

A photograph of a man sitting on a set of concrete stairs. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a light-colored shirt, and a dark scarf. He has his hand near his chin in a thoughtful pose. The entire image has a strong red color overlay.

Full Circle
Reflections on My Journey
Lester Lynch
Kevin Korth

Full Circle: Reflections on my Journey

Modest Mussorgsky (1839-1881)

Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov, poet

Pesni i Pljaski Smerti (Songs and Dances of Death)

1	Lullaby	4. 56
2	Serenade	4. 43
3	Trepak	5. 18
4	Polkovodec	5. 59

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Vier Ernste Gesänge (Four Serious Songs)

On texts from the Luther Bible

5	Denn es gehet dem Menschen (Luther - Ecc III)	4. 15
6	Ich wandte mich (Luther - Ecc IV)	3. 59
7	O Tod, wie bitter bist du (Luther - Ecc XLI)	4. 24
8	Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelszungen redete (Luther - I CrnthXIII)	5. 04

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Schwanengesang (Swan Song)

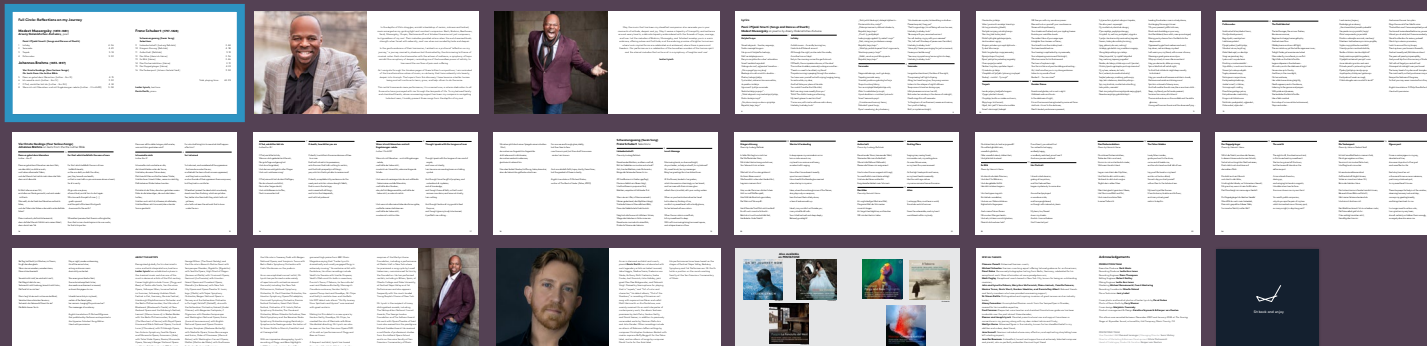
Selections

9	Liebesbotschaft (Ludwig Rellstab)	2. 44
10	Kriegers Ahnung (Rellstab)	4. 38
11	Aufenthalt (Rellstab)	3. 10
12	Der Atlas (Heinrich Heine)	2. 36
13	Ihr Bild (Heine)	2. 46
14	Das Fischermädchen (Heine)	2. 19
15	Der Doppelgänger (Heine)	4. 22
16	Die Taubenpost (Johann Gabriel Seidl)	3. 50

Total playing time: 65. 05

Lester Lynch, baritone

Kevin Korth, piano





In the depths of life's struggles, amidst a backdrop of racism, sickness and hatred, music emerged as my guiding light and constant companion. Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Verdi, Mussorgsky, Chopin, Rachmaninoff and Schubert became not just composers, but guardians of my soul. Their melodies provided solace when the world seemed bleak, strength when faced with adversity, and love when surrounded by hate and despair.

In the gentle embrace of their harmonies, I embark on a profound "reflection on my journey," a journey marred by shadows but illuminated by the shimmering brilliance of musical notes. Each chord resonates with the echoes of resilience, a symphony of hope amidst the cacophony of despair, reminding me of the boundless power of artistry to transcend the confines of pain and suffering.

As I navigate through the timeless pages of these brilliant compositions, I am reminded of the transformative nature of music, an alchemy that turns adversity into beauty, despair into triumph. The hope is from this discovery I have become a better human being and will continue to learn, grow, and help others to do the same.

This recital transcends mere performance; it is a sacred vow, a solemn dedication to all those who have journeyed with me through the tempests of life. To my beloved family and cherished friends, whose unwavering support has been my compass in navigating turbulent seas, I humbly present these songs from the depths of my soul.



Table with 2 columns: Track Name and Duration. Includes tracks like 'The Circle' and 'Reflections on My Journey'.



Table with 2 columns: Artist Name and Biography. Lists various artists and their background information.

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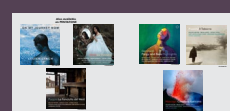
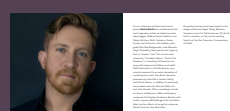


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May the music that has been my steadfast companion also serenade you in your moments of solitude, despair and joy. May it weave a tapestry of tranquility and resilience around weary hearts, a delicate tapestry embroidered with the threads of hope, courage, and love. Let the melodies of Brahms, Mussorgsky, and Schubert envelop you in a warm embrace, offering solace and fortitude, and the enduring promise of brighter tomorrows where love's myriad forms are celebrated and embraced, where there is peace and freedom. Our performance is a celebration of the boundless wonders of the human spirit and the eternal melodies that unite us all in a symphony of laughter and love!

Lester Lynch



Full Circle: Reflections on My Journey
Lester Lynch, Kenji Korth

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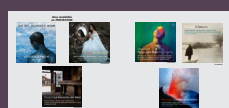
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Lyrics

Pesni i Pljaski Smerti (Songs and Dances of Death)

Modest Mussorgsky on poems by Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov

Kolybel'naya

Stonet rebjonok... Svecha, nagoraja,
Tusko 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 uzj 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 ujnjotsja.
Bajushki, baju, baju.“

1

Lullaby

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.'

8

„Shchjochki blednejut, slabejet dykhan'e...
Da zamolchi-zhe, molju!“ -
„Dobroje znamen'e, stikhnet stradan'e,
Bajushki, baju, baju.'
„Proch' ty, prokljajataja!
Laskoj svojeju sgbush' ty radost' moju!“
„Net, mirnyj son ja mladencu naveju.
Bajushki, baju, baju.“ -
„Szha'sja, pozhdi dopevat' khot' mgnoven'e,
Strashnuju pesnju tvoju!“
„Vidish', usnul on pod tikhoje pen'e.
Bajushki, baju, baju.“

'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!
'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.'

2

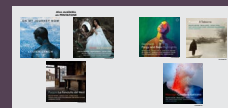
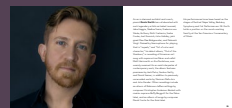
Serenada

Nega volshebnaja, noch' golubaja,
Trepetnyj sumrak vesny.
Vnemet, poniknuv golovkaj, bal'naja
Shopot nochnoj tishiny.
Son ne smykajet blestjashchije ochi,
Zhizn' k naslazhden'ju zovjot,
A pod okoshkom v molchan'i polnochi
Smert' serenadu pojot:
„V mrake nevoli surovoj i tesnoj
Molodost' vjanet tvoja;
Rycar' nevedomyj, siloj chudesnoj

Serenade

Languid enchantment, the blue of the night,
The quivering half-light of spring.
Ailing, her head hung low, the young woman
Listens to the whisper of night's stillness.
Sleep cannot close her shining eyes,
Life's pleasures summon her still,
But under her window, in the silence of midnight,
Death sings this soft serenade:
'In the gloom of confinement, severe and narrow,
Your youth is fading;
But I, a mysterious knight,

9



Osvobozhu ja tebjja.
 Vstan', posmotri na sebja: krasotoju
 Lik tvoj prozrachnyj blestit,
 Shchjoki rumjany, volnistoj kosoju
 Stan tvoj, kak tuhej obvit.
 Pristal'nykh glaz goluboje sijan'e,
 Jarche nebes i ognja;
 Znojem poludennym vejet dykhan'e...
 Ty obol'stila menja.
 Slukh tvoj plenilsja mojej serenadoj,
 Rycarja shopot tvoj zval,
 Rycar' prishjol za poslednej nagradoj:
 Chas upojen'ja nastal.
 Nezhen tvoj stan, upoitelen trepet...
 O, zadushu ja tebjja
 V krepkikh ob'jat'jakh: ljubovnyj moj lepet
 Slushaj!... molchi!... Ty moja!"

Trepak

Les da poljany, bezjud'e krugom.
 V'juga i plachet i stonet,
 Chujetsja, budto vo mrake nochnom,
 Zlaja, kogo-to khoronit;
 Gljad', tak i jest! V temnote muzhika
 Smert' obnimajet, laskajet

Will free you with my wondrous power.
 Rise and look on yourself: your countenance
 Shines with limpid beauty,
 Your cheeks are flushed, and your rippling tresses
 Encircle your waist like clouds.
 The radiant blue of your eager eyes
 Is brighter than heaven or flame;
 Your breath is as the midday heat...
 You have bewitched me.
 Your hearing is captivated by my serenade,
 Your whispering summoned this knight,
 Who has come for his final reward:
 The hour of rapture is nigh.
 Your form is fair and your trembling enchanting...
 Ah, I shall smother you in my strong embrace:
 Listen to my words of love!
 Be silent!... You are mine!"

Russian Dance

Forests and glades, not a soul in sight.
 A blizzard wails and howls.
 In the darkness of night,
 It is as if someone is being buried by some evil force:
 Just look—it is so! In the darkness,
 Death tenderly embraces a peasant,

S p'janen'kim pljashet vdvojom trepaka,
 Na ukho pesn' napevajat:
 Oj, muzhichok, starichok ubogoj,
 P'jan napilsja, popljolsja dorogoj,
 A mjatel'-to, ved'ma, podnjalas', vzygrala.
 S polja v les dremuchij nevnachaj zagnala.
 Gorem, toskoj da nuzhdoj tomimyj,
 Ljag, prikorni, da usni, rodimyj!
 Ja tebjja, golubchik moj, snezhkom sogreju,
 Vkrug tebjja velikuju igru zateju.
 Vzbej-ka postel', ty mjatel'-lebjodka!
 Gej, nachinaj, zapevaj pogodka!
 Skazku, da takuju, chtob vsju noch' tjanulas',
 Chtob p'janchuge krepko pod nejo zasnulos'!
 Oj, vy lesa, nebesa, da tuchi,
 Tem', veterok, da snezhok letuchij!
 Svejtes' pelenoju, snezhnoj, pukhovoju;
 Jeju, kak mladenca, starichka prikoju...
 Spi, moj družhok, muzhichok schastlivyj,
 Leto prishlo, rascvelo!
 Nad nivoy solnyshko smejetsja da serpy gljajut,
 Pesenka nesjotsja, golubki letajut...

Leading the drunken man in a lively dance,
 And singing this song in his ear:
 'Oh, poor peasant, pitiful old man,
 Drunk and stumbling on your way,
 And the blizzard, like a witch, rose up and raged,
 Driving you by chance from the field into the
 deep woods.
 Oppressed by grief and sadness and want,
 Lay down, rest and sleep, my dear!
 I will warm you, my friend, with a cover of snow,
 Weaving a great game around you.
 Whip up a bed, oh swan-like snowstorm!
 Hey, you elements, strike up a song,
 Spin a tale that will last all night,
 So that that old drunk might sleep soundly
 to its strains!
 Hey, you woods and heavens and storm clouds,
 Darkness and winds and driving snow!
 Spin him a shroud of downy snow,
 And I will swathe the old man, like a new-born child...
 Sleep, my friend, you fortunate peasant,
 Summer has come, all in bloom!
 The sun smiles down on the cornfield and the sickle
 glimmer,
 A song wafts across the air and the doves are flying...



Rikie Crichton
 Reflections on My Journey
 Lester Lynch, Kevin Korff

Track	Artist	Genre	Label
1	Rikie Crichton	Pop	Atlantic
2



Track	Artist	Genre	Label
3



Track	Artist	Genre	Label
4

Track	Artist	Genre	Label
5

Track	Artist	Genre	Label
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Track	Artist	Genre	Label
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Track	Artist	Genre	Label
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Track	Artist	Genre	Label
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Track	Artist	Genre	Label
15

Track	Artist	Genre	Label
16

Track	Artist	Genre	Label
17

Track	Artist	Genre	Label
18

Track	Artist	Genre	Label
19

Polkovodec

Grokhochet bitva, bleshut broni,
Orud'ja zhadnye revut,
Begut polki, nesutsja koni
I reki krasnye tekut.
Pylajet polden', ljudi b'jutsja;
Sklonilos' solnce, boj sil'nej;
Zakat blednejet, no derutsja
Vragi vse jarostnej i zlej.
I pala noč' na pole brani.
Druzhiny v mrake razoshlis'...
Vsjo stikhlo, i v nočnom tumane
Stenan'ja k nebu podnjalis'.
Togda, ozarena lunaju,
Na bojevom svojom kone,
Kostej sverkaja beliznoju,
Javilas' smert'; i v tishine,
Vnimaja vopli i molitvy,
Dovol'stva gordogo polna,
Kak polkovodec mesto bitvy
Krugom ob'ekhala ona.
Na kholm podnjavshis', ogljanulas',
Ostanovilas', ulybnulas'...

4

The Field Marshal

The battle rages, the armour flashes,
Bronze canons roar,
Regiments charge, horses gallop by
And red rivers flow.
Midday burns and men still fight;
The sun sinks low, yet the battle rages ever more;
Twilight fades, yet enemies are locked
More violently, more fiercely in conflict.
Night falls on the field of battle.
Legions disperse in the darkness...
All is calm, and in the darkness of night
Groans rise up to the sky.
And then, in the moonlight,
On her warhorse,
Her white bones shining brightly,
Death appears; and in the silence,
Listening to the groans and prayers
With pride and pleasure,
She bestrides the field of battle
Like a field marshal.
From atop of a mound she looks around,
Stops and smiles...

I nad ravninjoj bojevoj
Razdalsja glas rokovej:
„Končena bitva! ja vsekh pobedila!
Vse predo mnogj vy smirilis', bojcy!
Zhizn' vas possorila, ja pomirila!
Družno vstavajte na smotr, mertvecy!
Maršem torzhestvennym mimo projdite,
Vojsko mojo ja khochu soschitat';
V zemlju potom svoi kosti slozhite,
Sladko ot zhizni v zemle otdykat'!
Gody nezrimo projduť za godami,
V ljudjakh ischeznet i pamjat' o vas.
Ja ne zabudu i gromko nad vami
Pir budu pravit' v polnočnyj čas!
Pljaskoj tjazhjolaju zemlju sryuju
Ja pritopču, chtoby sen' grobovuju
Kosti pokinut' vovek ne mogli,
Chtob nikogda vam ne vstat' iz zemli!”

And across the war-torn plain
Rings the sound of her fateful voice:
'The battle is over! I have vanquished you all!
You have all surrendered before me, ye warriors!
Life set you at odds, but I have reconciled you!
Stand to attention for review, ye dead!
March by in solemn procession,
I wish to account for my troops;
Then lay down your bones in the earth,
And rest sweetly rest, life's labours down!
The years will pass by imperceptibly,
And you will slip from the memory of the living.
Yet I will not forget you and will host
A banquet at midnight over your bones!
The heavy tread of my dance will trample down
The moist earth, so that your bones may never more
Escape the fastness of the grave,
So that you may never more rise from the grave!

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Track	Artist	Label	Release Date
1. The Field Marshal	Philip Ross Bullock
2.
3.
4.



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Vier Ernste Gesänge (Four Serious Songs)
Johannes Brahms *on texts from the the Luther Bible*

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Luther - Ecc III

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh;
 wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
 und haben alle einerlei Odem;
 und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn das Vieh:
 denn es ist alles eitel.

Es führt alles an einen Ort;
 es ist alles von Staub gemacht, und wird wieder
 zu Staub.
 Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen aufwärts
 fahre,
 und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts unter die Erde
 fahre?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist,
 denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner Arbeit,
 denn das ist sein Teil.

5

For that which befalleth the sons of men

For that which befalleth the sons of men
 befalleth beasts;
 as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
 yea, they have all one breath;
 so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast;
 for all is vanity.

All go unto one place;
 all are of dust, and all turn to dust again.
 Who knoweth the spirit of man [...]
 goeth upward
 and the spirit of the beast that goeth
 downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better,
 than that a man should rejoice in his own works,
 for that is his portion.

Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen, daß er sehe,
 was nach ihm geschehen wird?

Ich wandte mich

Luther Ecc IV

Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle,
 die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;
 Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
 Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster,
 Und die ihnen Unrecht täten, waren zu mächtig,
 Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten, die schon gestorben waren
 Mehr als die Lebendigen, die noch das Leben
 hatten;
 Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle beide,
 Und des Bösen nicht inne wird, das unter der
 Sonne geschieht.

For who shall bring him to see what shall happen
 after him?

So I returned

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions
 that are done under the sun;
 and behold the tears of such as were oppressed,
 and they had no comforter;
 and on the side of their oppressors there was power;
 but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already
 dead more than the living which are yet alive.
 Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not
 yet been,
 who hath not seen the evil work that is done
 under the sun.

6



Track Information

Track Title: Vier Ernste Gesänge (Four Serious Songs)

Composer: Johannes Brahms

Lyricist: Martin Luther

Arranger: Rik Orloff

Instrumentation: Voice, Piano

Recording Date: 2023

Label: [Logo]

Personal Statement

As a pianist, I have always been drawn to the music of Johannes Brahms. His Four Serious Songs are a beautiful blend of his own compositions and the words of Martin Luther. It is a privilege to bring this music to life through my recordings.

About the Artists

Rik Orloff: A pianist and arranger, Orloff has worked with various artists and has a deep understanding of the music of Johannes Brahms.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my family and friends for their support and encouragement throughout this project. Special thanks to [Name] for their assistance in the studio.

Lyrics

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 denn es ist alles eitel.

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 Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not
 yet been,
 who hath not seen the evil work that is done
 under the sun.

Lyrics

Wherefore I perceived that there is nothing better,

than that a man should rejoice in his own works,
 for that is his portion.

Lyrics

Da lobte ich die Toten, die schon gestorben waren

Mehr als die Lebendigen, die noch das Leben
 hatten;
 Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle beide,
 Und des Bösen nicht inne wird, das unter der
 Sonne geschieht.

Lyrics

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already

dead more than the living which are yet alive.
 Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not
 yet been,
 who hath not seen the evil work that is done
 under the sun.

Lyrics

Wherefore I perceived that there is nothing better,

than that a man should rejoice in his own works,
 for that is his portion.

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Lyrics

Wherefore I perceived that there is nothing better,

than that a man should rejoice in his own works,
 for that is his portion.

O Tod, wie bitter bist du

Luther Ecc.XLI

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
 Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
 Der gute Tage und genug hat
 Und ohne Sorge lebet;
 Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
 Und noch wohl essen mag!

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
 Der da schwach und alt ist,
 Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
 Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
 Noch zu erwarten hat!

7

O death, how bitter you are

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee
 to a man
 that liveth at rest in his possessions,
 unto the man that hath nothing to vex him,
 and that hath prosperity in all things;
 yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the
 needy and unto him whose strength faileth,
 that is now in the last age,
 and is vexed with all things,
 and to him that despaireth,
 and hath lost patience!

8

**Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit
 Engelszungen redete**

Luther I CrnthXIII

Wenn ich mit Menschen - und mit Engelszungen
 redete,
 und hätte der Liebe nicht,
 so wär ich ein tönend Erz, oder eine klingende
 Schelle.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte und wüßte alle
 Geheimnisse und alle Erkenntnis,
 und hätte allen Glauben,
 also, daß ich Berge versetzte, und hätte der
 Liebe nicht, so wäre ich nichts.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe,
 und ließe meinen Leib brennen
 und hätte der Liebe nicht,
 so wäre mir's nichts nütze.

Though I speak with the tongues of men

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of
 angels,
 and have not charity,
 I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling
 cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and
 understand all mysteries,
 and all knowledge;
 and though I have all faith, so that I could
 remove mountains, and have not charity,
 I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed
 the poor,
 and though I give my body to be burned,
 it profiteth me nothing...



16. Circle
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 Lester Linnell, Kenji Korih



17. Circle
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18. Circle
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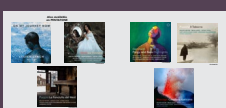
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29. Circle
 Reflections on My Journey
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30. Circle
 Reflections on My Journey
 Lester Linnell, Kenji Korih



Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem dunklen
Wort,
dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte.
Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise;
dann aber werde ich's erkennen,
gleichwie ich erkannt bin.

Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, diese drei;
aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

For now we see through glass, darkly;
but then face to face:
now I know in part, but then shall I know even
as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three;
but the greatest of these is charity.

English translations © Richard Stokes,
author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Schwanengesang (Swan Song) Franz Schubert *Selections*

9

Liebesbotschaft

Poem by Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt;
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süsse Ruh,
Flüstere ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

Love's Message

Murmuring brook, so silver and bright,
do you hasten, so lively and swift, to my beloved?
Ah, sweet brook, be my messenger.
Bring her greetings from her distant lover.

All the flowers, tended in her garden,
which she wears so charmingly on her breast,
and her roses with their crimson glow:
refresh them, brooklet, with your cooling waters.

When on your banks she inclines her head
lost in dreams, thinking of me,
comfort my sweetheart with a kindly glance,
for her beloved will soon return.

When the sun sinks in a red flush,
lull my sweetheart to sleep.
With soft murmurings bring her sweet repose,
and whisper dreams of love.



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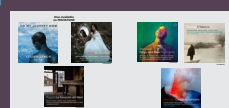
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Kriegers Ahnung

Poem by Ludwig Rellstab

In tiefer Ruh liegt um mich her
Der Waffenbrüder Kreis;
Mir ist das Herz so bang und schwer,
Von Sehnsucht mir so heiss.

Wie hab' ich oft so süß geträumt
An ihrem Busen warm!
Wie freundlich schien des Herdes Glut,
Lag sie in meinem Arm!

Hier, wo der Flammen düster Schein
Ach! nur auf Waffen spielt,
Hier fühlt die Brust sich ganz allein,
Der Wehmut Träne quillt.

Herz! Dass der Trost Dich nicht verlässt!
Es ruft noch manche Schlacht-
Bald ruh ich wohl und schlafe fest,
Herzliebste-Gute Nacht!

10

Warrior's Foreboding

In deep repose my comrades in arms
lie in a circle around me;
my heart is so anxious and heavy,
so ardent with longing.

How often I have dreamt sweetly
upon her warm breast!
How cheerful the fireside glow seemed
when she lay in my arms.

Here, where the sombre glimmer of the flames,
alas, plays only on weapons,
here the heart feels utterly alone;
a tear of sadness wells up.

Heart, may comfort not forsake you;
many a battle still calls.
Soon I shall rest well and sleep deeply.
Beloved, goodnight!

Aufenthalt

Poem by Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschender Strom, brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels mein Aufenthalt.
Wie sich die Welle an Welle reiht,
Fließen die Tränen mir ewig erneut.

Hoch in den Kronen wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich mein Herze schlägt.
Und wie des Felsen urates Erz
Ewig derselbe bleibt mein Schmerz.

Der Atlas

Poem by Heinrich Heine

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen
muss ich tragen.

Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

11

Resting Place

Surging river, roaring forest,
immovable rock, my resting place.
As wave follows wave,
so my tears flow, ever renewed.

As the high treetops stir and heave,
so my heart beats incessantly.
Like the rock's age-old ore
my sorrow remains forever the same.

12

Atlas

I, unhappy Atlas, must bear a world,
the whole world of sorrows.

I bear the unbearable, and my heart
would break within my body.



Rik Orloff
Reflections on my journey
Lester Lynch Kenji Korth



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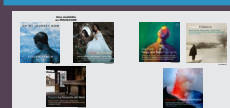
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Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
 Du wolltest glücklich sein,
 unendlich glücklich,
 Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
 Und jetzo bist du elend.

Proud heart, you wished it so!
 You wished to be happy,
 endlessly happy,
 or endlessly wretched, proud heart!
 And now you are wretched!

Ihr Bild

Poem by Heinrich Heine

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
 Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
 Und das geliebte Antlitz
 Heimlich zu leben begann.

Her Portrait

I stood in dark dreams,
 gazing at her picture,
 and that beloved face
 began mysteriously to come alive.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
 Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
 Und wie von Wehmutstränen
 Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Around her lips played
 a wondrous smile,
 and her eyes glistened,
 as though with melancholy tears.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
 Mir von den Wangen herab—
 Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
 Dass ich dich verloren hab!

My tears, too, flowed
 down my cheeks.
 And oh—I cannot believe
 that I have lost you!

Das Fischermädchen

Poem by Heinrich Heine

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
 Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
 Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
 Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

The Fisher Maiden

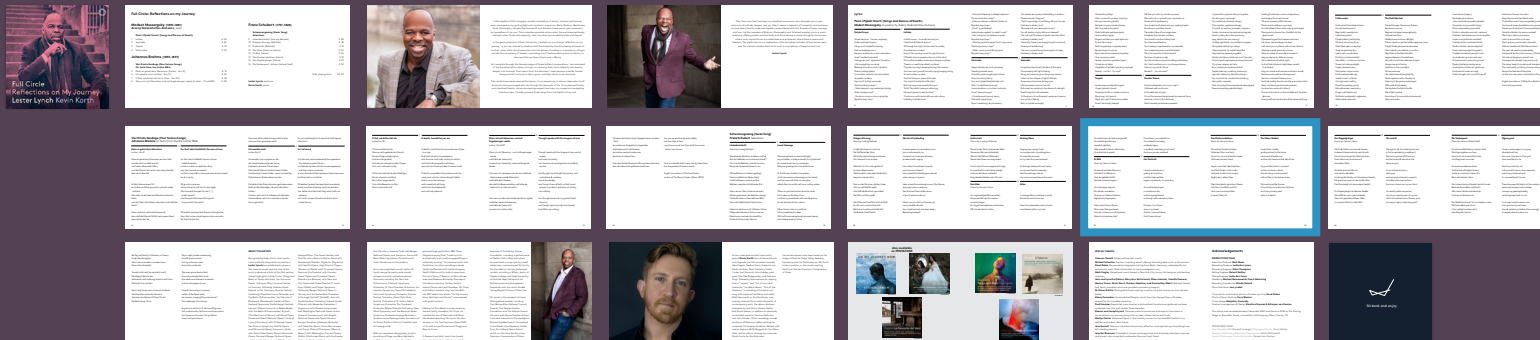
Lovely fisher maiden,
 guide your boat to the shore;
 come and sit beside me,
 and hand in hand we shall talk of love.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
 Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
 Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
 Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Lay your little head on my heart
 and do not be too afraid;
 for each day you trust yourself
 without fear to the turbulent sea.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
 Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
 Und manche schöne Perle
 In seiner Tiefe ruht.

My heart is just like the sea.
 It has its storms, its ebbs and its flows;
 and many a lovely pearl
 rests in its depths.



Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heisst – die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die Botin treuen Sinn's.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,
it is all the same to her;
as long as she can roam
she is richly contented.

She never grows tired or faint,
the route is always fresh to her;
she needs no enticement or reward,
so true is this pigeon to me.

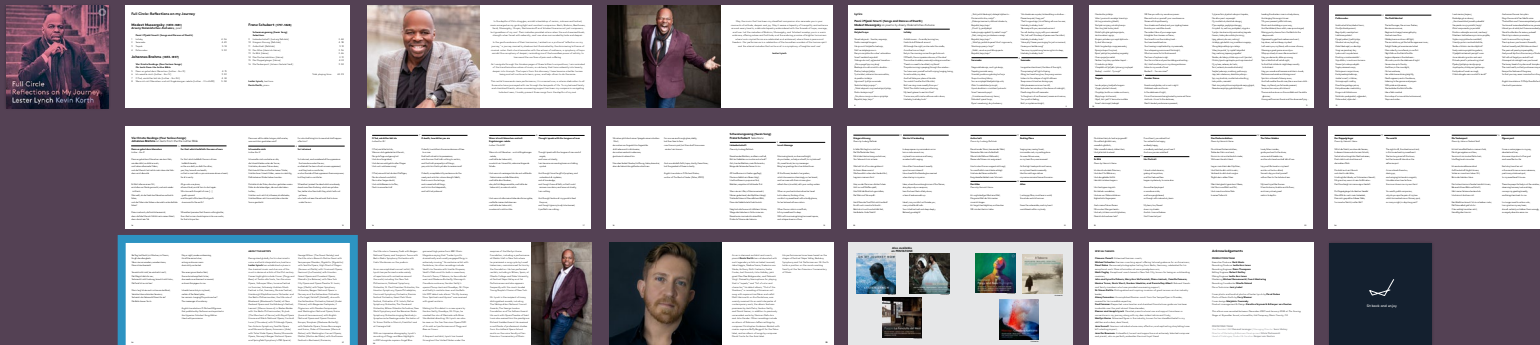
I cherish her as truly in my heart,
certain of the fairest prize;
her name is – Longing! Do you know her?
The messenger of constancy.

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the Hyperion Schubert Song Edition.
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ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Recognized globally for his charismatic voice and bold interpretations, baritone **Lester Lynch** has established a place in the classical music world as one of the most in demand artists of the 21st century. Career highlights include Crown (*Porgy and Bess*) at Teatro alla Scala, San Francisco Opera, Volksoper Wien, Lucerne Festival im Sommer, Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival in Kiel, Germany, Ravinia Festival, Hamburg's Elbphilharmonie Orchester and the Berlin Philharmoniker; the title role of Bluebeard (*Bluebeard's Castle*) at New Zealand Opera and the Edinburgh Festival; Lescaut (*Manon Lescaut*) in Baden Baden with the Berlin Philharmoniker; Shylock (*The Merchant of Venice*) with Royal Opera House and Welsh National Opera; Conte di Luna (*Il Trovatore*) with Pittsburgh Opera, San Antonio Symphony, Seattle Opera and Minnesota Opera; Amonasro (*Aida*) with Tatar State Opera, Russia, Minnesota Opera, Norway's Bergen National Opera and Springfield Symphony's PBS Special;

George Wilson (*The Great Gatsby*) and the title role in Busoni's *Doktor Faust* with Semperoper Dresden; Rigoletto (*Rigoletto*) with Seattle Opera; High Priest of Dagon (*Samson et Dalila*) with Cincinnati Opera; Germont (*La Traviata*) with Houston Grand Opera and Cleveland Opera; Marcello (*La Boheme*) with New York City Opera and Opera Theatre St. Louis; Iago (*Otello*) with Taipei Symphony Orchestra, Bergen National Opera in Norway and the Gulbenkian Orchestra in Portugal; Falstaff (*Falstaff*), also with the Gulbenkian Orchestra; Gérard (*André Chénier*) with Bregenzer Festspiele; *Il Prigioniero* with Dresden Semperoper and Washington National Opera; Enrico (*Lucia di Lammermoor*) with English National Opera and Opera Classica Europa; Sharpless (*Madame Butterfly*) with Nashville Opera; Simon Boccanegra and Enrico, Duke of Chevreuse (*Maria di Rohan*) with Washington Concert Opera; Mathis (*Mathis der Maler*) with the Enescu Festival in Bucharest, Romania;



the title role in Sweeney Todd with Bergen National Opera; and Scarpia in Tosca with Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra with Carlo Montanaro on the podium.

As an accomplished concert artist, Mr. Lynch has performed a wide variety of repertoire with orchestras around the world, including the New York Philharmonic, National Symphony Orchestra, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Houston Symphony, Opera Philadelphia, Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Ravinia Festival Orchestra, Grant Park Music Festival, Orchestra of St. Luke's, Dallas Symphony Orchestra, The Cleveland Orchestra, Bilbao Orkestra Sinfonikoa, New World Symphony and the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra singing Zemlinsky's Symphonische Gesänge under the baton of Sir Simon Rattle in Munich, Frankfurt and at Carnegie Hall.

With an impressive discography, Lynch's recording of Porgy and Bess Highlights in 2021 alongside soprano Angel Blue

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garnered high praise from BBC Music Magazine saying that "Lester Lynch's dramatically and vocally engaged Porgy is extremely moving." An exclusive artist with Pentatone, his other recordings include Verdi's La Traviata with Lisette Oropesa; Verdi's Otello and Un ballo in maschera; Puccini's Tosca, Il Tabarro, La fanciulla del west and Madame Butterfly; Mascagni's Cavalleria rusticana; Gordon Getty's operas Plump Jack and Goodbye, Mr. Chips and Getty's cantata Joan and the Bells. His 2017 debut solo album "On My Journey Now: Spirituals and Hymns" was received with great acclaim.

Making his film debut in a new opera by Gordon Getty, Goodbye, Mr. Chips, he created the role of Merrivale with Brian Staufenbiel directing. Mr. Lynch can also be seen on the San Francisco Opera DVD of its sold out performances of Porgy and Bess as Crown.

A frequent recitalist, Lynch has toured throughout the United States under the

auspices of the Marilyn Horne Foundation, including a performance at Merkin Hall in New York where he premiered a song cycle by Lowell Lieberman, commissioned for him by the Foundation. He has performed recitals, including in Bilbao, Spain, at Oberlin College and Duke University, at Festival Napa Valley and Cal Performances and also appears frequently with the much-lauded Young People's Chorus of New York.

Mr. Lynch is the recipient of many distinguished awards, including The Metropolitan National Council Awards, The George London Foundation and The Sullivan Award. His work with Opera Theatre of Saint Louis also earned him the prestigious Richard Gaddes Award. He received a certificate of professional studies from the Juilliard Opera School and is on the voice faculty at San Francisco Conservatory of Music.



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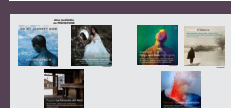
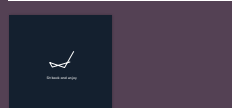


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As an in demand recitalist and coach, pianist **Kevin Korth** has collaborated with such legendary artists as Isabel Leonard, Jake Heggie, Nadine Sierra, Frederica von Stade, Anthony Roth Costanzo, Sasha Cooke, Joel Krosnick, John Holiday, jazz great Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Deborah Voigt. Praised by Gramophone for playing that is “superb,” and “full of color and character,” his debut album, “Out of the Shadows,” a recording of American art song with soprano Lisa Delan and cellist Matt Haimovitz on the Pentatone, was warmly received. As an avid interpreter of contemporary work, the album features premieres by Jack Perla, Gordon Getty, and David Garner, in addition to previously unrecorded works by Norman Dello Joio and John Kander. Other recordings include an album of Robinson Jeffers settings by composer Christopher Anderson-Bazzoli with mezzo-soprano Buffy Baggott for the Delos label, and an album of songs by composer David Conte for the Arsis label.

His performances have been heard on the stages of Festival Napa Valley, Berkeley Symphony and Cal Performances. Mr. Korth holds a position on the vocal coaching faculty at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.



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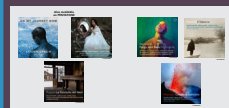
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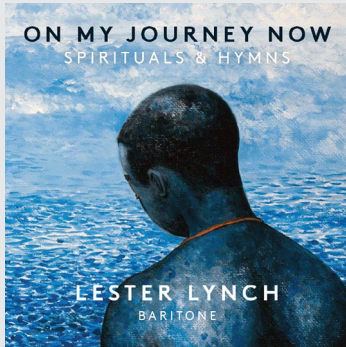
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Track Information for 'ON MY JOURNEY NOW' including track names and durations.

Personal Statement for Lester Lynch, discussing his musical journey and influences.

Lyrics for 'ON MY JOURNEY NOW'.

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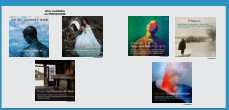
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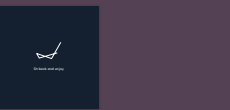
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Lyrics for 'ON MY JOURNEY NOW'.



SPECIAL THANKS

Clemens Posselt: Esteemed German coach;

Michael Schuetze: German coaching expert offering tailored guidance for an Americans;

Pavel Gulea: Renowned photographer hailing from Berlin, Germany, celebrated for his exceptional work. More information at www.pavelgulea.com;

Mark Cogley: Exceptional coach based in New York City, known for being an outstanding musician;

John and Lynette Osborn, Mary Ann McCormick, Diane Janicek, Camille Zamora,

Monica Yunus, Kevin Short, Gordon Hawkins, and Donnie Ray Albert: Beloved friends and family members who have provided unwavering support;

Sir Simon Rattle: Distinguished and inspiring musician of great renown and an industry leader;

Alexey Fomenkov: Accomplished Russian coach from the SemperOper in Dresden, revered for his incredible expertise;

Fred Carama: Respected voice teacher and cherished friend whose guidance has been invaluable over the past almost three decades;

Eleanor and Joseph Lynch: Devoted parents whose love and support have been a cornerstone in my journey, along with my dear sisters Leticia and Cindy;

Marilyn Horne: Esteemed figure in the industry, known for her steadfast belief in my abilities and a dear, dear friend;

Jane Scovell: Gracious individual whose care, affection, and captivating storytelling have left a lasting impact;

Jennifer Bowman: A steadfast, honest and supportive and extremely talented composer and pianist, who so perfectly embodies the most loyal friend

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Editing Engineer **Robert Gatley**

Mixing Engineer **Leslie Ann Jones**

Mastering **Michael Romanowski, Coast Mastering**

Recording Coordinator **Nicolle Foland**

Piano Technician **Larry Lobel**

Cover photo and booklet photos of Lester Lynch by **Pavel Gulea**

Photo of Kevin Korth by **Cory Weaver**

Cover design **Marjolein Coenrady**

Product management & Design **Karolina Szymanik & Kasper van Kooten**

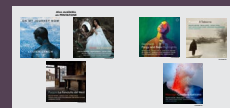
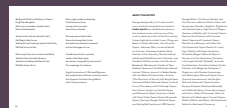
This album was recorded between December 2023 and January 2024 at The Scoring Stage at Skywalker Sound, a Lucasfilm, Ltd Company, Marin County, CA

PENTATONE TEAM

Vice President A&R **Renaud Loranger** | Managing Director **Sean Hickey**

Director of Marketing & Business Development **Silvia Pietrosanti**

Head of Catalogue, Product & Curation **Kasper van Kooten**





Sit back and enjoy



Table with 2 columns: Track Name and Duration. Includes tracks like 'The Journey' and 'Reflections on My Journey'.



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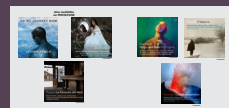


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