as a concert singer and has sung repertoire ranging from JS Bach's *Matthäus Passion* with the Bach Collegium Stuttgart, a program of songs by Luciano Berio with the Ensemble Modern in the Amsterdam Musikgebouw, and Verdi's *Requiem* with the Köln Philharmonie.

In the Summer of 2023, Jenny made her critically acclaimed debut at the Proms Festival in London with Mahler's Third Symphony with the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sakari Oramo.

Since the Summer 2016, Jenny has started a new chapter in her life as a freelance singer making her residence back in her homeland Finland, but still with one foot in European music life. She is a regular guest soloist with the Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra and at the National Opera in Helsinki and in recent years has also performed as a guest at the Hamburg Staatsoper and Oper Frankfurt. In the spring and autumn of 2023 she debuted both at the the Royal Opera House Covent Garden in London and at the Dutch National Opera in Amsterdam.

Jenny also has a special love for contemporary music. Her repertoire includes works by Thomas Adés, Peter Eötvös, and she has performed world premieres by Kuusisto, Sallinen and Saariaho, amongst others. In 2022/23, Carlstedt sang the lead role as The Waitress in Kaija Saariaho's acclaimed masterpiece opera *Innocence* at the National Opera, a role that has taken her around the world.

## About Michael Ierace

Cited as having 'an exceptional gift' and his playing described as 'revelatory', Adelaide born Michael Ierace had much success in local and national competitions before receiving the prestigious Elder Overseas Scholarship, enabling him study at London's Royal College of Music. He was selected as an RCM Rising Star was later on staff as a Junior Fellow in Piano Accompaniment.

He won several competitions in the UK and performed extensively throughout the country.

Much sought after as an associate artist for national and international guests, he also teaches at the Elder Conservatorium and is the regular pianist for State Opera and the Adelaide Festival Productions.