

Melbourne Symphony Orchestra

Jaime Martín

Siobhan Stagg

Debussy & Strauss





Claude Debussy (orch. Brett Dean)
Ariettes oubliées [16'06]

1. C'est l'extase langoureuse 3'05
2. Il pleure dans mon cœur 2'35
3. L'ombre des arbres 2'29
4. Chevaux de Bois 2'54
5. Green 2'21
6. Spleen 2'42

*Recorded on 2–3 March 2023 at Arts Centre Melbourne,
Hamer Hall*

Richard Strauss
Four Last Songs [22'54]

7. Frühling 3'26
8. September 5'01
9. Beim Schlafengehen 5'57
10. Im Abendrot 8'30

*Recorded on 24–25 February 2023 at Arts Centre Melbourne,
Hamer Hall*



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Concert images: Samantha Meuleman and Laura Manariti

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Melbourne Symphony Orchestra

Jamie Martín conductor

Siobhan Stagg soprano

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) and Richard Strauss (1864–1949) inhabit such different musical worlds it comes almost as a surprise to see them side-by-side and recognise they were members of the same generation. The fact that Debussy was more overtly modern in his work while Strauss was much longer lived—still writing halfway into the 20th century—reminds us that music history is a tangle of human lives and not a neat progression of movements and styles.

There are, however, turning points—and for Debussy and Strauss, the most recent was Richard Wagner. Both knew his operas intimately: Strauss as a conductor, Debussy as a dedicated student and audience member at Bayreuth. Those who think of Debussy as a gauzy Impressionist might find it interesting he once listed Palestrina, Bach, and Wagner as his favourite composers. But with Strauss, the Wagnerian influence is clear and enduring. This album brings together two song cycles from opposite ends of each life, exploring loves

with vastly different essences. Debussy's *Ariettes oubliées* (Forgotten Songs) is a 24-year-old's depiction of first love, the kind of thing that feels unbearably important at the time, but inevitably stumbles toward breakup and fades into the past. Strauss' *Vier letzte Lieder* (Four Last Songs) is an 84-year-old's last word on a nearly 55-year marriage that ended only in death.

The women who inspired these pieces were both singers. Debussy's love at the time was Marie Vasnier, a soprano he met in 1880 while working as an accompanist for her lessons. She was married with two children, and the 18-year-old Debussy was practically adopted into the family alongside her oblivious husband. Their multi-year affair didn't go totally unnoticed, however—and not only because he was once spotted climbing a ladder up to her bedroom window. “His succubus is battenning on to all his little weaknesses,” wrote his classmate Paul Vidal, rather unkindly. “It appears she's a talented singer... and sings his songs extremely well. Everything he writes is for her and owes its existence to her.” By the time the *Ariettes* were revised and published in 1903, they had gone their separate ways, and he rededicated the set to another soprano, Mary Garden, who had played Mélisande in the premiere of his opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

Strauss also met his future wife, Pauline de Ahna, through voice lessons, in 1887. She was the daughter of a Bavarian general, with an aristocratic demeanor and an artist's spirit. After a long courtship, they married in 1894. She sang Freihild in the premiere of Strauss' first opera, *Guntram*, sang Elisabeth in Wagner's *Tannhäuser* for Strauss' conducting debut at Bayreuth, and they gave recitals together. Even after she retired from singing around the turn of the century, her personality inspired elements of his operas and tone poems, and her voice remained the mental model for his soprano parts. The critic Eduard Hanslick once jabbed, “we may surely call her [Richard's] better and more beautiful half.”

In an echo of de Ahna's career, the soprano Siobhan Stagg made a noted debut as Pamina in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* (Royal Opera House in 2017), and also bridges into more dramatic roles. Her multi-sided voice must be close to what Strauss knew. She also made a triumphant debut as Mélisande (Victorian Opera in 2018), the same role that earned Mary Garden the final dedication of the *Ariettes oubliées*. And so, on this recording Stagg draws a connection between Strauss and Debussy, bringing their works into unexpected unity.



Debussy composed most of the *Ariettes oubliées* in 1886 in Rome, where he was in residence after winning the 1884 Prix de Rome. The texts come from the 1874 collection *Romances sans paroles* (Songs Without Words) by the Symbolist poet Paul Verlaine (1844–96).

The cycle begins with *C'est l'extase langoureuse* (It is the languorous ecstasy), where we can imagine Debussy lingering in Marie's bedroom before having to sneak away. The next two songs—still languorous but no longer ecstatic—explore a drizzly world of ambivalent gloom and a first premonition of loss. *Chevaux de Bois* (Wooden Horses) is set on a carousel that spins the world into a blur before slowing back sadly to a halt—a literal childhood memory, but also a metaphor for a dizzying teenaged romance. *Green* lingers in repose, knowing the relationship is over, but not quite believing it, and then turns to *Spleen*, the organ once thought to hold melancholy black bile. At the cycle's end, the protagonist is still yearning for his lost love.

This orchestration, created in 2015 by the Australian composer Brett Dean, originally for Magdalena Kožená and Simon Rattle, is scored for a Debussyan orchestra sized somewhere between that of *Prélude à L'Après-midi d'un faune* and *La Mer*. Dean skillfully emulates the composer's symphonic palette, adding new layers of subtext and colour to the piano-bound original.



Strauss wrote *Vier letzte Lieder* in 1948, beginning with the poem *Im Abendrot* (In the twilight) by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857). Its image of a husband and wife at the end of their lives, watching two larks fly upward together, clearly moved him. He enriched the project with three poems by Hermann Hesse (1877–1962), who had won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1946, but was still 20 years out from widespread popularity as a proto-countercultural figure.

Hesse himself had no time for Strauss, whom he considered tainted by association with Nazism. “We have no right to level accusations, yet we do have the right to distance

ourselves from him,” Hesse wrote in 1946, a sentiment shared by others then and since. From 1933–35 Strauss had served as president of the Reichsmusikkammer (Reich Chamber of Music) and associated with top Nazis, before falling out of favour for incautiously working and corresponding with Stefan Zweig, a Jewish writer and librettist. During the War, Strauss used his influence to save his Jewish daughter-in-law, Alice, and two half-Jewish grandsons. Nonetheless, he was pushed into Swiss exile after the Third Reich fell, living under a cloud of suspicion. A denazification tribunal slowly considered his case, and in 1948 declared him “not incriminated.” He was allowed to move back to his Bavarian estate in Garmisch, where he died the following year.

Strauss had officially retired from composition in 1941 after completing the opera *Capriccio*, but he continued to write instrumental works and songs, humorously calling them “wrist exercises.” The *Four Last Songs* were among the last-of-the-last: he completed the settings but did not live to collect them together and hear them premiered. The title was added posthumously by Ernst Roth, his editor at Boosey & Hawkes, who also chose the order of the songs when they were published in 1950.

Vier letzte Lieder is a remarkable final bow, aching, but at peace. *Frühling* (Spring) recalls a youth together (a similar scene to *C'est l'extase langoureuse*—but this couple worked out). *September* sheds its leaves and brings us back to the present, colder and closer to the inevitable, while *Beim Schlafengehen* (On Going to Sleep) finds freedom and even excitement in the prospect of death. Finally, *Im Abendrot* (In Sunset's Glow) is his grand tribute and farewell to Pauline. In the last stanza, he slightly alters Eichendorff's words from “that” (das) to “this” (dies)—“can this, perchance, be death?”—making it more immediate and experienced in the moment. The orchestra replies with a theme borrowed from Strauss' 1889 tone poem *Tod und Verklärung* (Death and Transfiguration).

A year later, when Strauss was dying, he heard music from somewhere beyond—but it was familiar. “I wrote it 60 years ago in *Tod und Verklärung*,” he said. “This is just like that.”



Jaime Martín

A "visionary conductor, discerning and meticulous" (*Platea*), with an "infectious enjoyment of music" (*The Telegraph*), Jaime Martín is Chief Conductor of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, Chief Conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra of Ireland and Music Director of the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra. In his native Spain he also currently holds the post of Principal Guest Conductor of the Spanish National Orchestra, served as Artistic Director of the Santander International Festival, and was a founding member of the Orquesta de Cadaqués, with whom he was associated for thirty years, and where he was Chief Conductor from 2012 to 2019.

In recent years Martín has conducted an impressive list of orchestras that includes the London, Dallas, Colorado and Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestras, the Dresden, London, Royal Stockholm and Royal Liverpool Philharmonics, Royal Scottish National, Netherlands Philharmonic, Swedish Radio, Antwerp and Barcelona Symphonies, the New Zealand Symphony, Queensland Symphony, Sydney Symphony and Philharmonia Orchestras, the Academy of St Martin in the Fields, Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra and the Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France. He was Artistic Director and Principal Conductor of Gävle Symphony Orchestra from 2013 to 2022 and has forged strong relationships with renowned soloists such as Anne Sophie von Otter, Joshua Bell, Pinchas Zukerman, Christian Tetzlaff and Viktoria Mullova, among many others.

Before turning to conducting full-time in 2013, Martín was principal flute of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Chamber Orchestra of Europe, English National Opera, Academy of St Martin in the Fields and London Philharmonic Orchestra.

Jaime Martín is a Fellow of the Royal College of Music in London, and in 2022 the jury of Spain's Premios Nacionales de Música underlined his "pedagogical work and his constant commitment to the young generations of musicians" alongside his "indisputable musical talent and his extraordinary ability to transmit his musical idea to the ensembles with which he works", awarding him their annual prize for his contribution to classical music.



Siobhan Stagg

With her “angelic” voice (*Kölner Stadt Anzeiger*) and “ethereal stage presence” (*Sydney Morning Herald*), Australian soprano Siobhan Stagg has become one of the most sought-after lyric artists of her generation.

A member of Deutsche Oper Berlin’s ensemble from 2013–19, she performed major roles for the house, including Pamina *Die Zauberflöte*, Sophie *Der Rosenkavalier*, Titania *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Gilda *Rigoletto*, Micaëla *Carmen*, Adele *Die Fledermaus* and others. Appearing on some of the most prestigious stages worldwide, Siobhan’s other recent successes include the title role in *Cendrillon* for the Lyric Opera of Chicago; Pamina and Susanna *Le nozze di Figaro* for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; Sophie *Der Rosenkavalier* and Eritea *Eliogabalo* for the Opernhaus Zürich; Sophie *Der Rosenkavalier* in two successive seasons at Staatsoper Unter den Linden (Berlin); Mélisande for Opera de Dijon and Australia’s Victorian Opera (for which she received the Green Room Award for Best Female Lead in an Opera); Gilda, Blonde and Cordelia in Aribert Reimann’s *Lear* for the Hamburgische Staatsoper; and Najade *Ariadne auf Naxos* for the Bayerische Staatsoper.

A prized concert performer, Siobhan enjoys regular collaborations with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra (including as Artist in Residence), London Symphony Orchestra, Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, Gürzenich Orchester Köln, Sydney Symphony and NDR Elbphilharmonie Orchester, as well as recent important engagements with The Cleveland Orchestra, Wiener Symphoniker and Berliner Philharmoniker.

In recognition of her international achievements in the arts, Siobhan has been awarded the Key to the City by the Mayor of Mildura, Australia; she is the third recipient of this honour in the city’s history. Siobhan is passionate about education and talent development and created a series of scholarships for young singers called the Siobhan Stagg Encouragement Awards. She sits on the Board of the Dame Nellie Melba Opera Trust.

Melbourne Symphony Orchestra

Established in 1906, the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra is Australia's pre-eminent orchestra and a cornerstone of Victoria's rich, cultural heritage.

Each year, the MSO and its resident MSO Chorus engages with more than 5 million people, presenting more than 180 public events across live performances, TV, radio and online broadcasts, and via its online concert hall, MSO.LIVE, with audiences in 56 countries.

With a reputation for excellence, versatility and innovation, the MSO works with culturally diverse and First Nations leaders to build community and deliver music to people across Melbourne, the state of Victoria and around the world.

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Melbourne Symphony Orchestra

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Introducing the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra recording label!

This recording is the first album released on the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra label. The MSO thanks our dear friends at the London Symphony Orchestra and its recording arm, LSO Live, for their unyielding support and assistance in producing and distributing this recording. The MSO and LSO partnership, established in 2022, enables cross-cultural collaboration between the two orchestras, further strengthening partnerships and enhancing the deep people-to-people links in the arts and cultural sectors.

The MSO's international engagement is supported by the Gandel Foundation through the MSO's Now and Forever Future Fund.



Ariettes oubliées (Forgotten Songs)

I. C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

I. It is the Languorous Ecstasy

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

II. *Il pleure dans mon cœur*

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoeure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

II. Tears Fall in My Heart

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.

III. *L'ombre des arbres*

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les
hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!

III. The Shadow of Trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the
lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

IV. *Chevaux de Bois*

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

IV. *Wooden Horses*

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

V. Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,
des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur
qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas
avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux
l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient
glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu
puisque vous reposez.

V. Green

Here are flowers, branches,
fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart
that beats just for you.
Do not tear it
with your two white hands
And may the humble gift
please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by
the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while,
since you rest.

VI. *Spleen*

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est
d'attendre!—
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

VI. Spleen

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear—oh to wait and
wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

Vier letzte Lieder (Four Last Songs)

Frühling (Spring)

Words by Hermann Hesse

Im dämmrigen Grüften
Träumte ich lang
Von deinen Bäumen und blauen Lüften,
Von deinem Duft und Vogelsang.

Nun liegst du erschlossen
In Gleiss und Zier
Von Licht übergossen
Wie ein Wunder vor mir.

Du kennst mich wieder,
Du lockest mich zart,
Es zittert durch all meine Glieder
Deine selige Gegenwart.

In darkling caverns
long have I dreamed
of your trees and blue skies,
your fragrance and bird-songs.

Now you lie before me
in shining splendour
glowing with light –
a miracle.

You greet me again,
tempting me gently.
My whole being trembles
with the bliss of your presence.

September

Words by Hermann Hesse

Der Garten trauert,
Kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.
Der Sommer schauert
Still seinem Ende entgegen.

Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt
Nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt
In den sterbenden Gartentraum.

Lange noch bei den Rosen
Bleibt er stehen, sehnt sich nach Ruh.
Langsam tut er die
Müdgewordnen Augen zu.

The garden mourns.
Cool rain sinks on the flowers;
the summer shudders
as he quietly nears his end.

One by one, the golden leaves
fall slowly from the tall acacia tree.
Wondering and weary, the summer smiles
on the dying garden-dream.

Yearning for rest
he lingers long by the roses
before he slowly closes
his wide, tired eyes.

Beim Schlafengehen (On Going to Sleep)

Words by Hermann Hesse

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,
Soll mein sehnliches Verlangen
Freundlich die gestirnte Nacht
Wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände, lasst von allem Tun,
Stirn vergiss du alles Denken,
Alle meine Sinne nun
Wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht
Will in freien Flügen schweben,
Um im Zauberkreis der Nacht
Tief und tausendfach zu leben.

Now the day has made me tired,
may the starry night receive
all my fervent longing
like a weary child.

Leave your doing, O my hands,
brow, forget your thinking!
All my senses yearn for rest
and would sink into slumber.

Freed from all bonds
my soul would like to soar
so that it may live deeply and a thousandfold
in the magic circle of night.

Im Abendrot (In Sunset's Glow)

Words by Joseph von Eichendorff

Wir sind durch Not und Freude
Gegangen Hand in Hand,
Vom Wandern ruhen wir
Nun überm stillen Land.

Rings sich die Täler neigen,
Es dunkelt schon die Luft,
Zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen
Nachträumend in den Duft.

Tritt her und lass sie schwirren,
Bald ist es Schlafenszeit,
Dass wir uns nicht verirren
In dieser Einsamkeit.

O weiter, stiller Friede!
So tief im Abendrot.
Wie sind wir wandermüde –
Ist dies etwa der Tod?

Through grief and joy together
we have walked, hand in hand.
Now let us rest from the journey
high above the quiet land.

Around us the valleys are slumbering
and darkness veils the sky.
Only two larks are still soaring
and dreaming as they fly.

Come close and let them flutter,
soon it is time to sleep
lest we should go astray
in this dark solitude.

O peace, so wide and silent,
deep in the sunset glow!
How weary we are with wandering –
can this, perchance, be death?

Musicians featured on this recording

*denotes *Four Last Songs* only

^denotes *Ariettes oubliées* only

First Violins

Dale Barltrop, Concertmaster*
Tair Khisambeev, Assistant Concertmaster
Peter Edwards, Assistant Principal
Amanda Chen*
Sarah Curro
Peter Fellin
Deborah Goodall*
Karla Hanna*
Anne-Marie Johnson
Kirstin Kenny
Michael Loftus-Hills^
Eleanor Mancini
Mark Mogilevski
Michelle Ruffolo
Kathryn Taylor
Oksana Thompson*

Second Violins

Matthew Tomkins, Principal
Robert Macindoe, Associate Principal*
Monica Curro, Assistant Principal
Mary Allison
Emily Beauchamp*

Isin Cakmakçioglu*
Freya Franzen
Cong Gu
Oksana Thompson^
Andrew Hall
Michael Loftus-Hills*
Isy Wasserman
Philippa West
Patrick Wong^
Roger Young

Violas

Christopher Moore, Principal
Lauren Brigden*
Merewyn Bramble*
Katharine Brockman*
Christopher Cartlidge*
Anthony Chataway*
William Clark^
Ceridwen Davies*
Gabrielle Halloran
Beth Hemming^
Caroline Henbest*
Isabel Morse
Fiona Sargeant^

Heidi von Bernewitz*
Katie Yap^

Sarah Beggs
Andrew Macleod, Principal Piccolo

Cellos

David Berlin, Principal
Rachael Tobin, Associate Principal*
Elina Faskhi, Assistant Principal
Miranda Brockman*
Jonathan Chim
Rohan de Korte*
Kalina Krusteva^
Sarah Morse
Rebecca Proietto
Angela Sargeant*
Michelle Wood*

Oboes

Johannes Grosso, Guest Principal
Ann Blackburn
Michael Pisani, Principal Cor Anglais

Clarinets

David Thomas, Principal
Craig Hill
Jonathan Craven, Principal Bass Clarinet

Double Basses

Axel Ruge, Guest Principal
Rohan Dasika
Ben Hanlon
Suzanne Lee*
Stephen Newton
Ken Poggioli*
Emma Sullivan*

Bassoons

Elise Millman, Associate Principal
Natasha Thomas^
Colin Forbes-Abrams^
Brock Imison, Principal Contrabassoon*
Jackie Newcomb*

Flutes

Prudence Davis, Principal*
Wendy Clarke, Associate Principal

Horns

Andrew Young, Guest Associate Principal
Saul Lewis, Principal Third*
Josiah Kop
Abbey Edlin
Rebecca Luton

Trumpets

Shane Hooton, Associate Principal
William Evans*
Rosie Turner*

Trombones

Samuel Schlosser, Guest Principal*
Richard Shirley*
Mike Szabo, Principal Bass Trombone*

Tuba

Timothy Buzbee, Principal*

Timpani

Antoine Siguré, Guest Principal Timpani

Percussion

Robert Cossom^

Harp

Yinuo Mu, Principal
Melina van Leeuwen^

Celeste

Louisa Breen*





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MSO0001

Recording Producer: Ingo Petry (Take5 Music Production)
Recording Engineer: Alex Stinson
Assistant Engineer: Jack Montgomery-Parkes
Editing, Mixing & Mastering: Ingo Petry
Atmos Mix Engineer: Thore Brinkmann (Take5 Music Production)

The Melbourne Symphony Orchestra respectfully acknowledges the people of the Eastern Kulin Nations as the Traditional Custodians of the un-ceded land on which these works were performed. We acknowledge Elders past and present, and honour the world's oldest continuing music practice.

Total playing time 39'00. Recorded live in Hamer Hall, Arts Centre Melbourne, February and March 2023.